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A LADY'S WINTER ADVENTURE IN THE SIMPLON PASS.

IT was in the latter part of the month of October, 1845, that I left England to join some part of my family, who were at that time residing in the north of Italy. I was accompanied by a friend, who, never having before even crossed the Channel, was a complete novice in all the difficulties, discomforts, and crosses, which even in these days inevitably attend on those who ramble abroad. Such troubles are passed over as trifles by those who really love traveling; but, to many, they form an insurmountable hinderance to the pleasures they might otherwise experience. My friend, belonging to this class, looks back even now with more of horror and dismay than gratification to the incident I am about to relate.

I will not inflict on my readers any account of the dull and tedious journey by the Belgian railway to Cologne, whereby the pleasure, doubtless found by many in former days in exploring the really beautiful and interesting towns of Belgium, is entirely brought to an end; for though there is now no actual hinderance to our doing this, some kind of infatuation seems to prohibit it; and we hasten on from station to station without even bestowing a thought on what lies so near, yet unseen. Neither will I linger to recount the days that we devoted to the attractions of Cologne, Heidelberg, and Strasburg; but will at once hasten on to the time of our arrival at Basle, where we spent a delightful evening, in a room almost overhanging the Rhine, and affording us a most enchanting view of that noble river, its picturesque wooden bridge, and the old town and cathedral, which I think seldom meet with as much praise as they really deserve.

We left Basle the next morning, for even here we were met by the intimation that we were already late, and had chosen a bad time for crossing the Alps; so after some tiresome negotiations with one of that most avaricious and obstinate of all classes, the Swiss voituriers, we did at last effect an agreement with him, and started for Berne by the picturesque route of the Val Moutiers. Our carriage was comfortable enough, but I could not feel as well satisfied with the appearance of those lean, feeble-looking white horses

which were appointed to convey us on so long a journey. The romantic beauty of this road hardly begins until the little village of Soleure is passed. Here we stopped to dine; and soon after leaving the spot, the defile was entered where, properly speaking, the Val Moutiers, or valley of the Birs, begins. The whole road is excellent, and is known to have existed from a very early period. In fact, it was used as such by the Romans, who thus kept up the communication between the Rhine and the capital of Helvetia. It may now be described as a succession of narrow and rocky defiles, alternating with open valleys or basins, cheered and enlivened by numerous pretty villages and mills. In some parts the precipices overhang the road, and these being well clothed with wood, the dark foliage of the fir-trees adds greatly to the beauty of the scene, in which the river Birs, foaming and rushing through the rocks below, forms also an important feature.

I can give no account of the view, usually reckoned so fine, of the Alps from the last slope of the Jura, for, as we descended on Bienne in the afternoon of our second day, the whole surrounding country was enveloped in a sheet of thick white mist, which, as we approached Berne later in the evening, almost presented the appearance of a vast lake, stretching out on every side. For this loss, however, we were amply indemnified the next day with a view from Berne, clearer and finer than any I had ever before enjoyed. The whole range of the Bernese Alps appeared before us, absolutely glittering against the sky like peaks of solid silver. From this point six snowy mountains may be counted; but from the Eughe-terrace, where we went later in the day, twelve of their gigantic heads may be seen towering against the sky. Few things can be imagined more sublime than this view at sunset, when the rays reflected from the snows appear nearly of a rose-color, and the vivid, distinct, almost sharp outlines, gradually fade away into dim shadow. After such scenes, one feels no great inclination for the lions, or perhaps I should say, without intending a pun, the bears of Berne; for bears, dead or alive, meet one in every direction. Many of the stone fountains, which are very numerous, are surmounted by quaint-looking figures of bears in different characters. One appears

in armor, with a sword at his side and a banner in his paw. There are various legends professing to account for the attachment of the Bernese to this animal. One relates that, when Berchtold founded the town, an enormous bear was slain on the side thereof. In the old German or Suabian dialect, the word *Bern* signifies bear, and these animals also appear in the armorial bearings of the canton. They are to be seen, in the museum, stuffed at almost every age, and are found alive in the ditch outside the Aarburg gate, which has been arranged for their habitation, and is called the "*Bärengraben*." When the French were finally expelled from Switzerland, one of the first cares of the citizens was to reinstate the bears, some of them having been carried to Paris in 1798, and installed in the *Jardin des Plantes*.

After leaving Berne, a journey of a day or two brought us on to Lausanne; intimations, in the shape of closed hotels, steam-boats laid up for the winter, meeting us on our route, and proving to us that we had delayed our journey beyond the usual season for pleasure tourists. From Lausanne a little more traveling would bring us to the Simplon; and having heard much of that celebrated pass, I was extremely desirous of crossing it.

Our preliminary arrangements being completed, we started for the Simplon, accordingly, on the morning of the 9th of November. I must here observe that all my inquiries at Lausanne, as to the safety and practicability of the pass at this season, were met by assurances of there being no risk or chance of difficulties whatever, and that the weather having been so fine, we should find no danger from the state of the mountain; a tolerably good proof this, as we found to our cost, that it is impossible to depend on the representations of those who are interested in your taking one route in preference to another. Had we gone to Geneva, and by the *Mont Cenis*, we should have encountered none of the troubles that I am now about to describe.

Our first sleeping-place after starting was to be at Bex; but we had stopped for two hours in the day, to dine and rest, at Vevay, and were delighted with the beauty of its situation and with the views from it of the lovely Lake Lemman, the gorge of the Rhone, and the snowy peaks of the *Dent du Midi*, with many other mountains. The

day was most brilliant, and as Vevay, the "*sweet Clarins*" of Byron, and Montreux, appeared in succession before us, each seeming to surpass the other in beauty, we almost longed to delay our entrance into Italy, and repose for some weeks in scenes so lovely.

We arrived late at Bex, where we found a tolerable inn; but my slumbers were disturbed about the middle of the night by a most violent storm of wind and rain. The gusts, which shook the whole house, and seemed to threaten it with destruction, were positively terrific, and I was meditating whether I should rise and make inquiry as to our safety, when gradually the storm abated, and before I slept again the wind was almost entirely lulled, though the rain continued to fall in torrents. The suddenness of these mountain tempests is matter of astonishment to those who witness them for the first time. They arise without the slightest previous warning, and fall again almost as suddenly; but generally, like the one in question, leave their effects in several days of rain and storm. Our next morning proved this; for it was cold, damp, and cheerless, and we were assured by the people of the inn that this was the beginning of their winter—not a very encouraging piece of information, considering our destined route. The remaining two days' journey to Brieg afford nothing interesting or remarkable. The weather continued somber and chilly, and the inns after we left Bex were all bad, uncomfortable, and even dirty; while the road passing through the valley of the Rhone presented, for most part of the way, a most desolate aspect. For many miles above Martigny, the lower part of the valley is but a flat swamp, rendered extremely unhealthy by the overflowings of the Rhine and its tributaries.

Early on the morning of the 12th we started from Brieg, the last resting-place before the ascent of the Simplon, which begins immediately on leaving the post-house. We were anxious to reach the inn at Simplon while it was yet day-light, and the morning, though by no means brilliant, seemed to us favorable enough; the air was peculiarly mild, the sky gray but not heavy or clouded; and a total absence of wind led us to hope that we should encounter no difficulties in our day's journey. This wonderful road, so admirable in its construction, is really entirely free from

danger, except in stormy weather; though for those who are nervous and timid, the fearful depth of the precipices, along the edge of which the path is necessarily conducted, may be a cause of alarm. But such dread is needless, for the road is nowhere less than twenty-five feet in breadth, and in some parts as much as thirty; nor is the ascent in any part excessively steep or painful to horses, the average slope nowhere exceeding six feet and a half. Every one probably knows that the construction of this road was decided on by Napoleon, immediately after the battle of Marengo. It occupied six years in the completion, though more than thirty thousand men were frequently at one time employed in the works. The bridges alone, great and small, are six hundred and eleven in number; and in addition there are ten galleries cut out of the rock, or built in solid stone, twenty houses of refuge and shelter for travelers, besides the Hospice at the summit, and numerous terraces of massive masonry, many of them being miles in length. It is impossible to travel on this road without admiration, wonder, and astonishment, at this stupendous and useful work. The governing motive which caused its formation was curiously shown in Napoleon's twice-repeated question to the engineer employed: "When will the cannon be able to pass the Simplon?"

In spite of the advantages of the road, our *voiturier* judged it inexpedient to tax the strength of his three white horses in dragging us up the mountain, and he employed for that purpose four stout horses from the post-house at Brieg, leaving his own to follow at their leisure the progress of our carriage. The first part of our journey was entirely absorbed in admiration of the grandeur of the scene. The road runs near to the gorge of the Saline, on the verge of a precipice, whence at a vast depth the torrent is seen forcing its way tumultuously through the rocks. The scene is grand and almost terrific, when, crossing the torrent by a lofty bridge, called Pont du Gauthier, the road turns down on the opposite side, and, by various and most tortuous ways, brings the traveler to the little inn of Bérésal. The upper end of this ravine is fearfully subject to avalanches, and, contrary to the usual custom of the country, the bridge is uncovered, for it is supposed that any ad-

ditional resistance of timber work would expose it to inevitable destruction by the fearful currents of air that accompany the fall of each avalanche. We were desired to dine at Bérésal, and, luckily obeying the orders of our *voiturier*, we really fared very tolerably, contrary to the expectations we had formed from the homely appearance of the small tavern of the place. Soon after leaving Bérésal, we passed the first gallery, ninety-five feet long and between three and four thousand feet above the Glys. The view from this point of the Bernese Alps, glorious no doubt in clear weather, was on this day misty, dim, and uncertain, and we could barely discern the giant peaks of the Breithorn and Aletsch-hörner.

The cheerful sense of security which had attended us on our way as far as Bérésal, here began to diminish considerably; for soon we perceived, not only that the road was covered with snow, getting deeper and deeper every yard we advanced, but also that it was beginning to snow afresh, while the air grew perceptibly denser, and rapid, sudden, and startling gusts of wind from time to time seemed to forbode the coming storm. As we could have no hope of reaching Simplon under three hours and a half at the least, I own I felt considerable disquiet; but I was unwilling to show my friend, already greatly alarmed, the fears that were agitating my mind. The *voiturier* was grave and cross, and our English servant looked, as English servants too frequently do in difficulties, most gloomy and discouraging; and few things are more disagreeable than a long sulky face when one wants a few words of comfort. The portion of the road which we had now to traverse, between the fifth refuge and the summit, is reckoned, though I did not know it at the time, the most dangerous of all; and to protect unfortunate travelers as far as possible from the perils of avalanches, it has six places of shelter, three galleries, two refuges, and a hospice. The refuges are inhabited by laborers, who are employed upon the road, and also, as we afterward found, in protecting and aiding those who are so unhappy as to be overtaken by storms in this fearful locality. By the time we left this fifth refuge, no doubt could exist as to the alarming state of the weather. It was blowing hard, the cold being bitter and intense; the snow

was driving in our faces, and thickening the air so much that hardly anything beyond the immediate road could be discerned. These storms, in Alpine language, are called "tourmentes," and truly they deserve the name. One peculiar feature of them is, that the snow, so called, resembles more a shower of ice, and the flakes or morsels thereof, driving hard and fast into the face and eyes of the unhappy traveler, so blind and stupify him, that, exhausted in the attempt to battle with the icy tempest, he too frequently sinks down in the snow, and, overtaken by an irresistible stupor, miserably perishes. A fall of snow in these regions, it will therefore be seen, is a wholly different matter from the soft, large, woolly flakes, which we are accustomed to in the world below.

The darkness was increasing upon us every instant, and the snow on the road had now become so deep as to hide nearly half the wheels of the carriage, and cause the greatest difficulty in their turning at all. The snow being also newly fallen, was wholly untracked; and, no wall or parapet being possible in this part of the road, the path is only divided from the edge of the precipice by occasional large, heavy, single stones, something like magnified mile-stones. Against these we more than once heard the wheels of the carriage grate, proving how fearfully near the edge we were; and there really seemed nothing to guide or save our struggling horses from overstepping the almost imperceptible boundary that lay between us and total destruction. It was a fearful scene, and one calculated to try the strongest nerves. My friend, terrified beyond all control, insisted on getting out of the carriage, and I, as in duty bound, followed. The danger of our position really seemed frightful. Men and horses were blinded and driven back by the wind and incessant fall of snow which came direct against them; and though striving hard to get on, they constantly stumbled and fell in the untracked and deep snow. The horses could only by the greatest exertions be induced to face the gale, or move a step onward, their labor being of course doubled by the difficulty of forcing the clogged wheels to advance at all. Night, and that too a fearful one of storm, was evidently fast approaching. What was to be done? became the question. By this time we were getting near to the sixth refuge, and feel-

ing that our ineffectual attempts to get on in the snow were only additional hindrances to the men, I persuaded my friend to return to the carriage. I felt almost in despair, for it seemed to me absolutely impossible that we should this night pass beyond the place where we now were. But at this moment we stopped, and, hearing strange voices, I looked out, and perceived that two men from the refuge had joined us: wild figures they were, enveloped in goat-skins; yet I hailed their arrival with joy and gratitude, for I felt sure that some help was now near. One soon advanced to me, and, announcing himself as the inspector of the Simplon road, and therefore, of course, the chief of the band of men thereon employed, assured me that, though our situation was certainly alarming, he hoped to be able to get us on to the Hospice, where the monks would instantly admit us, and there he said we must sleep.

At this crisis our voiturier joined the conference, and with his usual obstinacy, objecting strongly to this plan, insisted that we must go on to Simplon, where he said we should certainly arrive before night. I soon perceived the cause of this perverse opposition, which was the fear of having to keep and pay for during another day the four horses and their driver whom he had brought from Brieg; and for this pitiful consideration he was willing to risk all our lives without the slightest compunction. My friend the inspector, a remarkably pleasant-looking man, with a more open countenance than is usually seen among the Swiss, was not, however, of a sort to give way on a point so important, and he insisted on our adopting his plan, saying he was in a manner responsible for travelers, and that he could not agree to our making so desperate an attempt as to proceed on our journey in such a night as he foresaw this was likely to be. He said the road was wholly untracked, and that it was next to impossible for any carriage on wheels to get on; but that if we slept at the Hospice, we might perhaps, by sending for sledges, get on the next day. I strongly supported his arguments, and finally carried the point by peremptorily telling the voiturier that, if he said any more, I would dismiss him instantly on arriving at Domo d'Ossola, and send him back to Basle, and at the same time write to the hotel keeper and



ARRIVAL OF THE PARTY AT THE HOSPICE.

others there an account of his misconduct. He submitted, therefore, with a very bad grace, and we slowly and painfully proceeded on our way. The inspector and his man being provided with spades of a peculiar kind, preceded us, and by digging and shoveling away the snow in the worst parts, and making a sort of track for the horses to follow, they considerably diminished the difficulties of our progress, which, though the distance is only half a mile between the last refuge and the Hospice, occupied a very long time. At last we arrived in front of a large and solid edifice,

of a sober gray color, and stopping opposite to it, the inspector advised us to get out and proceed as well as we could on foot, for that it would be both a tedious and difficult operation in so deep a snow to turn the carriage, and get it into the *rémise* or coach-house of the Hospice. We of course obeyed, as we should have done any directions he gave, and scrambling with great difficulty through the great masses of snow which covered the ground between us and the gate, chilled through and through, we at last arrived at the entrance, just as the great bell rang, and a

monk, with three large dogs, came out to welcome and receive us.

We were instantly taken into the house, which is traversed from end to end by a spacious stone corridor, and on proceeding up-stairs, we found another corridor exactly parallel to the one below, and out of which all the rooms opened. The refectory, where our guide at first took us, is a large long room, looking front, and commanding a fine view of the mountains, and the road each way. It was warmed by an enormous stove, and altogether seemed, to us poor shivering wretches, the very perfection of comfort; and the sight of it, joined to the hospitable welcome we received, was most cheering to those who, an hour before, had hardly known where they should pass the night. The monks assured us that their supper would be ready in less than an hour, but they were very anxious that we should immediately have some refreshment; we, however, declined this offer, and begged to wait for the usual supper-time, for we had been too much alarmed and excited to feel very hungry. They then occupied themselves in seeing that rooms were immediately prepared for us, and the stoves lighted, so that they should be warm and comfortable by our bed-time. These rooms were on the opposite side of the corridor. There were four monks, including the prior, all intelligent and agreeable men, but especially so the Père Hubert, who was clavandier or bursar to the establishment. He had been twelve years at the St. Bernard Hospice before coming to the Simplon; the prior, Père Barras, had been there also a much longer time. They expressed great surprise at our having ventured over the mountains in such weather, and strongly blamed the people at Brieg for having allowed us to start. The night of the storm at Bex had been, they said, the setting in of their winter, and it had snowed almost incessantly ever since. The morning that we had thought so satisfactory and promising was, they informed us, exactly what any one at all conversant with the variable and peculiar climate of the Alps, must have known to be the precursor of bad weather and tourmentes. The extreme stillness, the gray sky, and the mild air we had so enjoyed, always, it appears, precede and warn those who understand these signs of the coming storm. The tourmente now raging was, they said, a

terrific one; and they added, that we might indeed congratulate ourselves on being safely housed before night came on. In fact, as I afterward accidentally ascertained, on this very day, on the Grand St. Bernard, where the tourmente was probably still more fearful, the clavandier of that Hospice, together with three servants and some dogs, were buried beneath an enormous avalanche from the Mont Mort, which covered them to the depth of fifteen feet, and of course all perished.

We passed the time till supper in agreeable conversation with our kind and courteous hosts, and in profiting as much as possible from the delightful warmth of the great stove. It seemed almost like a dream for travelers, who had so lately left civilized England, to be supping in the refectory of a convent on the summit of the Alps. They placed us at the head of their long table, they themselves sitting next to us, two and two. On each side, there were some other travelers, apparently of a middling class; and, lastly, our own servants. Nothing could be more excellent than the supper; everything was plain but good; and the wine, which they informed us came from one of their own estates in Italy, was delicious. In this climate, all abstemious rules belonging to their order seem to be suppressed; and this was explained to us by the monks, who said that it was indispensable to health in that climate to live well, and that they had on that account a dispensation from many of the rules practiced by their order elsewhere. In fact, they seemed to me, in-doors, to lead a most "jolly" life, neglecting nothing that could, in that dreary region, conduce to their comfort. They related to us many very interesting particulars of the establishment, and of the adventures that so often occur amid the perils and dangers of their long and rigorous winters. When we spoke of our alarm at the difficulty we had experienced in keeping on the road at all, after we got into the deep snow and out of all track of wheels, Père Hubert told us that the same sort of adventure had occurred some years before to an English lady and gentleman, who were forced to sleep at the refuge. In the morning they sent their carriage on, determined themselves to wait for the diligence, which, being on a sledge, would be a safer conveyance than their own coach. The latter vehicle was therefore

sent on: providentially it had no one in it, for it actually went over the precipice, horses and all, and was never again heard of.

Our hosts told us that, on the Simplon, they seldom have occasion for the services of the dogs, which are so much used on the St. Bernard. There is no truth whatever in the common belief that these animals are sent out alone. This is never the case; but, undismayed by the fearful dangers they encounter, they invariably accompany the monks in the expeditions which are constantly undertaken for the discovery and relief of exhausted and overwhelmed wayfarers, who must otherwise undoubtedly perish. The dogs are especially useful; being able, from their light weight, to venture across snow-drifts which would not bear the burden of a man; and frequently, by instinct, they recover the path, when in the darkness and hurricane all traces of it are imperceptible to human eye. On one occasion, in 1823, all the dogs and three servants, who had been sent out together, were destroyed by an avalanche; and it was feared that the breed (which is supposed to have been originally a cross between the Newfoundland and the Pyrenean) would have been lost, but happily a couple of dogs which the monks had given away were returned to them, and the deficiency supplied. Since that period, they have always kept some young dogs at Martigny, and other places in the valley. The labor performed by the dogs is so great, that they seldom live more than nine years, and are frequently before that time rendered infirm and useless from attacks of rheumatism. In both convents, all travelers, of whatever class, are received, warmed, fed, and supplied with beds, also medicines, or any comforts their state may require; and they are welcome to remain until the weather is such as to permit of their proceeding in safety.

We found comfortable beds in the rooms prepared for us; but even the stoves and double windows failed in affording such a degree of warmth as I could have wished. The cold of the night was intense, and the storm raged around the building with undiminished fury.

After an excellent breakfast, on the following morning, I proceeded with Père Hubert to see the great hall of the convent, where all the poor travelers were assembled. There were then above sixty, all

driven in by the storm, and all in a warm room, eating the soup and other provisions that had been supplied to them. Neither from these, nor any other travelers, is payment ever required; but it is usual, for those who can afford it, to give a donation for the benefit of the poor.

On returning to the refectory, we found the inspector arrived. He had come to consult with us on the possibility of continuing our journey. Our entertainers, however, were averse to this, and kindly pressed us to remain as long as we might find it convenient; but we were anxious to get on; and as the inspector assured us that he believed we could do so on sledges that day, while, if we delayed beyond it, ten days might elapse before the roads would be safe or passable, we agreed at once to make the experiment. As he had sent to Simplon for sledges, we might to be able to start by two o'clock. He called our attention to the diligence, which had just passed, and was winding slowly down the road along which we had come. It was by no means an encouraging picture. The vehicle was fixed upon a sledge, and seemed to rock to and fro in a very unpleasant manner, and looked as if it must inevitably be blown over by the furious gale that still raged. The snow fell so thick that, as the diligence passed, the track which it had made was almost instantly lost and obliterated by the fresh covering of snow, so that in a few minutes it would have been difficult, from the appearance of the ground, to tell that anything had passed that way. The monks again tried hard to dissuade us from going, assuring us that the experiment would prove both unpleasant and unsafe; but, encouraged by the inspector, we decided on making the attempt; and he further promised his own assistance, with that of ten of his men, to get us safe to Simplon.

We were greatly touched by the devoted kindness of Père Hubert, who declared that he also would accompany us on our route, and that he could remain that night at Simplon and return the next morning. In vain we protested against his making so painful an exertion on our account; go he would; and, leaving the room, he soon returned completely equipped in his mountaineer's dress. We dined in the refectory at one o'clock, which we found was the usual dinner-hour; and before proceeding on our way, our hosts



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insisted on giving us some excellent coffee, and a *chasse café* of the delicious *kirchenwasser*, far better than any I have tasted elsewhere. With great attention to our comfort, they arranged that we should get into the carriage in the *remise*, and then with real regret we took leave of our kind hosts, with the exception of *Père Hubert*, who accompanied us, chiefly on foot, but sometimes mounted on the box of our carriage. Our *cortège* was certainly most curious and picturesque: first, our carriage on a sledge, drawn by

the four horses from *Brieg*; next, the wheels and luggage on another sledge, which was consigned to three white horses. Our guards consisted of the inspector and ten men, most wild-looking objects, dressed in goat-skins, and armed with spades and all useful implements; besides the *voiturier* and his aid from *Brieg*, our own servant, and the monk.

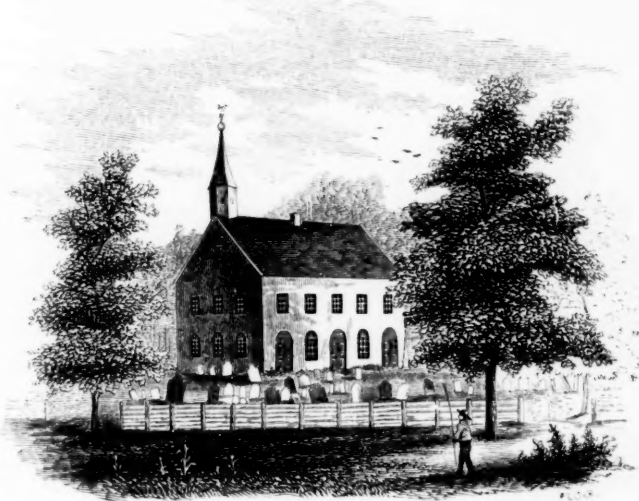
The journey was certainly not performed without considerable misgivings and alarms; the distance from the convent to *Simplon*, although only three miles, we

were above three hours in accomplishing. The snow, where it had drifted on either side of the road, was frequently above the height of the carriage, and every step we advanced seemed to be only accomplished after much scraping and digging on the part of the troop, for of course there was no track whatever. In some parts the snow was less deep, and we could see around us the great rocks, so thickly covered with a fleecy mantle that no part of their original form was visible, while the tall heavy fir-trees seemed bowed almost to the ground by the weight on their branches. Enormous icicles, of every form and shape, hung pendent from the rocks, and in the already fading light assumed innumerable shades of color. Nothing could be more beautiful, nothing more wildly grand and sublime, than the scene; and, in spite of my fears, I found myself almost absorbed in intense admiration. But I was frequently disturbed by the exclamations, the cries, and shouts of our followers, or by the really perplexed face of Père Hubert, who, appearing at the window, endeavored to reassure us, while he himself was evidently very anxious and uneasy. At times the carriage, or rather sledge, would give us a most uncomfortable lurch to one side; when this happened, our escort would rush hastily to the other side, and hanging on to the carriage like monkeys, use all their weight to preserve the balance until the perilous part was past. At one time I heard one of them say to another, in answer to some previous question which escaped me, "We must go on, for it is impossible to go back." The alternative did not seem hopeful; but at length, to our great relief, from amid the increasing darkness and the glimmering of the white world which surrounded us on every side, we discerned the lights of the village of Simplon, and soon after, with great joy and gratitude, found ourselves installed in a tolerably comfortable and warm room. Our friendly Hubert spent the evening with us, and made himself very agreeable; he assured us that the journey there had proved even more dangerous than he anticipated, and that, had he known how bad it was, he never could have allowed us to undertake it. We had a parting interview with the inspector, whom we overwhelmed with thanks, and with the greatest possible difficulty persuaded to accept a sum of money

for himself and his men. He refused for a long time, saying he had only done his duty, and was glad to have served us; almost the only instance this, I ever saw, of a Swiss disinterested enough to refuse anything. We saw Père Hubert on the following morning, just before his departure: he told us that we could now continue our journey with perfect safety—a rapid thaw having come on in the night—and that, on the southern side of the pass, we should probably be soon out of the region of snow. We accompanied him to the door, where the diligence was stopping, and then took leave, with many assurances of friendship on both sides, and of gratitude on ours, which I still feel so warmly that I have great pleasure in bearing my humble testimony to the kindness and valuable hospitality I received.*

The rest of our journey seemed flat after the adventure of the last two days, and the weather was such that I can give no particular account of the beauty of the descent on the Italian side. I was struck by the general grandeur of the scene, the wild and sublime gorge of Gonolo, and the magnificent construction of the gallery, cut through the solid rock for a distance of five hundred and ninety-six feet, and which required, for eighteen months, the labors of above one hundred men; but any enjoyment of the scenery was impossible, for the rain fell in torrents, and the streams pouring in every direction, above and below us, together with the wild roar of the Doveria, fretting in its narrow bed below, made us really feel as if we had emerged from snow and ice into a second deluge. The rain continued incessant, and the Val d'Ossola, as we descended into it, presented such a lamentable and dismal aspect, so unlike the usual bright beauty of an Italian scene, that, overcome by the depressing influence, I abruptly discontinued the journal or notes from which this narrative is now extracted.

* The hospitalities of the St. Bernard monks, and those of the Simplon, have been too well known not to demand acknowledgment even at the hands of Protestant writers. In these days, however, when so much pains are taken to render the features of Popery attractive, it may be well to remind our readers—while fully admitting the kindness shown to travelers in convents like the above—that, as a system, conventual life is not only unscriptural, but is proved by experience to be fertile in abuses.



THE OLD TENNENT CHURCH.

IN this age of progress but little regard is paid to the relics of the past. Not many monuments remain of the early history of our country when the warwhoop of the Indian was heard in our wilds, or where, a few years later, the strife of contending armies devastated our plains. One by one they have been destroyed by the inroads of natural decay, or have gradually disappeared before the improvements of more modern times. As a people we are not sufficiently careful of these mementoes. We suffer them to molder away, when a little attention might preserve them to us for many years.

"The Old Tennent Church," as it is called, is one of the few exceptions to this rule. It is situated in the township of Freehold, Monmouth county, N. J., about three miles from the village of Freehold and two from Englishtown. It stands on the summit of a gentle rise of ground, and in the midst of a beautiful grove of ancient trees. The graves of several generations surround it. Many of the heroes of the Revolution lie buried here, with hundreds of others who followed the more peaceful occupation of husbandry. One might read Gray's Elegy to advantage in this sacred place, while reclining beneath the shade of an aged elm, or standing by the humble mounds which mark the last resting-place of the departed.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,

Where heaves the turf in many a moldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

"The busy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from her straw-built shed;

The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed."

The history of this church is interesting alike to the Christian and to the patriot. Some of the most powerful sermons ever preached in this country have been delivered from its pulpit, and some of the most soul-stirring scenes in the history of the Revolution have transpired in its vicinity. Here preached William Tennent, that wonderful man of God, who, like Paul, seems to have been "caught up to the third heaven," and to have heard things which "it was not lawful for man to utter." He was a successful minister of the New Covenant, and during the forty years of his ministry here he kept alive a flame of religious interest. Here, also, David Brainerd, of blessed memory, sometimes preached. His labors among the Indians are too well known to need recapitulation. He frequently brought his Indian converts from Cranberry to this church, for the purpose of uniting with their pale-faced

brethren in the worship of the Great Spirit. Under date of June 7, 1746, he writes :—

"Being desired by the Rev. William Tennent to be his assistant in the administration of the Lord's supper, I this morning rode to Freehold to render that assistance. ○ ○ ○ ○ ○

Lord's day, June 8.—Most of my people who have been communicants at the Lord's table before, being present on this occasion, communed with others in the holy ordinance, at the desire, and I trust to the satisfaction and comfort of numbers of God's people who had longed to see this day."

The old oak-table around which these Indians communed, is still used as a communion-table for the church.

Here also Whitefield, the pulpit Demosthenes of the eighteenth century, preached. He often took sweet counsel with Brainerd and Tennent, while all three rejoiced together at the blessed scenes of mercy they were permitted to witness. And as we enter this ancient temple of the Lord and look at it, but little changed from what it was when these eminent men proclaimed the gospel from its desk, it requires no great effort of the imagination to fancy these pews filled with their rustic hearers as they were wont to assemble more than a hundred years ago. We see the tall, slender form of Tennent, with his raven hair and eagle eye, standing in the quaint old pulpit—a perfect Boanerges—hurling the thunder of the law at his awe-struck hearers, until hardened sinners cry aloud in prayer. Again we see the youthful Brainerd instructing the red men of the forest in the blessed truths of the gospel, or administering to them the sacred symbols of the passion of their Lord. Once more we behold Whitefield, the Apollos of Methodism, "an eloquent man, and mighty in the Scriptures;" "the delight of weeping, wondering, and admiring audiences, wherever he went," holding spell-bound the living mass of people who fill the pews, and throng the aisles, and crowd the portals, while he paints before them, with all the distinctness of a limner upon canvas, the cross of Christ.

But this spot is not sacred to the Christian only. Every patriot must gaze upon it with feelings of the deepest interest, for it reminds him that he is in the immediate vicinity of one of the bloodiest battle-fields of the Revolution. We do not purpose at present to give a detailed account of the battle of Monmouth, but simply

refer to it as connected with the subject of our sketch. The battle was fought on the 28th of June, 1778, and the hottest part of the engagement was about one mile to the east of the church, which to this day bears indubitable marks of its close proximity to a hard-fought field. Bullet-holes are said to be discernible in its sides; and a few yards from the church, visitors are pointed to an old brown gravestone, near which a man was standing during the battle, when a cannon-ball tore him in two, and broke the top of the stone. The mark of the ball, in its passage through the stone, is yet visible; though some over-zealous antiquarians, forgetting, in their search for relics, the respect due to the dead, have broken the stone still more, so that there is now but little of it left. The wounded man was carried into the church in a dying state, and laid upon one of the seats, where he soon expired, staining with his gore the house of God; and though three-fourths of a century have since passed, spots of blood are distinctly visible, evidences of the horrors of war.

Lieut. Col. Hon. H. Monckton, (as he is called in Sir Henry Clinton's dispatch after the action,) an eminent officer in the British army, was slain in this battle, and buried about six feet to the west of the church. For many years there was nothing to mark the spot where this warrior was laid, save his name, rudely carved in the base-board of the church, immediately opposite the grave, thus: "General Monckton." A few years ago, however, a district schoolmaster caused a plain board to be prepared, and placed at the head of the grave. The board is painted red, and bears this inscription:—

HIC JACET
COLONEL MONCKTON,
KILLED 28TH JUNE,
1778.

Aside from the interesting associations connected with its history, the old church is a curiosity in itself. The exact age of the venerable building we have not been able to ascertain. Many years ago some Scotchmen were wrecked on the Jersey shore, and found their way to this neighborhood, where they built a church, about five miles to the east of the present one. It was in this church that John Tennent preached; and about a year after his death, which took place in 1732, his brother Wil-

liam was called to fill his place. The present church could not, therefore, have been built prior to 1733. It must have been built previous to 1746, as that was the year in which Brainerd preached in it; but in which of the thirteen years embraced within these two periods the building was begun, we are unable to determine. The probability is, that soon after William Tennent succeeded his brother, his congregation started the enterprise of a new church, but for want of funds were not able to finish it at once, but occupied it as a place of worship for some time in a partially finished condition. It was finally completed, we believe, in 1753, at least so says *tradition*; and this testimony seems to be confirmed by the date stamped in the iron bars, which are used to fasten the doors, "B. V. C., 1753," meaning (so the sexton told us) that Benjamin Van Cleef was the blacksmith who wrought the iron bars in the year of the church's completion.

In size, the building is forty by sixty feet, with three entrances on the longer side. The old oak frame is covered with shingles, which, though in good preservation for their age, confess the wasting assaults of time and storms. The pulpit is on the north side of the house, immediately opposite to the central door, so that the minister faces the width of the church instead of its length. It is very narrow, and is surmounted with a sounding-board, according to the custom of our fathers.

A number of wooden pegs are placed in the panel work immediately back of the pulpit, on which the preachers used to hang their hats and overcoats. Leaning against the pulpit are several long and slender rods, at the extremity of each of which is suspended a silken bag, terminating in a tassel. These singular-looking things, reminding one of *scalp-nets* more than of anything else, are used by the deacons in taking up collections, and must be very convenient in the long pews. Indeed, were the handles but a little longer, the dominie himself, from his place in the pulpit, might easily receive the contributions of the people.

The pews are high and very narrow, suggesting the idea of penance rather than devotion. Yet the fathers thought them comfortable; and no doubt their worship was as sincere, and their de-

votion as ardent, as those of modern congregations in more commodious edifices. How often has God been praised in simplicity, and in earnestness too, by devout worshipers seated in these same narrow high-backed pews. Let the reader imagine them, on some quiet Sabbath morning, opening their ancient psalm-books, and singing from the old Scotch version, to the memorable tune of Mear, as led by the gray-haired precentor, the following:—

"Mine hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
And compass it will I.

"That I, with voice of thanksgiving,
May publish and declare,
And tell of all thy mighty works,
That great and wondrous are.

"The habitation of thy house,
Lord, I have loved well;
Yea, in that place I do delight,
Where doth thine honor dwell."

Homely poetry it may be, but no less acceptable to Him who has said, "Whoso offereth praise, glorifieth me."

The gallery is wide and lofty, and will seat three hundred people. In former times, one side of it was partitioned off for "the colored people;" but during the administration of the present pastor, Rev. Mr. Van Doren, "the middle wall of partition" has been taken down. The pews on the ground floor will seat five hundred, so that the whole building can accommodate eight hundred worshipers. Instead of being plastered, the interior is ceiled with boards, which, together with the pews, remained in their primitive, unpainted condition, until about twenty years ago, when the pews were painted a dingy red, and the sides and ceiling white.

The remains of the sainted Tennent lie buried under the floor of the central aisle. In the year 1818, a marble slab was placed in the wall at the right of the pulpit, with the following inscription in gilt lettering:—

SACRED
to the Memory of the
REV. WILLIAM TENNENT,
Pastor of the First Presbyterian Church
in Freehold,

who departed this life the 8th of March, 1777,
Aged 71 Years and 9 months.
He was Pastor of said Church
43 YEARS and 6 MONTHS.
Faithful and Beloved. 1818.

"Faithful and beloved!" How brief, yet how full of meaning, is this tribute to a departed pastor! We covet no higher honor than to be able so to live, that when we die men may say of us, "Faithful and beloved."

Rev. Dr. Woodhull, who succeeded Tennent about two years after his death, is buried in the grave-yard adjoining the church. He died November 22, 1824, aged eighty years. He had been an active and faithful minister of the gospel for fifty-six years, forty-five of which were spent in the service of this church.

In a few years more time will have leveled the ancient church to the ground, and the honored relics on which we have delighted to gaze will be numbered among the things that were. Even the old gray-haired sexton, who loves to relate to visitors all the incidents and traditions connected with the place, and who, himself a relic of old times, has opened many a grave, and laid at least one generation under the sod, will soon be gathered to his fathers, and another will stand in his place. Thus "one generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

POMPEII: ITS RUINS AND ITS PEOPLE.

IN digging out the ruins of Pompeii, every turn of the spade brings up some relic of the ancient life, some witness of imperial luxury. For far the greater part, these relics have a merely curious interest: they belong to archaeology, and find appropriate resting-places in historical museums. But there are some exceptions. Here, for instance, the excavator drops, an uninvited guest, upon a banquet,—there he unexpectedly obtrudes into a tomb. In one place, he finds a miser cowering on his heaps,—another shows him bones of dancing-girls, and broken instruments of music, lying on the marble floor. In the midst of painted chambers, baths, halls, columns, fountains,—among the splendid evidences of material wealth,—he sometimes stumbles on a simple incident, a touching human story, such as strikes the imagination, and suggests the mournful interest of the great disaster; as the sudden sight of a wounded soldier conjures up the horrors of a field of battle. Such, to our mind, is the latest discovery of the excavators in this melancholy field. It is a group of skeletons in the act of flight,

accompanied by a dog. There are three human beings, one of them a young girl, with gold rings and jewels still on her fingers. The fugitives had bags of gold and silver with them, snatched up, no doubt, in haste and darkness. But the fiery flood was on their track; and vain their wealth, their flight, the age of one, the youth of the other. The burning lava rolled above them and beyond; and the faithful dog turned back to share the fortunes of its mistress—dying at her side. Seen by the light of such an incident, how vividly that night of horrors looms upon the sense! Does not imagination picture that little group, in their own house, by the side of their evening fountain, languidly chatting over the day's events and of the unusual heat? Does it not hear, with them, the troubled swell of the waters in the bay—see as they do, how the night comes down in sudden strangeness, how the sky opens overhead and flames break out, while scorix, sand, and molten rocks come pouring down? What movement, what emotion, what surprise! The scene grows darker every instant. The hollow monotone of the bay is lifted into yells and shrieks. The air grows thick with dust and hot with flames; and at the mountain's foot is heard the deadly roll of the liquid lava. Jewels, household gods, gold and silver coins, are snatched up on the instant. No time to say farewell; darkness in front and fire behind, they rush into the streets—streets choked with falling houses and flying citizens. How find the way through passages which have no longer outlets? Confusion, danger, darkness, uproar, everywhere; the shouts of parted friends, the agony of men struck down by falling columns; fear, madness, and despair unchained. Here, penury clutching gold it cannot keep,—there, gluttony feeding on its final meal, and frenzy striking in the dark to forestall death. Through all, fancy hears the young girl's screams,—the fire is on her jeweled hand. No time for thought—no pause: the flood rolls on, and wisdom, beauty, age, and youth, with all the stories of their love, their hopes, their rank, wealth, greatness,—all the once-affluent life,—are gone forever. When unearthed after many ages, the nameless group has no other importance to mankind than as it may serve "to point a moral or adorn a tale."—*Athenæum*.



WINTER AND NEW YEAR.

WINTER is a great favorite with poets and painters. This is fortunate, as, verily, such a hard-visaged, surly-tempered old customer needs all the help which lyre and pencil can afford him. Indeed he is a capital subject for them,—all the better suited, by his rough features and cold feelings, to tax and test their powers of magical transfiguration. We present a few gems, (we *might* call them flowers, were summer the theme,) from some of the bards and artists who have taken the gruff old gentleman in hand. Robert Southey thus coaxingly flatters him into good humor with a sonnet:—

"A wrinkled, crabbed man they picture thee,
Old Winter, with a rugged beard as gray
As the long moss upon the apple-tree;
Blue lipp'd, an ice-drop at thy sharp blue
nose;
Close muffled up, and on thy dreary way,
Plodding alone through sleet and drifting snows.
They should have drawn thee by the high-heap'd
hearth,
Old Winter! seated in thy great arm'd chair,
Watching the children at their Christmas
mirth,
Or circled by them, as thy lips declare
Some merry jest, or tale of murder dire,
Or troubled spirit that disturbs the night,
Pausing at times to rouse the moldering fire,
Or taste the old October brown and bright."

Shelley, poor Percy Bysshe Shelley, who *should* have left a name lustrous with all that is great and good, penned a beautiful

"DIRGE FOR THE YEAR.

"Orphan hours, the year is dead!
Come and sigh, come and weep!
Merry hours, smile instead;
For the year is but asleep.
See, it smiles as it is sleeping,
Mocking your untimely weeping.

"As an earthquake rocks a corpse
In its coffin in the clay,
So white winter, that rough nurse,
Rocks the death-cold year to-day;
Solemn hours, wail aloud
For your mother in her shroud.

"As the wild air stirs and sways
The tree-sung cradle of a child,
So the breath of these rude days
Rocks the year:—be calm and mild,
Trembling hour; she will arise
With new love within her eyes.

"January gray is here,
Like a sexton by her grave;
February bears the bier,
March with grief doth howl and rave,
And April weeps—but, O, ye hours,
Follow with May's fairest flowers."

Mary Howitt, does she not delight the ear, please the fancy, and instruct the heart with the music, the picturesqueness, and the genial wisdom of these lines, warmer with human sympathy than their theme is cold?—

"There's not a flower upon the hill,
There's not a leaf upon the tree;
The summer bird hath left its bough,
Bright child of sunshine, singing now
In spicy lands beyond the sea.

"There's silence in the harvest field;
And blackness in the mountain glen,
And cloud that will not pass away
From the hill tops for many a day;
And stillness round the homes of men.

"The old tree hath an older look;
The lonesome place is yet more dreary;
They go not now, the young and old,
Slow wandering on by wood and wold;
The air is damp, the winds are cold,
And summer paths are wet and weary.

"The drooping year is in the wane,
No longer floats the thistle down;
The crimson heath is wan and sere;
The sedge hangs withering by the mere,
And the broad fern is rent and brown.

"The owl sits huddling by himself,
The cold has pierced his body thorough;
The patient cattle hang their head;
The deer are 'neath their winter shed;
The ruddy squirrel's in his bed,
And each small thing within its burrow.

"In rich men's halls the fire is piled,
And ermine robes keep out the weather;
In poor men's huts the fire is low,
Through broken panes the keen winds blow,
And old and young are cold together.



"The deer are 'neath their winter shed."

"O, poverty is disconsolate!—

Its pains are many, its foes are strong:
The rich man in his jovial cheer,
Wishes 't was winter through the year;
The poor man, 'mid his wants profound,
With all his little children round,
Prays God that winter be not long!

"One silent night hath pass'd, and lo!
How beautiful the earth is now!
All aspect of decay is gone,
The hills have put their vesture on,
And clothed is the forest bough.

"Say not 't is an unlovely time!
Turn to the wide, white waste thy view;
Turn to the silent hills that rise
In their cold beauty to the skies;
And to those skies intensely blue.

"Silent, not sad, the scene appeareth;
And fancy, like a vagrant breeze,
Ready a-wing for flight, doth go
To the cold northern land of snow,
Beyond the icy Orcades,

"The land of ice, the land of snow,
The land that hath no summer flowers,
Where never living creature stood—
The wild, dim, polar solitude:
How different from this land of ours!

"Walk now among the forest trees,—
Saidst thou that they were stripp'd and
bare?

Each heavy bough is bending down
With snowy leaves and flowers—the crown
Which Winter regally doth wear.

"'T is well—thy summer garden ne'er
Was lovelier with its birds and flowers,
Than is this silent place of snow,
With feathery branches drooping low,
Wreathing around thee, shadowy bow-
ers!"

Who has not read and re-read Thomson's description of a winter landscape, and yet who will not delight to read it again? An "illustration" could lend it little beauty; it is itself a picture.

"Through the hush'd air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherish'd fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white:
'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
Along the mazy current. Low the woods
Bow their hoar head; and ere the languid sun,
Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
Earth's universal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waste, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the laborer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with snow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
The red-breast, sacred to the household gods,
Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
In joyless fields and thorny thickets, leaves
His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
Against the window beats; then, brisk, alights
On the warm hearth; then hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the smiling family askance,
And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is:
Till more familiar grown, the table crumbs
Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants.

○ ○ ○ ○ ○

The bleating kine
Eye the bleak heaven, and next, the glistening
earth,
With looks of dumb despair; then, sad dispersed,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of snow."

Alfred Tennyson, England's poet laureate, has a fine mystical midnight hymn to the Dying Year, sad as a dirge chanted beside the bier of a friend. Listen, and let all voices join the chorus:—

"THE DEATH OF THE OLD YEAR.

"Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
And tread softly and speak low,
For the Old Year lies a-dying.
Old Year, you must not die;
You came to us so readily,
You lived with us so steadily,
Old Year, you shall not die.



"He lieth still; he doth not move;
He will not see the dawn of day.
He hath no other life above.
He gave me a friend, and a true, true love,
And the New Year will take 'em away.
Old Year, you must not go;
So long as you have been with us,
Such joy as you have seen with us,
Old Year, you shall not go.

"He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
A jollier year we shall not see.
But though his eyes are waxing dim,
And though his foes speak ill of him,
He was a friend to me.
Old Year, you shall not die;
We did so laugh and cry with you,
I've half a mind to die with you,
Old Year, if you must die.

"He was full of joke and jest,
But all his merry quips are o'er.
To see him die, across the waste
His son and heir doth ride post haste,
But he'll be dead before.

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Every one for his own.
The night is starry and cold, my friend,
And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
Comes up to take his own.

"How hard he breathes! over the snow
I heard just now the crowing cock.
The shadows flicker to and fro:
The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
'T is nearly twelve o'clock.
Shake hands before you die.
Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you:
What is it we can do for you?
Speak out before you die.

"His face is growing sharp and thin.
Alack! our friend is gone.
Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
Step from the corpse, and let him in
That standeth there alone,
And waiteth at the door.
There's a new foot on the floor,
my friend,
And a new face at the door, my
friend,
A new face at the door."

But have we nothing on this
theme more cheerful and hope-
ful? Yes. Sonorous as the
bugle-blast that calls to battle,
and joyous almost as an epitha-
lamium, here is a high, pro-
phetic strain from the same
poet-rates:—

"Ring out, wild bells, to the wild
sky
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night:
Ring out, wild bells, and let him
die.

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the
snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

"Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

"Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

"Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

[For the National Magazine.]

A CHAPTER ON MEDALS AND COINS.

WE begin with coins, because they are the most ancient, and of universal use. They were current a long time before MEDALS were invented and dispersed among mankind, to preserve the memory of illustrious persons and events. From their scarcity and value, some very ancient coins, however, have now become our medals.

The earliest inhabitants of the earth were shepherds and husbandmen, and their flocks and herds made their wealth. Hence arose the custom of expressing the value of such commodities by bits of leather, and the marks upon them showed the number of animals they were worth. This was the origin of all coins and the first kind of money. History states positively that Numa Pompilius caused money to be made of wood and leather—hence the Latin word *Pecunia*. Next succeeded bits of rough copper, marked according to their weight, and lastly with images.

Then the sovereigns or royal authority of different nations assumed the exclusive right to make money, stamping them on one side with their likeness, and upon the other their arms or cypher. This practice has continued to our day; and it is the honor and glory of every country to have the national coin, which bears the national image, contain its true and intrinsic value.

We know but little of the Babylonian coins. Here is a specimen from the original, in the British Museum, and considered as ancient as the time of Belshazzar, and perhaps earlier. They are silver,

and the larger worth about twenty-eight cents of our money. It is a correct picture of an ancient walled city—possibly of Babylon itself. Towers of the kind here seen were erected over the gates of cities, from which the guards blew a trumpet of alarm at the approach of an enemy; and the Old Testament writings often refer to this custom.

There are no indications that the Jews coined money before their captivity; and the earliest coin mentioned is the Persian gold *Daric*, which word means a king. They were made of gold and silver. These cuts represent specimens which are deposited in the British Museum. The gold one weighs one hundred and twenty-nine grains, and is worth about six dollars.

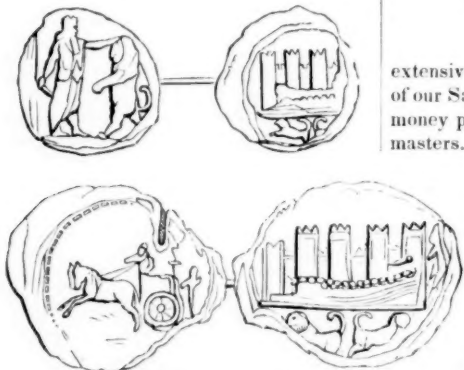


It bears the effigy of the Persian king—the other that of an archer. They were



extensively circulated, even in the time of our Saviour, and were among the tribute money paid by the Jews to their Roman masters. Darics are supposed to have been made from the gold of the conquered Lydians, about the period when the Prophet Dan'el was cast into the den of lions.

The Phœnicians were the greatest commercial people of ancient times. Their history is limited in record, but it must have been vast in reality. We trace their influence, in obscure



Walls and Towers, from Babylonian Coins.

lines, through much of the ancient civilization. They had a variety of metallic money; but nearly all represented their



Astarte—No. 1.

chief goddess Astarte or Asteroth upon one side. She was the moon, and was



Astarte—No. 2.

worshiped by the Tyrians and Sidonians. Asteroth was styled the "queen of



Astarte—No. 3.

heaven," and this fact illustrates a passage of Jeremiah where the prophet laments the idolatry of the Hebrews. He charged them with "making cakes for the queen of heaven." Our three pictures of Astarte, above, are copies, in figures and size, of silver Phœnician coins, representing her in different forms; and, as far as known, are the only specimens extant.

Next to the Phœnicians, in commercial importance, came the Carthaginians. This specimen is a copy of a silver piece, magnified about one-third, weighing forty-eight grains, and made when Carthage was subject to the Roman arms. It shows the form of vessels at that period, with their oars.



The Jewish *shekel* was among the very earliest coins, 2,000 years before Christ. Abraham purchased from the sons of HETH a burial place for Sarah in the cave of Machpelah, and its price was four hundred *shekels*. Gen. xxiii, 16. The Jewish people had no mint of their own until the time of Simon, who formed a currency by shekels of gold, silver, and copper. Those of silver were equal in weight to two hundred and sixty-eight grains, and valued at 2s. 3½d., and the gold at £1 16s. 6d. Many of the coins of Simon and other Asmonean princes still exist. The inscriptions on one side are "*Shekel or Half-shekel of Israel*;" on the other, *the year 1, 2, 3, 4, or 5, of the freedom of Zion or of Jerusalem*. These coins are distinguished from all others by the absence of any living thing, agreeably to the Jewish understanding of their law on the subject. They are adorned with the representation of inanimate objects or emblematical figures.

1. A shekel of silver. Some suppose that the vase on the obverse represents



1. Shekel, Silver.

the pot of manna preserved in the old temple. Its legend is *Shekel of Israel*; the *aleph* over the cup denotes the first year of freedom. On the reverse, an almond branch in blossom, in memory of Aaron's rod: inscription, *Jerusalem the Holy*. The half, third, and quarter-shekel pieces differ only from this in size and value.

2. This is from a copper shekel. It exhibits the front of a building with a row



2. Shekel, Copper—Simon.

of columns, and is supposed to represent the magnificent family sepulchre which Simon built at Modin. The word is "*Simon*:" on the obverse, a sheaf bound up with the common legend, "*For the freedom of Jerusalem*."

3. A half-shekel of copper: the obverse two sheaves of corn, with a vine-leaf between, and the words *demi-shekel*. The reverse a palm-tree and a measure of corn;



3. Demi-Shekel, Copper.

or a tower, as some think, on each side, with the legend, *For the Free* * * * the rest obliterated and lost.

4. A very curious and unique quarter-shekel of copper, purchased by Dr. Kenicott in the East, and conspicuous in his observations on the First Book of Samuel, vi, 19, p. 49, 1786. The figures are diffi-



4. Kenicott's Quarter-Shekel, Copper.

cult to make out, unless that on the reverse be the ephod; the legend is *the fourth year*; and on the reverse, *From the Freedom of Zion*.

5. A quarter-shekel of silver, distinguished by two curious pillars on the obverse. These likely represent the pillars to which were attached the tablets of brass, and upon which were inscribed the services of Simon to his nation. For their reward he had been elected its pontiff and prince. The cluster of grapes on the reverse is found on many Jewish coins.

The shekel was the piece of money of which the Jews gave thirty to Judas, the price of his perfidy for betraying our Saviour. Every Jew, from twenty years old and upward, rich and poor, had to give a *half-shekel* as an offering unto the Lord, for the ransom of his soul or life. With the exception of women, children, and bondmen, all had to pay this tax, and its amount aided to support the services of



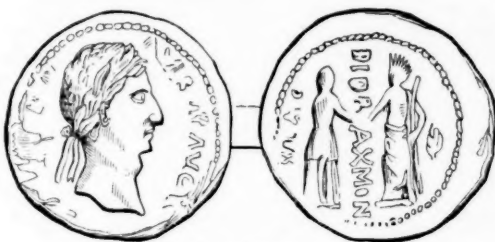
5. Quarter-Shekel, Silver—Simon.

the Sanctuary, which were at first paid from the spoils of the Egyptians.

This leads to the description of the Grecian *Didrachma*, or half-shekel, equal to twenty-eight cents of our money. It is the *Didrachmon* of the New Testament, and mentioned in Matt. xvii, 24—the usual tribute-money paid by the Jews into the temple. As it was not lawful to deposit coins of the heathen in the sacred treasury, such were exchanged for Hebrew money; and hence, we perceive a reason why the "money-changers" were found within the sacred place.

Greek coins are the most beautiful, and the Romans could never equal them in the delicacy, attitude, and design of the figures. They are now scarce, and extremely valuable. On the contrary, the Roman are so common and authentic, that a series may be formed almost without interruption.

To keep up the general connection of our subject, we refer to the Roman



Grecian Didrachma.

silver *Denarius*, the chief coin among that nation. It was worth about fourteen cents in our currency, was the usual price of a day's labor in Judea, and is the "penny" of the Scriptures. The consular *Denarius* bore on one side a head of Rome, and X or a star, with a chariot and horses. Afterward the busts of different deities were given, and finally the heads of the Cæsars appeared under the emperors.

Mankind have also contrived to preserve the memory of great events and personages by coins which are called *medals*. These valuable monuments of antiquity do not serve merely to excite the curiosity of the scholar and the antiquarian, but greatly elucidate history, enlighten ancient events, and establish the chronology. Medals were truly a kind of printing before that great art was invented, and in dates more to be depended upon than books, telling their tale, too, much quicker. Old coins exhibit to us, which nothing else can, the faces or profiles of the celebrated ancients; and thus we see the Alexanders, Platos, Cæsars, Ciceros, Demosthenes, and the long catalogue of the earth's heroes.

On some medals we see many ancient statues that are now lost. The well-known *Hercules*, *Venus of Medicis*, *Apollo Bevedere*, *Marcus Aurelius* on horseback, form most beautiful works of art, and were all found on ancient medals. Still it is a remarkable fact that these medallie representations were never imagined to be the copies of the splendid originals in marble, until the statues themselves were discovered. It is not strange, then, that so many persons of taste and learning have employed themselves in forming cabinets of coins and medals.

To attempt even a description of the most celebrated medals would be to enter an immense labyrinth. We must content ourselves with selecting a few, that may

serve, in some measure, as examples for the rest.

The following is the Medal of Equity, made, by order of the Roman Senate, in the reign of the Emperor Aurelius, A. D. 180, and for more than sixteen centuries the figure has been a copy for Justice in statuary and painting. The scales she carries in her hand are so natural an

emblem of justice, as to be universally admired and imitated.



Another of the well-known imaginary beings is Liberty. *Libertas Publica S. C.* Reverse, of *Galba*. The medal was coined A. D. 69. Here is another goddess. In



her left hand she carries the wand, which the Latins called the *Rudis*, or *Vindicta*; her right holds the cap of liberty. From that period down, the lovers of freedom have adopted her as their imaginary standard-bearer. On the first copper coin ever issued for currency in the State of New-York, the genius of freedom is seated, and her cap placed on the top of her staff. The figure also resembles that of *Britannia* on the old English coins.

(To be continued.)



Charles Grandémange.

GRANDEMANGE, THE FRENCH PRODIGY.

THE names of several children of extraordinary mathematical powers have lately been introduced to the world. Thomas Safford, "the wonderful Vermont boy," has attained a world-wide celebrity; and we perceive that the West has recently claimed a youthful genius scarcely less remarkable. France has already boasted of two mathematical prodigies, but we venture to affirm that the case of young Grandémange is without a parallel. Physically as well as intellectually he is a wonder. The likeness we present was drawn from a daguerreotype.

This poor child is without arms or legs, and can be supported in an erect position only by a sort of box, as seen in the picture, in which he is compelled constantly to live. But this fragment of a human body, which in Sparta would have perished on the day of its birth, has received, in compensation for an infirmity so complete, a faculty of abstraction and calculation, of which it will be difficult to meet with a more extraordinary example. All the vital forces, deprived of the opportunity of expansion, seem to have sought refuge in the brain, and in the

midst of misfortune there has resulted a most extraordinary development of mathematical powers.

He thus simply relates the earlier events of his life, and the circumstances which awakened and strengthened this astonishing faculty:—

"I was born on the 10th of June, 1835, at Epinal, without arms or legs, as you see. At my birth I was concealed, by order of the physicians, for fifteen days from the sight of my mother, and it was not until she had been prepared for the misfortune which had befallen her, in me, that I was at length placed in her care. When she began to nurse me I weighed less than a pound and a half. It will readily be believed that my childhood was early surrounded with omens sufficiently gloomy. Born thus mutilated, what kind of a future could I expect in this world? I belonged to a family of laboring people, industrious and honest, but poor. My father, a carpenter by trade, had great difficulty, even with what my mother, who was a weaver, could earn, to supply all the wants of four children. By means of constant care and watchfulness, my mother succeeded in bringing me up to an age when I conceived, in the constant inaction in which I lived, some vague intuition of the altogether peculiar talent with which Providence had endowed me, in return for my privations and deficiencies.

"M. Pelicot, surgeon of the town, and M. Haxo, surgeon-major of the regiment of cavalry in garrison at Epinal, who had assisted at my birth, and received my poor little body, weighing in all then a pound and a half with the clothes, were not willing to forget the way to the humble roof that sheltered me. They came from time to time to see me, and being witnesses of the first and sufficiently rare inclinations that I showed for mental calculation, they addressed to me some questions, very simple at first, and then those a little more difficult, and finally ventured upon some of the more abstruse questions of arithmetic. In this way, and without any instruction, I became able to solve, almost instantly, the little enigmas of calculation which they put to me. Indeed, I soon became sufficiently skillful to attempt likewise, and with equal success, some little problems in the province of geometry, of which, as to the practical part, my father had the rudiments sufficiently well to instruct me.

"By the advice of the physicians, and of some *savans* who had visited me, my father resolved to introduce me to certain educational establishments most esteemed in our country of Vosges, and the neighboring departments. The marked success that I obtained having emboldened me, I decided, after having lost my father, to visit Paris, the metropolis and center of science. I had the honor to appear there, on the 19th of March last, before a commission chosen to examine my intellectual faculties by the Academy of Sciences, and am encouraged by the suffrages of the *élite*, which I have been so happy as to obtain. I have the honor to inform the public, that every day, from noon till five o'clock, at the Casino des Arts, Boulevard Montmartre, I give seances of mental mathematics,

where there are few problems that I cannot solve almost instantly, and without the help of any symbol."

It is deeply to be regretted that this afflicted and gifted child is compelled thus to use his talents as the means of obtaining a bare livelihood, giving to his intellectual achievements no higher destiny than that which is assigned the smart tricks of legerdemain, or the somersets of the mountebank. Honored be the men who have made so noble a provision for young Safford! We are favored with an account of one of these seances by one who was present on the 25th day of March, 1852. The visitor says:—

"The young mathematician fulfilled even beyond general expectation the promises of his programme. A series of problems the most obscure and complex were put to him during three long hours, and he solved them all with a rapidity which might be called electric. He was asked to multiply a quantity consisting of two hundred figures, by one consisting of ten or twelve. After a brief pause he made known the product, which was found to be correct, and which would have required on paper perhaps half an hour of calculation. One person, among others, asked him to give the remainder of the division by nine, of an immense number in sextillions, quintillions, quadrillions, trillions, billions, millions, &c. The whole sum was scarcely stated, when already the young calculator had answered, like a flash, *four*; a reply the correctness and instantaneousness of which astonished the audience, and the interrogator himself. Many problems which neither Vandeux nor Vito Mangiamale, the two young mathematical prodigies which preceded Grandemange, could master, have been solved by him with almost equal facility. Intelligence so prompt and extraordinary in a human being so deformed and pitiable, is a spectacle truly worthy of admiration and interest."

We have attached to the portrait a facsimile of his signature. The writer, from whom we derive the above, says:—"The characters were rapidly traced in our presence with an ordinary pen, held between the cheek and the stump, which supplies the place of the right arm." In this manner he will execute even flourishes of the pen which possess some considerable degree of grace and beauty. Such is our little calculator of Vosges, of whom we would communicate more, but our means of information are limited.

HOPE is the sweetest friend that ever kept a distressed soul company; it beguiles the tediousness of the way—all the miseries of our pilgrimage.



GEORGE W. CURTIS.

THE desire to know something of other lands and nations is among the earliest manifestations of our childhood, and often a life-long passion with us when we are men. Even before our school-days, when the travel-feeling might reasonably be supposed to spring from, and be fed by, our studies in physical geography, we turn from the woods and fields which surround us, and wander in thought to far-off isles and seas, of which we may have heard or read, or which may have been revealed to us in dreams.

It may be true, as the poet tells us, that--

"It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet;
A man's best things lie nearest him,
Lie close about his feet."

But it is not so with the boy; for the boy's "best things" lie in regions yet untrod, at least by him; and his eyes, blind to the nature around him, turn to the Orient and the tropics,

"And bid the lovely scenes at distance hail."

The earliest books that we read with delight, our first and next best favorites after the delectable melodies of Mother Goose, and the History of Jack and the Bean-Stalk, are books of travel and adventure. From the marvelous exploits and mishaps of Sinbad the Sailor, that strange compound of Baron Munchausen and the Ancient Mariner, down to Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, we devour all that comes in our way; and, what is better still, believe all. Nothing is too

wonderful for belief, not even Gulliver and the Lilliputians, or Peter Wilkins and his impossible Flying Islanders.

An eternal craving for novelty is a necessity in our being. How else can we account for our absurd boyish longings to go to sea, and for the multitudes who do go, and rove about there, and in foreign parts generally, from their birth almost till the day of their death? It is not because a roving life is easier than a stationary one, but because we love novelty and change, are fond of striking contrasts, and would fain be anything other than we are. To philosophize on so common an occurrence may be, and perhaps is, to consider it too curiously; but there stands the fact; we quit the things at our feet, be they "best" or otherwise, and revel in the imaginative enjoyment of "the distant and the dim."

Of all lands, traveled or untraveled, the Orient is perhaps the most attractive to us, and the one to which we return the oftenest. A halo, surpassing that of morning, always surrounds it. What visions does it not recall—the East, the gorgeous East! The birth-place and play-ground of the race, we are as much at home there, we men of a later time, as in the chambers and fields of our boyhood. Our earliest love pointed to it: it was the wonderful country of the Bible! In its beautiful garden dwelt our great Father and Mother, and saw God and the angels face to face. On its plains the shepherd races pitched their tents, and fed their flocks. Upon its mountain slopes, and in the shadow of its valleys, reigned the primeval kings. Sacrifices and burnt-offerings were offered up to Jehovah, and afterward to false gods, images of wood and stone; and battles were lost and won, great battles of which history contains no record. In its dark landscapes, against its glowing sky, rise temples, towers, and pyramids: Memphis, and Karnak, and Thebes, with its hundred gates. We see Joseph sold into Egypt by his brethren; and see the same Joseph, years after, a prince; and he leaps from his chariot, and weeps on his father's neck! Moses stands before Pharaoh and waves his wand, and darkness covers the land. The tide of the Red Sea rolls over the discomfited Egyptians, and Miriam sings rejoicingly on the shore. Vision succeeds vision, from the prophets and patriarchs who entertained the angels as guests, down to the Son of man who had

not where to lay his head. The East is a great gallery of pictures, beautiful and sublime, and the end is not yet.

It would be curious, and not altogether uninteresting, to speculate awhile on our many obligations to the East, not only in the matter of the arts and sciences, but in the most original portions of our literature. Turning our backs upon Greek philosophy, which was but a graft from its more mystical parent tree in Egypt, and coming down to more modern times, we find that many of the most popular books of that glimmering dawn of knowledge immediately succeeding the dark ages, were translations from the authors of the East. Finding their way into Europe through the Moors, who were then masters of a considerable part of Spain, they were soon incorporated into European literature. Alchemists studied the Arabians, in the hope of finding in their writings some clew to the discovery of the philosopher's stone, and astrologers and physicians to learn the influence of the stars, and the secret of the *elixir vita*. Poets peopled their imaginations with oriental splendors and romances; and fairy story-tellers (for the fairy stories were *related* before they were *written*) stole, with an audacity that almost excused the theft, romances and fairy stories by the score. Intent upon traffic, hordes of merchants crossed the desert in caravans, and returned from the marvelous regions beyond, laden with spices and jewels. And the travelers of that time made, or pretended to make, journeys to the very gates of sun-rise! Mandeville and Marco Polo discoursed, "by the card," of Cathay, Persia, and the farthest Ind; met the terrible shadows of the Valley Perilous, and knew the length of Prester John's toe! Tours in the East abounded; and metrical romances, the scenes and characters of which were Eastern, were as plentiful then, all things considered, as now. Brittany and Provence, the home and haunt of ancient romance, were as oriental in their songs as the Orient itself.

It is not our intention to go into any detailed account of oriental influence in the earlier literature of Europe, or we might point it out in many places, especially in the drama. Nor shall we more than mention the Crusades, tempting as they certainly are. Coming down to modern times, to the present century, (by so

doing we entirely pass over "the Arabian Nights,") we find a fresh importation from the inexhaustible East, in the poems of Byron and Moore. There was a lawless force in Byron, a wildness and passionateness in his intellect, which wedded him to, and fitted him to write about, the Orient. And he is never more a poet than when he describes its glowing skies, and its fiery, impetuous natures. "The Giaour," "The Bride of Abydos," and portions of "Don Juan," are wonderfully vivid as Eastern pictures, and perfect masterpieces of composition. Moore's "Lalla Rookh" is equally poetical, although in another direction; and what is rather remarkable, considering that Moore had never been in the East, equally correct in costume. One of his critics said, that to read it was as good as to ride on the back of a camel! Hope's "Anastasius" is another remarkable book—equal to "Gil Blas" as a novel; it is as minute and true as any of Murray's Guide-Books. Miss Martineau, Elliott Warburton, (who has not read "Eothen?") and Mr. George William Curtis, are the three most eminent orientals of the present day. The first two, it is hardly necessary to add, are English; the last is one of our rising young authors. He has been before the American public only a few years, yet he stands in the front rank of its talented men. Save his most intimate friends, none knew of him till he burst upon the world with his "Nile Notes, by a Howadji." From that time reputation has followed him, and his books are now widely read, both at home and abroad.

There was something novel, to begin with, about Mr. Curtis's first appearance. "Nile Notes, by a Howadji; and what is a Howadji, pray?" It excited the reader's curiosity, and insured a certain degree of attention. He opened the book and read a page or two. It was not after the old style at all. Not so matter-of-fact as most books of travel, nor yet romantic enough for a poem. Poem it was not, because it was not in verse; nor yet prose, though it wore its established garb. In short, it was unlike anything that he had ever before seen: so he read on, and on, and the consequence was that he finished the book before he was aware.

The chief fault of most books of travel, a fault which has been, is, and, we fear, will be, to the end of time, their great

drawback to the general reader, is the constant intrusion of the author, and his own private concerns. What time he rose in the morning and retired at night; at what stage of the journey the diligence lost a linch-pin, or the boat was obliged to take in sail; the badness of the inns, the flavor of the *ragout*, and the exorbitant charges of mine host; the appearance of the country every other mile, and the fluctuating health of the traveler; these, and a variety of similar topics, are his theme, and not the land and people through which he is journeying, and which the poor man imagines he is all the time describing. As far as the representative character of the writing, the feeling of the hour and place goes, one might as well read a tour at the North Pole as in the very heart of the tropics! Besides, it is somehow necessary for the traveler to unite the functions of the historian and the political economist. He must skim over the Past of whatever he is describing, or must show that he is acquainted with it, and must prophesy its Future; must shed "a considerable light," as the newspaper critics have it, on the manners and customs of the people, and do a thousand other things, which have been done a thousand times before.

Against all this Mr. Curtis entered his protest on the very first page of the "Nile Notes." Not, indeed, by his words, but by his *practice*. Instead of taking up the thread of his narrative from the time of his leaving home, or, as many a traveler would have done, from the hour of his birth, he began at once. "In a gold and purple December sunset, the Pacha and I walked down to the boat at Boulak, the port of Cairo." We are in the East at the threshold of his book. Had Prince Woussein's magic tapestry been ours, we could not have been transported there more completely; and for the rest of our reading we are Orientals, doffing our stove-pipe hats, and the garments that match, for the graceful turban and flowing trowsers of a true believer.

"True Mussulmen are we, and sworn,
For it is on the golden prime
Of good Haroun Al Raschid."

To our new eyes, as we linger at the gate of Cairo, everything is picture. Vainly the broad road is crowded with Moslem artisans, home-returning from their work. To the mere Moslem observer, they are carpenters, masons, labor-

ers, and tradesmen of all kinds. We pass many a meditating Cairene, with whom it is nothing but the monotony of an old story. But we see all the pageantry of oriental romance quietly donkeying into Cairo. Camels too, swaying and waving like huge phantoms of the twilight; horses with strange gay trappings curbed by tawny turbaned equestrians, the peaked toe of the red slipper resting on the shovel-stirrup. It is a fair festal evening. The whole world is masquerading, and so well that it seems reality.

We see Fadladeen with a gorgeous turban and a gay sash. His chibouque, wound with colored silk and gold threads, is borne behind him by a black slave. Fat and funny is Fadladeen, as of old; and though Formoz is not by, it is clear to see, in the languid droop of his eye, that choice Arabian verses are sung by the twilight in his mind.

Yet is Venus still the evening star; for behind him, closely veiled, comes Lalla Rookh. She is wrapped in a vast black silken bag, that bulges like a balloon over her donkey. But a star-suffused evening cloud is that bulky blackness, as her twin eyes shine forth liquidly lustrous.

Abon Hassan sits at the city gate, and we see Haroun Al Raschid quietly coming up in the disguise of a Moussoul merchant. We cannot but wink at Abon, for we knew him so long ago in the Arabian Nights. But he rather stares than salutes, as friends may in a masquerade. There is Sinbad the porter too, hurrying to Sinbad the sailor. We turn and watch his form fade in the twilight, yet we doubt if he reaches Bagdad in time for the eighth history.

The difference between the "Nile Notes" and all other tours in Egypt, at least all that we have seen, is, that it is *poetry*, while the others are *prose*. Lacking the form of verse, (though there are lines and passages in it which are really verse, as far as the measure is concerned,) Mr. Curtis's book is a poem. Neglecting the usual commonplaces of other travelers, and scores of good opportunities for being considered well informed (!), he proceeds to sing the East in sparkling and brilliant prose. The dull every-day world is left behind him, the gates of the past are shut.

"His life is in the gorgeous present,
An Orient summer, warm and bright;
No gleam of beauty evanescent,
But one long time of deep delight!"

Perhaps the first thing that strikes us on reading Mr. Curtis's book is the sensuous tendency of his mind, and his artistic appreciation of form and color. In his mode of thinking he is an epicurean, and his highest enjoyment is to muse and dream. His thoughts do not come to him clearly and sharply defined, but emerge, as it were, from clouds and atmospheres of sensation. Strictly speaking, they are *impressions* rather than *thoughts*. Hence his occasional tendency to rhapsodizing, and the paradoxical cast of some of his most brilliant speculations. In his knowledge of form and color—whether in the picturesqueness of a landscape, or the more difficult grouping of human figures—he is excelled by no living writer, not even by Tennyson himself. He must have been a close student of the subtlest principles of art, for he exemplifies them everywhere in his writings.

Were he a painter we could hardly fail to detect his hand, we know his style so well. His lightest words are colors, and his thoughts and feelings pictures. Here is one, selected at random from the "Nile Notes":—

"The slavers passed, and the sun set over the gleaming river. A solitary heron stood upon a sandy point. In a broad, beautiful bay beyond, the thin lines of masts were drawn dark against the sky. Palms and the dim lines of Arabian hills dreamed in the tranquil air, a few boats clung to the western bank, that descended in easy clay terraces to the water, their sails hanging in the dying wind. Suddenly we were among them, close on the bank.

"The moon sloped westward behind a group of palms, and the spell was upon us. We had drifted into the dream-world. From the ghostly highlands and the low shore came the baying of dogs, mellowed by distance and the moonlight into the weird measures of a black-forest hunting. Drifted away from the world, yet, like Ferdinand, moved by voiceless music in the moonlight."

That strange mystical moonlight, and the solitary heron on the shore, is as fine in its way as Tennyson's

"Tract of sand,
And some one pacing there alone,
Who paced forever in a glimmering land,
Lit with a low large moon."

Between Tennyson and Mr. Curtis there are many points in common, especially in the matter of diction. Both instinctively use the finest and most sensuous expressions, the ripe, luscious, and felicitous phrases which only come by in-

spiration. The prose of Mr. Curtis is, we fancy, similar to Tennyson's memoranda for poetry; one of Tennyson's poems in the rough. Both are beautiful writers, and both determined mannerists. In the construction of his sentences, and some of his turns of thought, Mr. Curtis reminds us of Emerson. Like Emerson, he is always open to the influences of the outward world, and cunning in his knowledge of its mysteries. A large portion of the "Nile Notes" is a fine-art criticism on nature.

Man, however, is not neglected; "no, nor woman either." Interspersed through it are several graphic sketches, (who can forget Verde Giovanna, or Verde Piu Giovanna?) many sharp hits, and wise and worldly sayings, and a vein of satiric humor akin to that of Carlyle. For his prolonged description of the dancing-girls of Esne, we agree with his English critic, that it is a voluptuous theme, on which it is pity that chapter after chapter should find him "still harping," with voluntary and variations not attuned to healthy English taste. It would not surprise us in a French novel; but it does surprise us, and grieve us, in so beautiful and manly a writer as Mr. Curtis. We pray him to avoid it in the future.

"What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The painter casts discreetly in the shade."

Taken as a whole, we regard the "Nile Notes" as a very remarkable book. It is so *outré*, that one feels disposed to criticise it a little; and so beautiful, that it quite disarms criticism. It is by far the best book that we have yet had on the East. Not, indeed, in a practical guide-book point of view, for there it is studiously deficient; but as a poem, a picture, a sensuous impression of a richly sensuous land. It lacks one characteristic of the East—its religious feeling. To be perfect, a book on the East should be flooded with devotion:—

"Land of the East! I breathed thy sainted
air:

O Holy Tomb! I knelt upon thy floor:
O Mount of Woe! I went with forehead bare

Where He was slain, to weep and to adore;
Before my Spirit was that Infant's guest
Rejoicing on the glad young mother's breast—
And therefore doubt shall never come to me,
Of all the things that were, and are to be.
I hear the low, sad voices of the rills;
I hear the burden of the desolate hills—
"Jerusalem! Jerusalem!"

And evermore a mournful voice replies,
From where that sad, meek Lamb forgiving
dies—
"Jerusalem!"

Yet Loved of Heaven! wave high thy plaintive
palms,
And sometimes sing those old majestic psalms,
Albeit, thy daring eyes,
Blinded with Godhead that they glare at,
stare

Mournfully round: Beauty is in the skies;
The rose-tree glitters by the lion's lair,
And glory still on thy wide eyebrow lies.
The nations must forever turn to thee,
Feeling thy lustrous presence from afar,
And feed upon thy splendor, as the sea
Feeds on the shining shadow of a star!"

To write the biography of an author during his life time is rather a delicate task, and one that is seldom attended with success. Unless he be a vain and egotistical man, he hesitates about lifting the veil from his soul, and furnishing memoranda for its dissection; and his biographer hesitates also as to the manner in which he shall use it, lest he give the world some false impression of his friend. Between the two we get little but facts, of no great consequence to anybody. Be this, then, our apology for the mere detail of Mr. Curtis's biography.

George William Curtis was born at Providence, Rhode Island, in the winter of 1824. His father was never rich, but was always well to do, and his sons had the best of what was around them. In 1839 the family removed to New-York, where they have since resided. George William was immediately smitten by the commercial grandeur of the metropolis, and persuaded his father to let him go into a store. There, he remained just one year, and then left, entirely satisfied with that form of existence. It was a German dry-goods importing house. He rebounded so elastically from it, the story goes, that he could not bear to go near the business part of the town for a long time afterward.

From his tenderest years he had been constantly kept at school; he now returned to his studies with tutors, and continued at them until the year 1842, when he went with his elder brother to the Brook Farm Community, (which, by the way, was not a community, but an association.) There he remained eighteen months, working in the fields, reading, studying, and otherwise employing himself. He was only a boy, and an *exoteric* member of Brook Farm; that is, he held no stock in

the company, and was only a sympathetic boarder. While there, he sent two or three anonymous copies of verse to "*The Dial*," conducted by Margaret Fuller.

From Brook Farm he returned to New-York, and passed a winter; then to Concord, where he lived with his brother, working as at Brook Farm. They took an acre of ground together one year, and worked it entirely themselves, from plowing to reaping, and made it profitable. George William remained there, having there first known Hawthorne, until the summer of 1846, when, on the first of August, he sailed for Europe. In America he had been as far north as the White Mountains; south, to Washington; and west, to Saratoga. Niagara he had not seen.

After an absence of four years, during which time he traveled over a greater part of Europe, and through Egypt and Syria, running the fight in Berlin in the Revolution of '48, witnessing the first election of President at Paris, and corresponding with "*The Courier and Enquirer*" and "*Tribune*," daily newspapers, he returned to New-York, and began his career as an author.

During the autumn of 1850 the "Nile Notes" were written, or, more properly speaking, finished, several chapters having been already written, as they stand, upon the Nile. It was published in the spring of 1851, by the Harpers, in New-York, and Bentley, in London. In the same spring, Mr. Curtis was slightly connected with "*The Tribune*;" and in the summer made his "Lotus-Eating" tour, in a series of letters to that paper. In the autumn he went to Providence, where he remained several months, writing "*The Howadji in Syria*," which was published in the spring of 1852. The summer gave us "*Lotus-Eating*," a summer book, Mr. Curtis's third volume; and the autumn found him where report now places him, in one of the editorial chairs (for it is supposed to have several) of "Putnam's Magazine." Since his connection with Putnam's he has written its most brilliant series of articles, "*The Potiphar Papers*," and most of its musical critiques, besides working on a life of "Mohammed Ali." When "*The Potiphar Papers*," which are now being collected in a volume, appear, we shall probably have something more to say of Mr. Curtis.

EDITORIAL JOTTINGS IN THE WEST.

ISLAND SCENERY—WEST END OF LAKE ERIE—PERRY'S VICTORY—THE COMBAT DESCRIBED.

WE closed our last article with an allusion to our passage from Sandusky City to Detroit. The scenes of that brief voyage are so picturesque, in our memory, that we are tempted to linger in the review of them.

Our corpulent friend tumbled into his berth with "headache;" we climbed to the roof of the saloon, for the afternoon was such as might have tempted down the angels from paradise. The sky was brilliant, the air bland, the waters—what one feature of the universe is more pleasant than the waters?—especially where, as in this instance, they lay in the sheen of the mildest heavens, fanned by gentle breezes, the waves, scarcely more than ripples, pursuing one another as if in loving sport and very blessedness. Excuse us if we grow a little sentimental; it can't be helped under such circumstances. We were passing among islands, too, and this allusion conveys to an experienced traveler, with any poetry in his soul, more significance than a thousand descriptive rhapsodies. What scenery out of heaven is more charming than that of lake islands? He that with an appreciative taste and genial mood has glided in his skiff among the islands of Lake George on a fine morning, or moonlit evening, would he be dissatisfied to find the same beauties in heaven? Or he that has floated, not in a puffing, roaring steamboat, but in a canoe rowed by a solitary Indian, among the "Thousand Islands," would he complain if he found the same scenery in the "seventh sphere?" The apocalyptic seer saw a "sea of glass;" here you have it, only studded with gems of emerald—chrysoberyl set in crystal—the waving cymophane. How benign everything seems here! The beautiful old Greek myths of your school-boy textbooks, about land and water scenery, seem hardly illusions; you look for the Dryads and Naiads. Echo seems some living being with sportive musical lips, and Zephyrus a felt though invisible presence. How deep and translucent are the waters in the narrow channels! how clear the rocky or pebbly shores! how the overhanging foliage softens the margins and dips into the waters! how shady the for-

est recesses, and how the flakes of sunlight fall here and there in the cool shadow! How deep the universal silence! See the wild bird sailing serenely in the sky; look at the "line of beauty," curving everywhere on the land, gliding, as if animated, everywhere on the water among the islands. Behold all above and around the Sabbath holiness—what else can we call it? Ho ye reprobates of Mammon—incarcerated in brick dungeons in Wall-street, or palace-prisons at the "West end,"—ye that begin and end the year in scraping together the fine dust of your pandemonium, know ye not that there are paradises still on the earth—paradises unguarded by flaming swords, and amid whose beautiful sanctities you may find rest to your Mammon-driven souls, and find God "walking in the cool of the day?" But we are growing poetical, and Lake George and the St. Lawrence are off our course.

The western section of Lake Erie, over which we were passing, presents some of the choicest pictures of scenery to be found among the great lakes. You hardly get out of Sandusky Bay before you find yourself among beautiful islands. They lie off from each other, more than those we have been referring to; but they thereby only correspond better with the broad grandeur of the lake scenery. We passed one after another during the whole afternoon, sometimes "nearing" them enough to hear the music of the birds, their only tenants; at others seeing them only in the dimness of the distance.

After being out some hours, and when in view of some of the finest islands, our traveling companion having relieved his temples with a nap, came toward us with a manifestly heroic countenance. "Here, sir, we are," said he, "passing over the field." Field! what field? we are on the water. "The battle-field, sir; here Perry 'met the enemy,' and they were his!"

We were actually passing over the *locale* of that brilliant naval action. The thought, of course, excited our interest, but we felt a momentary incredulity; it seemed impossible that these quiet Sabbath-like scenes could ever have been the theater of such a strife—of the shrieks, the thunder, fire, slaughter of war.

Our friend, who had himself been in early life a seaman on the lakes, forgot his headache, and was ready to spin out

the whole "yarn" of the story. Pointing to the main features of the scene, he soon dashed our poetry with his matter-of-fact but exciting description.

The battle of Lake Erie is one of the most celebrated feats in our naval history. The story has often been told, but may be told again, especially as we have now the fullest details of the action that we can ever expect.

Perry having prepared his squadron at Presque Isle, (now Erie,) set sail for the west of the lake August 18, 1813. His men consisted of all sorts of characters—seamen and landsmen, regulars, militia, and volunteers, but brave and determined fellows, who, like their commander, did not know how to be whipped. They urged their way directly up to the end of the lake, and, cruising off the mouth of the river that leads to Detroit, were ready to challenge out the enemy who lay within that stream. While there, Perry was attacked with bilious fever. The squadron put back some miles, and took shelter among these beautiful isles, in what is still called "Put-in-Bay." My *compagnon du voyage* pointed out with zealous particularity the very place; it is uninhabited, quiet, beautiful. If a squadron of Milton's fighting angels had taken shelter there they would have supposed themselves back again in heaven.

Sick with a disease which, perhaps more than any other, drives brave thoughts out of a man's head, Perry was nevertheless determined to fight; and, while lying in this retreat, he planned a boat-attack on the enemy, and was having his men trained with muffled oars, when, at the dawn of the 10th of September, a man at mast-head discovered the enemy in the distance. He lay to the north-west. A sensation spread through the Yankee squadron. The signal was immediately given to go forth and fight, and in a short time every sail was spread, and every heart beating with expectation. The wind was from the south-west, and was light. It was impossible for the Americans to get the weather-gage of the enemy without imminent disadvantage; but fortunately the wind soon veered to the south-east, and the desired position was secured. At about 10 o'clock, A. M., when the hostile powers were nine miles apart, the English hove to and formed their line. It is described as exceeding-

ly gallant and imposing ; the vessels were new, their sails white, their ensigns spread, their adjustment in the line complete and formidable. Thus arrayed, they lay with their bows pointed south-westward toward the coming Yankees.

The English commander, Captain Barclay, had formed his line with the *Chipeway*, Mr. Campbell, armed with one gun on a pivot, in the van ; the *Detroit*, his own vessel, next ; and the *Hunter*, Lieutenant Bignall ; *Queen Charlotte*, Captain Finnis ; *Lady Prevost*, Lieutenant Commandant Buchan ; and *Little Belt* astern, in the order named. To oppose this line, the *Ariel*, of four long twelves, was stationed by Perry in the van, and the *Scorpion*, of one long and one short gun on circles, next her. The *Lawrence*, Captain Perry, came next ; the two schooners just mentioned keeping on her weather bow, having no quarters. The *Caledonia*, Lieutenant Turner, was the next astern, and the *Niagara*, Captain Elliott, was placed next to the *Caledonia*. These vessels were all up at the time, but the other light craft were more or less distant, each endeavoring to get into her berth. The order of battle for the remaining vessels directed the *Tigress* to fall in astern of the *Niagara*, the *Somers* next, and the *Poreupine* and *Trippie* in the order named.* When thus arrayed, the wind unfortunately slackened, and the American lighter crafts were slow in coming into position. This, in fact, is the main ground of unfavorable criticism on Perry's management of the day. He should not, say the critics, have straggled up to the enemy, but formed his line compactly at a distance and come up all together. But the enemy was not far from his place of refuge ; the opportunity was not to be lost, and Perry was not willing to give him time to change his mind. The failure of the wind, too, could not be anticipated. It should be remarked also that if he detracted from his advantages by his preliminaries, the fact only enhances his subsequent victory.

As it was, the American line was somewhat irregular ; and when the battle began, the schooners astern, having less light canvas, were lingering in the distance.

At last, the sun shining in the zenith

over the scene, the first gun was fired. That is a moment which men who have been in battle can alone appreciate. The die is cast ; the hour of fate has come ; anticipations of victory or defeat, of death or escape—how they thicken in the brain at that moment ! The first shot was thrown from the *Detroit*, the British commander's ship, at the *Lawrence*, on which waved the flag of Perry, who had " reserved to himself a commander's privilege of engaging the principal vessel of the opposing squadron." The next sound was Perry's trumpet ringing over the waters, and ordering the vessels which were yet astern into the prescribed order, and in a few minutes the long gun of the *Scorpion* sent back to the British array the answer of the Americans. And now vessel after vessel let loose its fire, the Americans bearing down gallantly upon the British line. Perry again signalled from the *Lawrence* for all his squadron to close in the prescribed order. The lagging vessels pressed along into firing distance, their guns began to play, and the action became general.

The aim of the British commander was to overwhelm the *Lawrence*, which bore Perry. He seemed to calculate that success in that direction would be a general victory. He did not know the character of his enemy. Not only his own fire from the *Detroit*, but also that of the *Queen Charlotte* and *Hunter* were concentrated on the *Lawrence*. But the American brig bore herself courageously against the odds. She " endeavored to close," says Cooper, " and got within reach of canister, though not without suffering materially."

A long-continued cannonade deadens the wind : it was so in this case ; for about two hours there was scarcely any breeze, and the contending squadrons had to make the best of their positions ; meanwhile, they poured upon each other their thunders without abatement. The scene must have been terrifically grand, especially on board the *Lawrence*. This devoted vessel, bearing the destined hero of the day, bore up indomitably against the continued, concentrated weight of the enemy's fire. Blood flowed everywhere on her decks ; she was almost dismasted ; her men were falling at nearly every post ; still she fought on ; Perry was determined to conquer. The heart becomes appalled at the horrors of war when we listen to the

* This is Cooper's account of the plan of battle ; it differs slightly from others, but is best authenticated.

details of the devastation on board the *Lawrence*, amid this overwhelming sweep of fire and thunderbolts. "It seemed," says some one, "as if she had been launched into hell itself." "The manner," says Cooper, "in which the *Lawrence* was cut up, is almost without an example in naval warfare." "Although," he adds, "much has been justly said of the manner in which the *Bon Homme Richard* and the *Essex* were injured, neither of these ships suffered, relatively, in a degree proportioned to the *Lawrence*." The continued fire broke in her starboard bulwarks, and injured also the larboard. The heavier shot passed through both sides, scattering destructive splinters, human fragments, and blood in all directions. The brave commander, still feeble in health, stood fearlessly on his deck; he saw his commanding marine officer shot down; his first and second lieutenants, his ship-master, his midshipmen carried away wounded; and of his one hundred and three men of every description, (all who were fit for duty in the action,) no less than eighty-three were killed or wounded. It was a baptism of fire. Every gun except one (on the side on which she fought) was at last disabled, and this Perry himself helped to fire in person at the final discharge, before he left her dilapidated deck.

This state of things could not last. Fortunately the wind freshened, and the two lines drew ahead, thus leaving the crippled *Lawrence* astern. Two hours and a half of desperate conflict had passed. The British commander had about achieved his design of demolishing the *Lawrence*. She was falling out of the combat. Perry took to his boat, and was rowed along through the perils of the scene to another vessel, the *Niagara*. Other instances of "the feat of shifting a flag" are on record, but they are rare, and none has been more nobly done than this. Perry struck his flag, it has been remarked, not to submit, but to conquer.

He had no sooner reached the deck of the *Niagara*, than Captain Elliott was sent in a row-boat along the line, "within hail of the small vessels astern," ordering them to "close within half-pistol shot of the enemy, and to throw in grape and canister." Such was the first measure of Perry on stepping out of the ruins of the *Lawrence*. The enemy did not expect such a result. The *Lawrence*, "literally

a wreck," no longer attempted to mix in the fray; it was not long before her colors were hauled down, and the British, perceiving the fact, concluded that they had ended the combat and could claim the spoils. Their men, crowding to the bulwarks of their respective vessels, waved their hats, and sent up three cheers for their supposed victory. There was a brief suspension of the action, and some of the Americans began to despond. But as soon as the order sent by Captain Elliott along the American line was fully given, Perry gave from the *Niagara* the signal for close action. An unexpected turn was this; the American line, craft after craft, ran up their answering flags, and three cheers rolled from deck to deck. The British attempted to change somewhat their position. Perry took advantage of the attempt, and bore down with the *Niagara* within half-pistol shot, having two of the enemy's vessels on one side and three on the other. Both her broadsides poured in their sweeping fire. She continued to maneuver about them, firing away broadsides, starboard and larboard; while the other American vessels, following her example, were in close engagement, pouring in charges of grape and canister. "The tide of battle had turned." The Detroit, from which the British commander had been attempting the destruction of Perry's vessel, was now herself the scene of fearful devastation, and sent, above the uproar of the cannonade, the shrieks of her men. Fifteen or twenty minutes only had the Americans continued this desperate onslaught before the British struck their colors, and an officer was seen on the taffrail of one of their vessels holding a white flag from a boarding-pike. The day was won.

The smoke cleared away; the hostile squadron were partly mixed; Perry's signal for close fight was still seen aloft, and responsive flags were still displayed by the smaller vessels; while the battered *Lawrence* lay at a distance, proud in her ruins, with her colors again in the breeze. The whole British squadron had been taken. More than two hundred and fifty men were killed or wounded, twenty-four of whom were quarter-deck officers. By three o'clock P. M., the storm of battle had subsided into the tranquil quiet and serenity of these beautiful waters. God grant it may never be heard over them again!

Such a signal result could not fail to be of great advantage to the country. The prizes were immediately turned to good service. Perry, of course, became the naval hero of the day, and his presence carried with it the moral power of such a reputation. The English forces having retired from Detroit, he soon after passed up to that city, where he met our army, and with it reoccupied the place. In the early part of the ensuing month, he was present at a land battle, and doubtless the prestige of his heroic conduct on the lake inspired his countrymen on that day. "Nearly the whole of the right wing of the British army in Canada," says Cooper, "laid down their arms on the field." The upper part of the province was thus mostly placed under American control, and Harrison and Perry together signed a proclamation "for the better government of the conquered territory." Perry was soon after promoted, and appointed to the command of the Java forty-four.

One of the most important consequences of this brilliant victory was the force which it contributed to the then rapidly advancing *morale* of our navy—to use an equivocal but quite technicalized term in the nomenclature of fighting. So long and sturdily had the British held the mastery of the seas, that their naval invincibility seemed unchangeable. Old Holland once showed a lusty marine vigor, but she had virtually succumbed. France, always alert in preparation, generally skulked away whipped and profoundly astonished at the doggedness and unconscionable courage of John Bull. All other marine powers kept at a reverent distance from him. Jonathan at the outset hardly knew how to behave toward him; he could not deny John Bull's energy, but he was not willing to have his own denied either, and was determined to have some brushes with his headstrong senior at least, and thereby "guess" what more he could do. These trials had begun to give him "pretty considerable" confidence, and genuine heroes of the old death-dare English school began to walk his decks. It became evident to all the world that the indomitable naval spirit of England lived in her cis-Atlantic sons, and that if no rival of her maritime ambition was to be found in the old world, the new world at least was to give her a competitor—perchance, at last, a superior.

The naval effectiveness of England was owing principally to two causes—the first was the proud heroism of her commanders, the second the superior confidence and seamanship of her crews. The last was the most important—for what could heroes do in command of cowards or incapable men? The American naval feats prove that the best conditions of English marine success belong to the Saxon race here. We will not say they are improved—that assumption we can waive; it is enough to say that, undeniably, the almost instinctive marine predilections and aptitudes of the British people are rife in the Anglo-American mind, and in navigation and sea-war the latter will bear comparison with the former.

All the peculiar attributes of British naval heroism were displayed by the American squadron in this celebrated fight of Lake Erie. Perry was a hero, every inch of him—such a one as Nelson would have hailed amid the thunders of Trafalgar. And the whole conduct of his line in this instance was an exemplification of the desperate energy—the onslaught and close, grappling fight with which Nelson overwhelmed his foe at Trafalgar, and before which every other naval people of Europe have shrunk appalled.

But war! war! why dwell on the tempting yet diabolical theme—the greatest horror out of hell! How incompatible, how even infernal does it appear recalled amid this quiet scenery! As we glide along, separated from the distracted life on the land, and tranquilized by the Sabbath serenity and beauty with which everything around seems instinct, the soul recollects itself; it recalls to its consciousness those higher principles of moral judgment, that *feeling*, not reasoning, of what is right, which is of the essence of all virtue and all true greatness, and which must go with it through other worlds; and looking with this purer vision what does it see in war—that stupendous fact which makes nine-tenths of the history of the human race?—what but a terrific illusion of the mind of the world, real only in its horrors—scarcely in one of its supposed glories? What a mystery that men, having intelligence and immortality, with the great vocations of commerce and science, of liberty and virtue—men whose whole being has no significance in it except as a probation, in which

by the peaceful works of goodness they are to prepare for a future of entire purity and blessedness—that such a race should make war its great historical fact, appropriate to it the chief expenditures of its States—refer to the mutual butchery of its multitudes the arbitration of great questions of international equity, and make military fame its chief idolatry? Surely, surely the progress of the race must sooner or later overthrow this great fallacy with a universal confutation, and the time must certainly come in which military fame, if not transformed into a libel, will rank lowest instead of first on the scale of ambition. God and all his angels speed the day!

But here we are, after “a long yarn,” stopping to moralize, and some will say to rhapsodize. Let us hasten on to Detroit.

The sunny afternoon passed rapidly amid so many charms and such stirring reminiscences. A cup of tea put us in mood for an evening promenade: the moon came out and threw its tranquil effect over sky, island, and lake—and such a night—

“In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson;”

and “in such a night” must have occurred all those other fine things so lovingly discussed by Lorenzo and Jessica in the moonlit avenue to Portia’s house.

Toward midnight the scene changed, and we had a sight of one of those grand storms for which these inland seas are famous. It would have given you an idea of Milton’s battles of the angels. The heavens seemed marked off into batteries, and blazing thunderbolts streaked it in all directions; while the plain of waters, rendered visible by the continuous lightning, seemed crowded with white-crested squadrons rushing onward to the charge. You can hardly entertain thoughts of personal peril in such circumstances; they would be too matter-of-fact, too prosy for the absorbing poetry of the scene.

A few hours more and we were approaching the river which connects Lakes Erie and Michigan. While at some distance from its mouth, and the storm was yet abroad, we met successive steamers coming out on their appointed courses for the distant harbors of the lake. Built to

be invincible, almost, to even the violence of nature, they seldom hesitate for the weather. They formed a grand spectacle there, out on the dark tempest-driven waters. Bearing various colored lights fore and aft, above and below, each window pouring forth its stream of illumination upon the night, they bore down bravely by us like huge batteries floating out to the war of the storms. The sight was really sublime.

We entered the river, and were again in calm water. I tumbled into my berth—it was time.

But here we are at last in the goodly city of Detroit—our Indian expedition still before us. We pledge our faith, the troth of an editor, Mr. Reader, that we will bestir ourselves and pursue it in our next.

THE SABBATH.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

FRESH glides the brook and blows the gale,
Yet yonder halts the quiet mill;
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain!
Thy strength the slave of want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
A God hath made thee free!

Ah, tender as the law that gave
This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
And know—the wheel may rest!

But where the waves the gentlest glide
What image charms to lift thine eyes!
The spire, reflected on the tide,
Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
This rest from mortal toils is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
And pass—a guest to heaven.

They tell thee, in their dreaming school,
Of power from old dominion hurled;
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
Shall share the alter’d world.

Alas! since time itself began,
That fable hath but fool’d the hour;
Each age that ripens power in man
But subjects man to power.

Yet every day in seven, at least,
One bright republic shall be known;
Man’s world awhile hath surely ceased
When God proclaims his own!

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
O Dives, from thy banquet-hall;
The seventh the Father opens the door,
And holds his feast for all!

THE SONGS, HISTORY, AND DESTINY OF THE COSSACKS.

THE Cossack of the present day is, with few exceptions, either a laborer or a soldier. Not many original Cossacks are now to be found in Ukraina. The "Zaparogues" are almost extinct, and the Cossacks of the Don have in great measure lost their original characteristics. We have, therefore, to refer to by-gone periods for the genuine personification of the Cossack. His history is contained in the tales and traditions which are still current among the people, and his character and habits may be traced in the popular songs, which are among the few things that have undergone but slight modification.

There are (or rather were) two distinct orders of Cossacks—viz., those of Little Russia and those of Great Russia. The remnant of the Zaparogues represent the former, the Cossacks of the Don represent the latter. Both are entirely distinct from the Khosars, a savage people who inhabited the south of Russia during the earlier periods of its history, and to whom some writers have erroneously ascribed their origin. I shall, in the first place, say a few words respecting the race or nation of the Zaparogues.

Escaping the yoke of the Tartars, the Russians of Kiorvie descended the Dnieper, and established themselves behind the cataracts of that river, whence their name, "Zaparogue," from *za*, (behind,) and *pro-rogue*, (cataract.) The form of their government was democratic, as, in the primitive stages of society, was that of all the Selavonians. They were freemen, and their governors, elected by themselves, were only acknowledged as their equals. The chiefs were elected at general or special assemblies, which were invariably turbulent and "uproarious" to a degree. This savage kind of liberty was evidently inconsistent with order and with the organization of a civilized community. The regular settlement of the Cossacks of Little Russia dates from the sixteenth century. Stephen Batori established them in Ukraina, and acknowledged their rights. Their existence as a separate people may be said to have ceased with the independence of Little Russia.

War was their chief occupation, their habitual and favorite pastime. They

devastated the Tauride and the coasts of the Black Sea. The Zaparogues, crossing in their boats, and pushing boldly forward, spread carnage and desolation as far as the walls of Trebizond and Bender; and Jassy, the capital of Moldavia, was taken by the Cossacks of the Ukraine. Under Nalwiski, they ravaged Mohilew from one end to the other. The Poles dreaded them, and the Turks and Tartars regarded them with equal terror. If the Tartars occasionally made incursions, and committed excesses, their cruelties were returned with fearful interest by the Cossacks. Serboulat, Kozlov, and Keffa were desolated by them. Almost constant warfare was maintained against the Poles; and the disorders in the government of Moldavia held out to the Cossacks a temptation too powerful to be resisted. The Turkish dominions were from time to time invaded, on pretense of delivering Christian prisoners, and chastising the infidels, but in reality with the object of obtaining spoil. The Cossack horsemen gained frequent victories over both Turks and Tartars. The mutual provocations and challenges which occurred during these hostilities remind one of the vain-glorious style of defiance recounted of the Greek and Trojan heroes in the *Iliad*. "We will beat down your arrows with our whips," cried the Cossacks to the Tartars, "throw the slip-knot around you, and carry you off to behold us making merry with your wealth." Insults were offered wantonly; and when the Cossacks besieged a town, whether Polish or Turkish, the beleaguered garrison were reviled with the most galling epithets of scorn and derision.

The Cossacks were not more distinguished by courage, than by subtlety and ingenuity, in their hostilities. Many a town has been taken by means of unsuspected traitors within the walls; many a surprise effected by false demonstrations, disguised attacks, and other stratagems, which exhibited their natural aptitude for war. But with whomsoever they were engaged, the war was usually marked on both sides by incredible cruelty and ferocity; quarter was seldom given, and when life was spared, it was only to prolong the miseries of the captive. The sufferings endured by the Russo-Cossack prisoners on the Turkish pontoons are to this day commemorated in the national songs. The famous Dmitri Baida was only one among

thousands of more obscure prisoners whose death was that of hanging by a hook thrust into their bodies. The Cossacks, on returning from an expedition against the Tartars, would tell their hetman, in a song, "We have sent so many infidels to —, and taken their riches; the skin of every sheep, and some few skins of the infidels themselves." Their wars were supported, and themselves enriched, by pillage. The son, asking his mother's permission to set forth against the Tartars, would promise her "dresses embroidered with gold and silver, and among them that of the khan himself." Faith pledged to the enemy, truces or treaties of peace, were usually disregarded in their wars, and by the Poles as much as by the Cossacks and Tartars; and history furnishes numerous examples of the most flagrant violation of covenants. But, wholly faithless as they were to the enemy, there was a strong—indeed, a fanatical—spirit of religion among the Cossacks of Little Russia; and this sentiment sometimes proved the effectual bulwark of their independence. While committing unheard-of atrocities upon others, they called their own country the Christian country, and themselves the holy people. If, on being made prisoners, their lives were spared, the bitterness of slavery arose not so much from the severities inflicted on them, as from the fact that they had no one to converse with about the Christian faith. Baïda refuses the daughter of the sultan, and the (promised) dominion over the Ukraine, because the condition is that he should abjure his faith. "Thine offer is fair," says he, "but thy religion is infamous." Many legends of this kind are, of course, apocryphal; but there is no doubt that the Cossacks displayed remarkable fortitude and fidelity in adhering to their religion under the most trying circumstances. When setting out on a journey, (no matter how sinister its object may be,) the Cossack never omitted addressing a prayer to heaven; and, before mounting on horseback, he always made the sign of the cross. His successes he attributed to his prayers—his failures to his sins. At the prayer of Serpiaga, (Podkova,) says the tradition, the tempest was calmed, and the Turks routed; while Kanovtschenko perished, because he had gone into battle inebriated. Thus strangely was religion intermixed with superstition and ferocity.

Fame and glory found a ready echo in the heart of the Cossack. The songs of the *bandourist* (minstrel) would generally have some such chorus as this: "His glory shall resound among friends, enemies, knights, and brave men; his glory shall never die." And a national melody declares: "Even when the Zaparogues have departed, their glory shall not perish; the fame and bravery of the Cossacks shall live forever." No Cossack would dare evade the call to arms; if he did so, he would receive some opprobrious epithet, sure to follow him through life. Even if his mother tried to hide him, he must break the doors during her absence at devotion, and proceed to the war. If he had no horse, he must walk. If his mother cursed him, he still must go, though he should perish without her blessing. The Cossacks formerly considered flight, under any circumstance, a disgrace; and the indispensable mark of a true warrior was to choose death rather than sacrifice glory. In the time of war, discipline and subordination were maintained by rigorous penalties; and even those who permitted their horses to be stolen were imprisoned. When a grave crime was committed, the culprit was tied to the halberds, severely flogged, and sometimes even impaled. Treason was punished by a cruel death, and every one uttered anathemas on the traitor's grave. Impelled by religion, the fighting men would "rise unanimously in defense of the Christian faith, and go forth to win knight's honors." Another favorite arming cry was, "The defense of Ukraina." The whole country mourned the death of a brave Cossack, and masses were celebrated everywhere for the souls of chiefs who died in battle.

Passionate attachment to home and father-land was another characteristic. On leaving his country, the Cossack bade adieux to all his neighbors, and, taking a handful of earth, attached it, by a little bag or otherwise, to the cross, which, even to this day, almost every Russian carries in his bosom. "Grief," the song says, "is gnawing at his heart; he bends his head toward the pommel of his saddle, as the beach-tree droops to the water; his heart mourns like a root submerged beneath the waters; and his tears burst forth, in spite of his manly will." When he passes the boundaries of his native land, his heart

becomes still more oppressed: "Wherever he directs his gaze, strange objects fill him with sorrow, and his dark steed groans under him. There is no one to bear his salutations to Ukrania. He begs the wind to blow toward him from his country, but the wind is deaf to his prayer. He implores a rook to bear thither his salutations, but the bird passes by unheeding, and no tidings come from home. The nightingale whistles: 'Little bird,' says he, 'thou hast a shrill and piercing voice. I am in a strange country; tell me, shall I again see my own?'" Another song represents a Cossack as a falcon in a foreign land, who finds no rest in forest, field, or mountain. If he rest on a sapling, the wind breaks the branch. "Bend not, sapling; too much evil have I already to endure!" Should he eat the fruit of the service-tree, (a favorite food of the falcon,) an eagle asks him how he likes it: "O! brother," replies the falcon, "it is as bitter as a foreign land!"

Whence comes this profound grief? How is it that this ferocious warrior, "who covers the fields with dead bodies, who has nourished the ravens and wolves grown hoary in consuming the corpses of the foe," is so sensitive at the thought of absence from his country? It is, that no one loves his home, mother, sister, or betrothed like the Cossack of Ukrania. "His mother's prayer bears his soul from the floating wreck, assists him in battle, redeems his soul from sin, and accompanies it to the celestial kingdoms. His wife is to him his dove, his darling, and his well-beloved."

"The Cossacks (pursues the song) sound the midnight alarm. The bright eyes of Maroussenko (Mary) are filled with tears. Weep not, dearest; grieve not. Pray to heaven for thy beloved. The moon is above the mountains; the sun has not risen; the mother, all in tears, bears her son company. 'Farewell, dear son; be watchful. In a month return to thy home.' 'Gladly, mother, would I return sooner, but that my jet-black steed stumbled at the door.* Heaven knows when I may return, or if ever. Watch over my betrothed, and adopt her, dear mother, as thine own child. We all are subject to the will of God. He alone

knows whether I shall return alive, or sleep forever on the battle-field."

Much as the ancient customs and position of the Cossacks have been modified of late years, they have not yet wholly changed, and are far from being forgotten; and many traces and indications of them are perceptible in the wagoners, (*tschoumak*.) The inhabitants of Little Russia were, as has been observed, devotedly attached to their country; nevertheless a wandering and adventurous life is that which has always best pleased their imagination. In the *tschoumak* there are many evidences of a sense of the importance of paternity and subordination. A chief is unanimously elected, who is called *otaman* or *batka*, (father.) He directs the journey, settles disputes, and as formerly the Cossack, when dying, bequeathed his horse to his commander, so the *tschoumak* resigns his goods to his *otaman*, in order that he may bury him, and pray for mercy on his soul. In like manner, as the mistress or betrothed of the Cossack gave him a covering for his horse, so the beloved one of the *tschoumak* embroidered the sleeves of his shirt. The old songs of the Cossacks descended to the wagoners, and became favorites; and the celebrated Morozenko, "whom the Poles feared more than the frost, whose name he bore," appears as a *tschoumak*. The same heart-rending farewells, the same prayers, invocations, consolations, and promised returns, are heard:—"Return to us again, my son, and I will anoint thy hair," says the mother to the *tschoumak*; and he answers, "Anoint thine own, or that of my sister—the rain will anoint mine. The dry herbs will comb it, the bright sun will dry it, and the fierce winds will curl it."

I have so far chiefly spoken of the Zaparogues and Cossacks of Little Russia. The Russian Cossack, properly so called, among whom those of the Don occupied the most important place, were originally from Great Russia. Strangers, such as the Tartars, the Baschkives, and the Zaparogues, were but thinly scattered among them. The Cossacks-proper were distinguished from the Cossacks of the Ukraine by their custom of allowing the beard to grow, while the latter kept it closely shaved, according to the Polish fashion. The Cossacks-proper were brigands and pirates by origin, and long continued so in practice. Piracy and brigandage were

* The stumbling of a Cossack's horse at the door is supposed to be a sign that death is near.

for several centuries practiced on an extensive scale in Russia; and the pirates of the Volga have acquired a bad notoriety throughout the world. Among the chief causes of this state of things were social and political mal-organization, the want of energetic and consistent unity of action on the part of government, and the total absence of popular instruction. More recently, the progressive development of slavery, the precarious position of property, and the corruption and misconduct of public functionaries, increased the number of those who sought subsistence by crimes against society.

"We eat, we drink (says the Cossack pirate song) to our liking and content, on the Volga; our wines all ready poured out, our meats all ready dressed, our clothes of all colors ready prepared by the labor of others."

The Volga, the Don, and the Oka were the chief scenes of the depredations of the Cossack pirates. They attacked trading vessels with the utmost courage and fierceness, and were usually successful. The treatment received by their prisoners was of the most savage kind. Their large twelve-oared boats, painted and gilt, had often a very showy appearance. One of their common practices was to kidnap women who were foolish enough to come to the banks of the river to gaze at the passing pirate fleet.

When the power of the imperial government became more compact and concentrated than it had been in former times, active and vigorous measures were taken to put down this trade in piracy. The pirates were everywhere captured by the strong forces sent against them: they were imprisoned, tortured, and subjected to the most painful forms of death: they died with courage, and without either suing for mercy or expressing sorrow for their offenses—the usual request of the dying criminal being merely that a cross should be erected on his grave, in order that passers-by might bow to it, and utter a prayer. But it was only the river and rebel pirates whom the government treated in this fashion. Other pirates, who crossed the sea and harassed the Turks, were praised and encouraged; and the ancient songs speak rapturously of the magnificent equipment with which they went forth against the infidels, from whom they often took rich booty. But, on the other hand,

they were frequently made prisoners, when, so great was their confidence in the power of the Czar, that the songs describe them expressing the hope that he would soon order the Turks to release them, otherwise (the verse proceeds) "the calm and glorious Don will be agitated; the whole Cossack host will arise, rout the Turkish army, and make their Czar (sultan) a prisoner."

Piracy being in great measure put down among the Don Cossacks, the natural bent of their disposition displayed itself in their serviceable qualities as soldiers in the imperial armies. It was a Cossack who finally completed the conquest of Siberia. To the Czar they, one and all, pay a blind homage—a homage so servile that it borders on adoration; and they appear to consider him in the light of a being of an order distinct from, and superior to, human nature. From the time of Peter the Great, the Cossacks of the Don have played a prominent part in all the wars in which the Russian empire has been engaged: from Pultowa to the Borodino they have distinguished themselves.

One of the principal distinctions between the Cossacks of Great Russia and those of the Ukraine has always been the affection and respect with which females are treated by the latter. There are many other points of contrast, but I need not here enter into them. One feeling which they have in common is hatred for the *boyards*. Among the reasons which have produced this animosity in the minds of the Great Russian Cossacks is the fact that the *boyards* form the instruments by which the imperial mandates are enforced—mandates by which the navigation of the great rivers is watched, horses frequently seized for the army, piracies restrained, and other proceedings enforced which the Cossacks consider inimical to their interests. Being too ignorant to discern the power which causes these acts, and recognizing only its visible instruments, they are almost universally inspired with an intense hatred for the *boyards*, some of whom have had sanguinary proofs of their hostility. Nekrassof, after having fled into Turkey with forty thousand Cossacks, complained, on the part of himself and his followers, not against the Czar, but against the *boyard* who caused their beards to be shaved, and the young men to be pressed into the army; not perceiving that there was behind the cur

tain a power which, willingly or unwillingly, the *boyards* were compelled to obey, but which contrived to throw upon the latter the odium of executing its ordinances.

The traveler who, in our day, visits the Don, finds a country flat, monotonous, and uninteresting; fertile, but badly cultivated; a population which, for Russia, is rich and luxurious; for the Cossack, even of the middle class, will have his expensive wines at table—a custom to be met with in no other part of Russia, inordinately profuse as are the habits of the very highest orders. But while his civilization has been advancing, his liberty has been diminishing. The government at the present time is half-military, half-civil, and, it may almost be added, half-Russian, half-German. The emperor and the Grand Duke are alternately hetman of the Cossacks.

The Cossacks of the Black Sea, descendants of the Zaporogues, transported thither by Catharine the Second, in 1786, are now under the command of the chief of the Caucasus. Their hetman has the rank of general of division. "Barbarian slavery and German pedantry" daily extend their domination over the descendants of Novogorodius. It will be strange to see the day when German officers mock the style and accent of the Cossacks by singing or caricaturing the old national songs.

ANCIENT EMBROIDERY.

LIKE most of the elegant arts, under which that of embroidery may be classed, its origin may clearly be traced to the early nations of the East. The first mention that is made of it in the sacred writings, occurs in the command given by Moses respecting the erection of the Tabernacle, and the matters connected therewith: "And thou shalt embroider the coat (Aaron's) of fine linen, and thou shalt make the miter of fine linen, and thou shalt make the girdle of needle-work." The art had evidently been practiced before this command was given—which we may date at about 1450 B. C.—otherwise those to whom the order was addressed could not have carried embroidery to so high a degree of perfection as to have it displayed in the ceremonial ordinances of a service that was peculiarly gorgeous. There

is also a previous allusion to the art, although it is not specifically mentioned as in the passage just quoted, where it is commanded to "make a hanging for the door of the tent, of blue, and purple, and scarlet, and fine twined linen, wrought with needle-work." Now, whether the Jews acquired their knowledge of this ornamental work from the Egyptians, among whom they sojourned, or whether the latter learned it from their Israelitish captives, appears doubtful; but it is quite certain that the Egyptians excelled in it at an early period. The practice of other arts seems sometimes to have been combined with this in one individual, for we read, in the Book of Exodus, of Aholiab, an "engraver, and a cunning workman, and an embroiderer," &c., &c.

The Greeks gave the honor of the invention to Minerva, and so, also, does Ovid:—

"Whether her needle played the pencil's part,
'Twas plain from Pallas she derived her art."

That it was not unknown to the Greeks, and also to the Trojans—presuming in the latter case that the *Iliad* of Homer is not a mere mythical poem—is evident, from certain passages in which he refers to it. In the celebrated parting of Hector and Andromache, the Trojan chief addresses his wife:—

"Thy griefs I dread;
I see thee trembling, weeping, captive led!
In Argive looms our battles to design,
And woes, of which so large a part was thine!"

And again:—

"No more, but hasten to thy tasks at home;
There guide the spindle, and direct the loom."

In another part of the poem we find the following passage, where reference is also made to Andromache. The quotation is not from the same translator as the preceding:—

"She in her chamber, at the palace top,
A splendid texture wrought, on either side
All dazzling bright with flowers of various hues."

Homer likewise speaks of Helen being similarly occupied, in embroidering the combats of the Greeks and Trojans:—

"An ample web magnificent she wove,
Inwrought with numerous conflicts for her sake,
Beneath the hand of Mars endured by Greeks."

If the fact were not too well known to require proof, the above quotations would supply evidence of embroidering being practiced by ladies of the highest rank so far back as our knowledge of history extends; but it is not thereby to be supposed that the art, as formerly exercised, was of the exact kind with that which has once more become fashionable among the gentler sex of our own time and country. Miss Lambert, in her interesting work, *The Handbook of Needle-work*, says:—"The term embroidery, as employed in the writings of the ancient historians, has reference to all kinds of needle-work done with the needle—thus comprehending within its meaning every description of decorative needle-work, including tapestry, and some descriptions of weaving. At the present time, the term is much more limited, relating to one kind of needle-work only, which, however, embraces an almost innumerable variety, both as to the materials employed, and the mode of using them."

From the same authority we learn that embroidery was made in England at a very far distant date; for, during the Saxon dynasty, our females were celebrated throughout Europe for their needle-work:—"The Anglo-Saxon ladies were accustomed, like those of Greece and Rome, to embroider the exploits of their husbands on the hangings of their chambers. Women of the highest rank thus occupied their leisure hours." The Christian Church also, like that of the Jews of old, soon called in the aid of the needle to assist in the decorations of the sacred edifices and to ornament the sacerdotal robes; nor did the priests themselves consider it derogatory to their holy office to help on the sacred work, if we may credit William of Malmesbury, who says that St. Dunstan, in his younger days, did not disdain to assist a pious and noble lady in the drawing of a design for embroidering a clerical vestment, which she afterward wrought in threads of gold. During the middle ages, when chivalry was in all its glory, it was a common practice for young ladies to embroider scarfs, which they fastened over the shoulders of their knightly lovers, ere proceeding to joust, or tournament, or field of deadly fight.

"T was wrought in love's own tracery of gold,
Telling the same fond tale that Love has ever told."

[For the National Magazine.]

THE HILLS.

THEY call me out to gaze
Upon the golden harvest of the plain,
Upon the broad rich fields of waving grain—
But through the mellow haze,
The soft illusive veil that autumn wears,
I look afar with eager, longing eye,
And to my thought the distant cloud appears
A group of hills that lean against the sky.

Fair hills against the sky!
Hush! hush! lest from my fairy dream I wake;
It brings the warm blood back to lip and cheek,
And brightness to the eye:
I almost hear the rustling of the trees,
I almost see the clefts and hollows brown;
Upon my brow I feel the truant breeze
That shakes in sport the mountain chestnuts
down.

I'm pining for the hills,
The bright green hills that o'er my valley home
Link'd their tall shadows when the eve had come,
The birthplace of the rills.
There is not there one deep secluded nook
But that my youth with tireless step explored;
Back to its source I traced the baby brook
That through the glen its deep'ning current
pour'd.

I've climb'd, the livelong day,
From rock to rock, from hoary steep to steep,
Up where the fadeless larch and ivy creep
To drape the ledges gray.
I've linger'd long to watch the sunset smile,
And tinge the landscape with its roscate glow;
And from my airy throne to catch the while
The soften'd murmur of the world below.

Oft, at the close of day,
I tune my harp to sing the songs of yore;
But ah! I miss the deaf'ning torrent's roar—
The rannel's softer play—
The diapason of the lofty choir
That all the air with mocking echoes fills.
How can I wake thy silver chords, my lyre,
To those bold notes that rang among the hills?

H. C. GARDNER.

NAPOLEON ON IMMORTALITY.—Napoleon, being in the gallery of the Louvre one day, attended by the Baron Denon, turned round suddenly from a fine picture, which he had viewed for some time in silence, and said to him, "That is a noble picture, Denon." "Immortal," was Denon's reply. "How long," inquired Napoleon, "will this picture last?" Denon answered, that with care, and in a proper situation, it might last, perhaps, five hundred years. "And how long," said Napoleon, "will a statue last?" "Perhaps," replied Denon, "five thousand years." "And this," returned Napoleon sharply—"this you call immortality!"

[For the National Magazine.]

THE HISTORY OF AN ULTRAIST.

THE next morning the rejected preacher left the neighborhood, and returned to his father's house to await the chances for another call. As soon as he had reached home, and exchanged salutations with his father, who was now growing old, he retired to his room, and sat down to reflect on the scene in Musquito Creek Church. His thoughts took the form of a soliloquy, somewhat in the following style:—"I was not personal, for I knew no man in the congregation. It is truth that wounds, and they are the wounds of a friend, but often mistaken by guilt for the smittings of a foe. It is true I dealt plainly with them. I spoke right out, as became my office. I laid before them the simplest forms of simple justice. I endeavored to exhibit, in language forcible enough to be felt, (if any were guilty,) several instances of odious injustice that occur in the everyday business of life. I had thought that truth was a thing so lovely, that men needed only to see in order to embrace it. Reason and truth, said I, are friends that never can be parted. But I was mistaken; yet not mistaken either, for the reason of these men must approve of the truth, even the harshest truth of last Sunday morning's discourse. But their character was drawn, and their interest was assailed, and their passions began to clamor, and amid the uproar the voice of reason was drowned. But I am content. If the occupancy of a pulpit is to be purchased at the sacrifice of truth—lovely, invaluable, eternal truth—then Jonathan Honestus must either resign his vocation, or preach only as casual opportunity may invite. Besides, I am not sure but I can do more good as a traveling lecturer on the various causes of philanthropy, than in any pastoral charge that might be offered. The pastor is confined to a field too narrow for a benevolent zeal, while the itinerant lecturer wields an influence of indefinite extent. Local men have local feelings and local views. The traveler expands his conceptions, and enlarges his benevolence with the increasing area of his movements. Yes, I will go abroad. I will preach against the evils of society. I will expose the iniquity of wrong-doing under which the world has so long groaned. If men will heed my lectures, well: if not, I

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shall not linger long in any place to hear their murmurs or encounter their scorn."

At the close of this soliloquy, Jonathan hastened down stairs, and told his father what had happened on the Sunday before, and how he had just concluded to enlarge the sphere of his usefulness. The old man seconded his noble purpose, and offered to supply whatever means might be necessary for his itinerant rambles in the great cause of human melioration. The next day he started again from home, and that night lectured to a congregation collected at short notice in a school-house in a distant village. His subject was, "The insufferable wrongs of society, arising from the unequal and unjust division of labor and property." The hard laborers of the village were there, and the wealthiest man of the place, Mr. Moneypenny, occupied the most conspicuous seat. The lecturer held that the earth was the common property of man, and that no one had a right to appropriate to himself a single acre of its surface, much less to transmit it by will to his children, who have done nothing to establish their claim. "The earth," said he, "is our common mother, and she has given none of her offspring rights which she has denied to others. The present unequal distribution of her surface is the result of oppressive misrule, aided by arbitrary laws descending from age to age. There is a poor man, who has worked hard from his childhood, and still labors from the early gray of the morning until twilight darkens into night, that he may have the poor satisfaction of seeing his wife only not a beggar, and his children but one remove from starvation. Yonder is another, whose eight-hundred-dollar steed would tire in carrying his owner over the acres of his farm, on which he never bestowed a stroke of work, or let fall a drop of sweat. And shall this state of things continue forever? Will eternal justice never assert her claim? Yes, the time has come. The masses of the poor have the right, and, like elephants, they have the power; but, like elephants, they have hitherto been ignorant of their strength. Happily they are now beginning to think, and thought shall soon turn to action, and wealth be driven from her couches of ease to labor with the common brotherhood of man."

At the conclusion of this stirring lec-

ture, a carpenter thought of the perfect ease with which he could enter at midnight the last fine house which his hands had helped to build for a wealthy gentleman. A negro, who had been somewhat conscientious about stealing up to that time, thought that he might as well have a capon from his rich neighbor's hen-roost for his next day's dinner. And Mr. Money-penny hastened home with all speed, and, before he slept, put an additional bolt to every door, and an extra fastening to every window in his house.

It must be understood that the village in which Jonathan delivered this lecture was within the limits of a slave State, and we have now to view him on very delicate ground; yet we hope the "courteous reader" will not demand ceremonious qualifications of us, even here. We speak not of a party, but of a single character, weak, to be sure, but honest; and having got on his track, allow us to pursue him in his freaks, without suspicion of any ungenerous purpose. In the very midst of slavery the writer of this serious history has himself whilom uttered some sayings less prudent than faithful, perhaps, and which, if repeated now in the same latitude, might procure him a coat of most incongruous materials. Don't misapprehend us, then, good reader. Jonathan was, of course, an uncompromising enemy to slavery in every form, and under its most extenuating circumstances. Indeed, he told an old acquaintance that he would certainly be damned if he did not emancipate old Dinah, who was ninety-seven years of age, and blind and lame. It was impossible for him to see that slavery in her case was but a single word for protection, home, and food, and that the principle of chattelship, which constitutes its essence, was virtually abandoned. But Jonathan was no mere theorist. He scorned the practice of lecturing on the subject to men in the free States who never saw a slave; and as he knew that no lecture would be listened to where slavery dwelt, he took a middle course, and held private interviews with slaveholders; and if his reasoning was not always conclusive, his position was certainly well defined. The dissolution of the Union, he maintained, would be a blessing compared with the death-league that held the States together. His own conscience was troubled night and

day, because his dark-skinned brother, Cesar, picked cotton under the Constitution of the United States, in the fields of Georgia, for nothing but victuals and clothes. He was clearly of opinion, that the slave who murdered his master to get his freedom was as much justified by the laws of God and nature as an oppressed colony in throwing off the yoke imposed by a foreign tyrant; and he hoped that if justice was not soon done, the crushed slave would arise, and walk to freedom through a red sea of oppressors' blood. These sentiments, whether right or wrong, were listened to not exactly in the spirit of free discussion, and occasionally the debate was cut short by the application of a horse-whip—a mode of argumentation in which Jonathan protested he could see neither reason nor common sense. That species of logic, therefore, instead of conducting him to different conclusions, only strengthened him to obstinacy, and he determined to oppose deed to deed. "A man," said he, "may talk and lecture all his life, and yet break no fetters, and deliver no slave from cruel bondage. *Action, action* is what is wanted. He who snaps the chain, and carries a single slave to freedom, does more for the cause of liberty and human progress than he who only lectures on slavery to assemblies of freemen." Having settled this principle, he determined to carry it out. Accordingly, as he rode one day by a corn-field, where a solitary slave was resting half asleep on his plow, he stopped and asked him his name.

"My name Sam, massa."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-nine when dis corn ripe."

"Are you a slave?"

"Yes, massa."

"Don't you sometimes think you would like to be a free man?"

"No, massa. I get plenty pone, plenty pork, don't work hard, and go to meetin' twice on Sunday."

This reply put Jonathan to a stand. He deemed it, however, unworthy of a human being, to whom liberty should be precious above all other enjoyments. After a pause he argued the subject with Sam, and expatiated on the evils of slavery, its liabilities to himself and his children, the terrors of the slave sale, and the southwestern market.

Sam began to be alarmed, and asked the philanthropist how he could get away.

"O, easy enough!"

"How, massa?"

"Why, come along with me."

"How far you take me, massa?"

"Three hundred miles, where your master will never hear of you again."

"But, massa, me can't walk three hundred miles."

"Well, get on one of your plow horses."

"But dese hosses belong to massa John."

"No they don't. You have already worked for your master eight years longer than he had any right to your labor, and he owes you more than that horse is worth."

"I believe you right, massa," said Sam, and immediately released the best horse from the plow, mounted him, and rode off toward freedom with Jonathan Honestus.

They had not been gone more than an hour before the fact of Sam's elopement was known to his master, who immediately summoned his neighbors and started off in pursuit. It was not long until Sam, who at short intervals had been casting anxious looks backward, ever since he quit the corn-field, saw them coming. "Lor, massa, der after us," Jonathan looked behind, and, judging from the cloud of dust far back on the road, was much of Sam's opinion. "Now for liberty," said he, and they dashed on as fast as Sam's plow-horse could gallop, and reached the ferry-boat, and gained the middle of the stream just as the pursuing party came up to the bank. From the shore Sam's master made every significant motion, by which he hoped to inform the captain that he was conveying away a fugitive slave. But the captain either did not understand the signs, or was indifferent to the *rights of property*, for he rowed with usual speed to the landing on the opposite shore. Sam and his deliverer, whose horses had rested in the scow that brought them over, started immediately at full speed, knowing that the pursuers would be after them in the return boat. It was more than an hour before Sam's master was again galloping with unwonted rapidity toward him, and in another hour the fugitive and his companion were again in sight. The prospect of escape was now gloomy enough, for the distance between the pursuers and the pursued was diminishing every moment.

What was to be done? Does necessity know any law? When a nation goes to war for liberty, are not any and all means justifiable? And is individual personal liberty less valuable, or less to be contended for, than national civil freedom? So reasoned Jonathan on the rights of the slave. You, good reader, are at liberty to reason on them as you please; I have only to do with Jonathan's history, not to answer for his ethics, if they cannot answer for themselves. Just at that moment they were passing two noble horses that were grazing in a field close by the roadside. They both alighted, caught the fresh horses, saddled them, turned their own into the field by way of exchange, and in less than two minutes were again on the road, dashing away at the rate of twelve miles an hour. The enemy was soon no longer in sight, but Jonathan and his rescued friend kept on long after dark, until they were obliged to stop for mere weariness at a farm-house which stood at the end of a long lane that led to it from the public road. He represented to the farmer that he was a minister, and that Sam was under his special direction on a journey to the north. The farmer called for a light, for it was now about ten o'clock, and the greater part of the family were gone to bed. As soon as the light was brought, the farmer saw that Sam was no other than the most valuable man that belonged to his own brother. He had often seen him, and been waited on by him at his brother's house. Immediately suspecting how the case stood, he hastily closed the door, turned the key, and called aloud for his two men, who sat conversing in the kitchen. In a few minutes the weary travelers to the north were arrested and tied hand and foot, to be conveyed back the next day and dealt with as Sam's owner might determine. The horses were taken care of, and all made secure for the night. The farmer retired to bed about eleven o'clock, but had not been down more than fifteen minutes before he heard the sound of horses' feet in the lane, and presently the noise of men's feet on the porch, and a loud rap at the door. He arose and went down stairs, opened the door, and was saluted by his own brother Cob, who, with two of his neighbors and farmer Grub, the man from whose field the two horses had been taken, had stopped to rest for the night, intending to renew the chase

at the break of day. Before he came into the house he related to his brother the cause of his unreasonable visit—that he with his two friends had come in pursuit of his slave, and that they had been joined by Grub, who was after his stolen horses.

"Walk in gentlemen, walk in," said Cob's brother; "I have a couple of acquaintances here who will doubtless be glad to see you, and it will give me great pleasure to introduce you to them." He took them all into the room where Jonathan and Sam were tied together by ropes, enjoying their night's repose.

"Happy to see you, Sam," said his master; "I hope you have had a pleasant ride to-day; but who is this gentleman who has had the honor of your company all day?"

"Massa John, dis gemman is a minister. He 'fess a great deal a love for colored people. He asked me dis mornin to go with him to land of liberty, and here I am."

Master John then turned to Jonathan and said:—

"Truly, sir, this is an unexpected meeting, and I am exceedingly happy to make your acquaintance, and have no doubt but we shall yet know each other better. What might your name be?"

"My name, sir, is Jonathan Honestus."

"And how came you to interfere with my property, sir?"

"Sir, I acknowledge no right of property claimed by one man in another. All such claims are the claims of robbery, and he who sets them up is no better than a pirate."

Here farmer Grub, who had come in quest of his two horses, interposed: "Sir, I fancy that whatever opinion you may hold about the right of property in men, you have no such notion about a man's right to his horses?"

"No, sir," answered Jonathan; "horses are a man's property provided they be honestly come by, and though it is useless to say it now, yet I fully intended to see your horses restored to you, or more than their value, as I took them for a humane purpose without your consent."

At this they all set up a hearty laugh; but it was nevertheless true, and had they known the man they would have laughed either more or less. After some further conversation, in which both Jonathan and Sam were addressed with a most provoking mockery of politeness, the whole

company retired, leaving the two prisoners as well secured as they had found them.

In the morning the party set out on their return home, but before starting they tied the two captives to the two stoutest horses of the group. This was done not in the style of Mazeppa, for they were permitted to sit on the saddles; but their feet were drawn so nearly together under the horses, and so tightly strapped, that they almost touched each other. Thus secured, they moved off, and were a whole day in reaching the house of farmer Grub, with whom Jonathan and Sam had exchanged horses the day before. That night they were all entertained by Grub, the two prisoners faring much as they had done the previous night. The next morning, after the horses had been brought out, and they were all ready to start, Grub went into the room to bring forth the prisoners. "Come," said he to Jonathan, "you have a good long ride before you to-day, but I have no doubt that Mr. Cob will find you rich entertainment at the end of your journey."

"Sir," said Jonathan, "before I leave here I wish you to make out a bill of damages to which you may judge yourself reasonably entitled for the loss of time and trouble you may have suffered, together with whatever injury your horses may have received at our hands."

"Well," said Grub, "that is cool. I admire your deep sense of justice; but don't be in haste about settling, for the bill will be made out and settlement had before Judge F——, about the time my friend Cob settles with you for enticing away his man Sam."

"I understand you perfectly, but I perceive you don't understand me," said Jonathan; "for whatever penalty the judgment of the court may award me on conviction for horse-stealing, that will be no compensation to you. I have done you an injury, and I wish, and now offer fully to repair it: not that I repent of taking the horses, for that I would feel justified in doing again in a similar cause. Accept a full compensation, then, for I wish to owe you nothing whatever the law may do with me. I am prepared for all legal consequences."

Grub declined the offer, because his horses were not injured, and he had lost only a day in recovering them; besides, if he took money, he could not with any show

of face prosecute the offender, though Jonathan never thought of that.

After this short colloquy they all started, reached the river just as the ferry-boat was leaving for the opposite shore, and before night Jonathan and Sam were imprisoned together in Cob's corn-house.

Cob immediately set off for a constable, who in the course of an hour or so came down to the farm. Jonathan was taken before a justice of the peace, a tall lank man of about sixty, whose narrow head was covered with white hair, cut short and turned back. He had received a commission as magistrate in virtue of having captured, during the last war with England, a British bark on Musquito Creek, an exploit which was the boast of his life ever afterward, and for which he was appointed to the rank of major of militia. When the magistrate, having heard the accusations, was about to swear the two witnesses, Jonathan interrupted them by saying that it was altogether unnecessary, for he had done nothing that he was ashamed to acknowledge. "I did entice the man away," said he, "and only regret that I did not succeed in placing him beyond the grasp of your iniquitous laws. And as to the fact of exchanging horses with Mr. Grub, I have nothing to deny, excepting that the act was not of the nature of horse-stealing, as I fully intended more than a just compensation for whatever injury or loss he may have sustained."

Here the crowd, who had gathered in and around the office, set up a laugh, though at first they showed strong symptoms of taking the case out of the magistrate's hands for summary adjudication. When the laugh had subsided, Jonathan said, "Of course I expect no one *here* to believe me." Notwithstanding this frank confession the two witnesses were duly sworn, and Jonathan was committed to the jail of — County, to await his trial at the next court for enticing away a slave and horse-stealing.

John Cob and farmer Grub having thus far satisfied the majesty of the laws, returned home. But what was to be done with Sam? This question had been upon Cob's mind ever since he was so unexpectedly introduced to his absconding slave at his brother's house. Before he reached home a happy thought occurred to him. "I have been," said he to himself, "somewhat straitened for ready money for the

last three months. Jones, the carpenter, has frequently dunned me for the two hundred dollars I owe him for repairs of the house, and my wife wants a carriage of equal splendor with the Hoskinson's, on account of which I have had no peace for a year past. I have often thought of selling one of the boys to a high bidder from the Southern market, but hitherto have been restrained by the odium that it brings upon a man among his neighbors. It cannot well be done in these miserable times without some excuse. Well here is a fair one, nay, an ample justification. Sam will bring nine hundred dollars. The neighbors will be satisfied that it is but a proper punishment for his attempt to escape. My wife can have her carriage, I can pay Jones his bill, and have at least a few hundred over in cash." His resolution was fixed. That night a trader was invited to the house, and the next morning Sam was on his way to Texas, leaving John Cob with more money in his wallet than he had ever looked upon at one time.

When the arrest of Jonathan occurred it excited but little attention, excepting in the small village where the examination was held before the magistrate; but after the commitment to prison, the news gradually went abroad, and spread to the adjoining counties and States. The facts were commented upon in the newspapers, and discussed in all the country taverns and stores. By some means the intelligence within a month reached Grasshill, and became the topic of conversation for several successive nights in Jacob Sharp's store, where Jonathan had aforesaid acquitted himself as an honest clerk. Various opinions were here expressed on the probable issue of the coming trial. The parson, whose intellect had been suffering from dry-rot ever since he located in the village, was clearly of opinion that the act would not be more severely punished than by a public castigation in the abstract. Jacob Sharp, who still felt some compassion for his nephew, eagerly inquired what part of him the abstract might be; but before the parson had time to answer this most reasonable question, he was interrupted by a garrulous old farmer, who gave it as his opinion that the taking of Grub's horses was a gross violation of farmers' rights. As soon as the horses were mentioned, the conversation ran off for a full

hour on the various breeds, including horses for the plow, the carriage, the saddle, and the race-course; together with the best modes of feeding, so as to save provender without weakening the animal. Some thought that in winter, when they were idle, straw was enough. Others contended for hay. Two of the company said that a few corn-blades would keep them firmer on their feet; while one, more benevolent than the rest, maintained that the addition of a few oats was necessary to have them in anything like working order in the spring.

"Stop," said the squire, who occupied his favorite seat on the coffee-bags, "you are all wandering from the subject. We were talking of Jonathan Honestus, and the fate that awaits him. Now my own opinion is that he will be hanged." Jacob Sharp turned pale, and asked the reason of this opinion.

"Why, you see," said he, "I have the laws in one big volume, and the penalty of stealing a sheep, as therein contained and described, is hanging. Now, a slave is worth forty sheep, and as Jonathan stole a slave, and the law goes by proportion, he ought to be hung forty times; but as no man has forty lives, he will therefore, in my judgment, be hung once."

Such was the reasonable conclusion of the squire, drawn partly from analogical reasoning, and partly from an old black-letter volume of English statutes, which he really thought were still in force in every state of the republic, and out of which he had invariably administered justice ever since he came into office.

But the news spread much further than Grasshill, and finally reached that fevered section of the north, where the fears of commerce saw the union of the States in perpetual danger of dissolution. When it began to be known that a clergyman had actually enticed a slave from his master, and was now in jail awaiting his trial for the offense, the excitement became intense, not in favor of the clergyman nor the slave, but the Union, which was seen to stand toppling on the edge of a precipice, with the center of gravity within an inch of the perpendicular descent. The fat postmaster at R— caught the first glimpse of the news in looking over a paper which he took the liberty to read before delivering it to the subscriber. He instantly sallied out bareheaded, and collected a num-

ber of idlers at the corner, to whom he explained their perilous position:—

"What do you think, gentlemen," cried he; "the papers of to-day bring the news that a nigger has been stolen from his master. The South is rising as one man! The union of these States, one and indivisible, I fear, is gone, or going. I almost feel the ground cracking under me. Government will be at an end. This republic will be a rope of sand. The post-office —. Eternal vigilance, gentlemen, is the price of liberty. I repeat it, sirs, we must fight. The next gale that sweeps from the South will bring the clash of resounding arms, and then where shall this asylum of an oppressed world be? Gone, like the baseless fabric of a vision."

Having finished this impromptu speech, made up chiefly from a fourth of July toast, Patrick Henry, and Shakspeare, he looked around to observe its effect on the bystanders, not one of whom seemed the least disposed to share his excitement or his fears. One of them was sufficiently wanting, either in patriotism or respect for the postmaster, to insinuate that, somehow or other, the profits of the post-office, and the fear of losing it, had frightened him into a fit of zeal for the Union; for he was at a loss to see how any runaway negro could tear the confederacy to pieces in his flight.

But the alarm of the postmaster was healthfully tranquil when compared with the excitement in the city. That large and respectable class who regularly make shipments to the sunny ports, on hearing the news, became affected in some such manner as Pliny writes of the dwellers near Vesuvius at the time of the great eruption, who "imagined that the last and eternal night was come which was to destroy both the gods and the world together." The firm of Cotton and Gunnybag lost all their firmness. They were absolutely unmanned, and for some hours were so far relieved of their ordinary shrewdness, that they literally "knew no north, no south, no east, and no west."

The next day a meeting of all the friends of the Union was called, and it was remarked that no such gathering had taken place since the time of the embargo, or the publication of the Berlin and Milan decrees. The meeting was opened by the reading of a preamble and resolutions by Luke Skein, whose name by some means

had been corrupted to Lookout Skein, and who, with his two brothers, were driving a flourishing trade with the South and Great West. From the known discordant sentiments of the firm on certain delicate questions, it was whispered about that they had a private understanding with a view to the greatest custom. Luke was to sell his soul to the South, payable on demand. Nugget was to think and feel with the North and West, while their younger brother was to be "all things to all men, if by all means he might *gain some*." Whether this was a slander is a question which has not been satisfactorily settled until this day.

The preamble and resolutions which Luke read to the meeting have been rescued from oblivion, and are here given to the reader as a curious document which may serve an important purpose in the hands of some future historian :—

" *Whereas*, It is currently reported that one of the reverend clergy of this free and happy country, forgetting the sacredness of his high vocation, has recently been arrested in the unwarrantable, unconstitutional, and felonious act, of enticing a slave away from his right and lawful owner; and

" *Whereas*, All such acts and deeds tend directly to inflame men's minds with sectional jealousies, and are subversive of the compact entered into by the thirteen original States, and all others that our brethren of the South may deem it necessary to annex to the glorious Union; and, moreover, are destructive of the commercial prosperity of this already great, and still growing, republic; therefore

" *Resolved*, That it is the calm, deliberate, and solemn judgment of this meeting, that the South has just and reasonable cause of complaint against any one who, in any possible way, either by word, deed, thought, feeling, or look, interferes with any species of property, defined and known as such by the laws of the respective and respectable States south of Mason and Dixon's line.

" *Resolved*, That the clergyman alluded to has exhibited a warning example of the dangerous consequences of an overheated and fanatical zeal in the cause of emancipation—a cause which belongs exclusively to the South, and which we, taught by the instincts of our common nature, are sure will be carried into full effect as soon as our brethren of the South can do it beneficially to the slave, and safely and profitably to themselves.

" *Resolved*, That a subscription now be opened for the purpose of compensating Mr. J. Cob for the anxiety, inconvenience, and trouble to which he was unjustly subjected by the attempted, but unsuccessful elopement of his property.

" *Resolved*, That our brethren of the South, with whom we desire the most amicable relations, may find in the foregoing resolutions

that our devotion to the Union is unshaken, and that we have a deep fraternal interest in the prosperity and stability of their institutions."

As the meeting had come together to act, and not to speak, no speeches were made. The foregoing resolutions were passed with singular unanimity. The subscription was opened on the spot. A large sum was subscribed, which Cob received in due time. The meeting adjourned, and every man went home, satisfied that the dissolution of the Union was at least postponed until the next fugitive, like the weight of the Ammonite's fox on Jerusalem's wall, should break it down.

In about four weeks from the time that Jonathan was committed, the fall term of the court came on for the County of ——. As it was well known that the Rev. Jonathan Honestus, formerly a man of excellent character, was to be tried for the heinous offenses of enticing away a slave and horse theft, there was a universal anxiety to witness the trial. Accordingly, though it was nearly the last case on the docket, it was the first called up by the judge. The crier had no sooner announced the commencement of court than the house was filled to overflowing, lobbies, stairs, and windows being crowded. Jonathan was brought in by the sheriff and placed in the prisoner's box. When he first appeared in the crowded doorway a murmuring sound was heard from every part of the room, indicating an unusual interest in the fate of the reverend prisoner. The jury sat in their places ready to hear and determine. The clerk rose and read the first indictment, which was as carefully loaded with unnecessary words as such documents usually are. It was an indictment for inducing and assisting a slave, the lawful property of John Cob, of the County of —, to run away from his master. After the reading, the usual question was put to the prisoner: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Jonathan rose and asked the court if he should be permitted to answer the question in his own way.

"Answer as you think best," said the judge; "it is only required that you answer clearly."

"If," said Jonathan, "an honest effort to break the chain of oppression and set the bondman free—if sympathy for the

wrongs of a man and a brother—if philanthropy reduced to practice—if the universal instinct of liberty prompting the slave to gain his freedom, and the slave's friend to aid him in the effort, involve guilt, then am I guilty, for on the tenth day of August last I did all that is charged in the paper now read against me."

The trial, of course, went no further, and the sentence was reserved until the second indictment should be disposed of. The clerk read the second indictment for horse-stealing, and asked again: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

Jonathan asked the court if he might be suffered, as before, to answer in his own manner?

The judge replied as before.

"Well, then," said the prisoner, "may it please your honor, though I scorn to deny the facts, I am not guilty of the charge. Guilt is the consequence of sin, and no sin have I committed in this transaction. It is true I took the horses, but I intended at the same time to render a full equivalent, and more than an equivalent, to their owner. I have already offered to do all that justice or even extortion might demand; and though I have no hope of escaping the penalty of horse-theft, yet I will compensate Mr. Grub at sight of his bill."

"You admit, then, the facts alleged in the indictment," said the judge.

"I admit all the facts as there stated. I took the horses, and would take them again under similar circumstances."

"The facts alleged in the indictment are admitted by the prisoner," said the judge. "The jury is released from further duty in the case."

Jonathan was required to stand up and receive the sentence of the court. He rose, and stood without emotion.

"The sentence of the court is," said the judge, "that you, Jonathan Honestus, be committed to hard labor in the state penitentiary for the full term of two years, on the acknowledged charge of enticing away a slave, the property of John Cob. And furthermore, that you be retained in the said penitentiary, and held to hard labor, for the full term of one year more, for stealing two horses, the property of Nixon Grub."

After sentence had been pronounced the sheriff conducted the prisoner back to jail, and in the course of a week or ten

days Jonathan was living on prison fare in the penitentiary, his appetite improving with every meal, the consequence of hard labor.

I need not acquaint the reader with the history of Jonathan Honestus during these three years of confinement and hard work in the State prison. That mode of life is, to say the least, monotonous, and altogether disagreeable to men who are fond of freedom, society, and change of air. But disagreeable as it was, he found means to relieve the tedium of the leaden hours not devoted to penitentiary duty. He read much, studied hard, and wrote several learned dissertations on nice questions in morality.

For the first time in his life his thoughts were very naturally turned toward prison discipline, and the kindred question of capital punishment. On these subjects the ultra tendencies of his nature were as fully developed as those of any philanthropist of modern times, either in or out of jail. The reader will remember that the sermon at the head of Musquito Creek contained sundry direct references to the pillory and whipping-post, as modes of suasion best adapted to correct certain evils. These harsh opinions were now amended by the light of experience, and such accurate observation as his new position enabled him to make. Like every wise man, he kept a diary, and in that diary he wrote his altered sentiments thus:—

"Crime is but the development of mental disease, as pustules are the result of small-pox fever; and disease of the mind should be treated with every delicacy of attention which benevolence bestows on the infirmities of the body. The reformation of the criminal is the only legitimate object of discipline which should constantly be directed to that end. Physical punishments only degrade to a lower level minds already callous to the sentiments of virtue and honor. Men condemned to hard and ignominious labor work with reluctance, and grow more malignant against that society whose laws they have violated; and when the hour of their liberty arrives, they go forth into the world determined to reimburse themselves for the wrong they have endured. Legislators should learn that the law of kindness is infinitely more potent than the law of retaliation. Society, like the individual, should vanquish an enemy by converting him into a friend; and the best mode of accomplishing this moral victory, is by the persuasives of kindness renewed day by day. As stones are worn away by gentle droppings, so the regular operation of benevolence may in time remove the adamant from a criminal's heart, and leave him a creature of restored sensibility fitted to return, a blessing

to the world. Agreeably to this theory, the very name of prison should be abolished, and henceforth it should be styled 'The Retreat of Misfortune.' Cells should give place to spacious and airy rooms. The floors should be covered with carpets of the costliest pattern, and the walls frescoed by the masters of the art, and adorned with mirrors in gilt frames and paintings of the best schools. The daily bills of fare should consist of the most sumptuous variety, served in porcelain and silver. Marble basins should invite to frequent ablutions, emblematic of internal purity. Besides these physical comforts, the inmates of the Retreat should be visited by the intelligent and virtuous of both sexes, whose conversation might aid the effect of every luxury, so that when they come forth from their confinement, they may not only be reformed in morals, but refined in manners to the standard of gentlemen. By this regimen, incendiaries, thieves, and assassins, instead of being a dead loss to society by perpetual imprisonment or the gallows, would become examples of the effect of that philanthropy which discards the barbarous punishments of ages less enlightened, and which inveterate prejudice condemns, as 'sickly.'

But the far greatest part of the time was employed in composing an octavo treatise of twelve hundred pages on a great question on commercial justice: Whether the seller is justifiable in availing himself of the ignorance of the purchaser to get a larger price for his commodities than they are really worth? This question had been first suggested at school while reading Cicero, who records that when the city of Rhodes was suffering by famine a ship came in loaded with grain. An immense price beyond its ordinary value was demanded and received, though the merchant knew that five more ships were almost within sight loaded with the same grain, and coming to the same port, and that consequently the price would be down in twenty-four hours to the ordinary standard. The subject had revived with fresh interest while he was a clerk in Jacob Sharp's store, and now that he had full time, he sifted it thoroughly in the above-mentioned treatise of twelve hundred pages. Thus employed, time went imperceptibly on, and as often as he thought of his strange position he consoled himself with the reflection that he was at least half a martyr in the cause of human rights, while his distant friends proclaimed him a man of whom the world was not worthy inhumanly persecuted for righteousness' sake. At length the last day of his imprisonment arrived, and Jonathan went forth a liberated man. He started immediately for home, but on the way called on Nixon Grub, and

abruptly inquired if he had yet made out that bill.

"What bill?" said Grub, for he had entirely forgotten Jonathan's face.

"Why the bill of damages for using your two horses on the tenth day of August, in the year 18—."

"Why, is that you?" asked Grub, with surprise.

"Certainly," said Jonathan, "and I have called to settle that bill."

"I have no bill against you, sir," said Grub.

"You *shall* be paid," said Jonathan, and he threw down a five-dollar note on the porch, deeming that a full compensation, with interest, and then slowly rode off.

"Strange man," said Grub, as he took up the note and put it in his pocket. "Very strange man. Like no man I ever saw or heard of."

Jonathan reached his father's house on the fourth day after his release from prison. As he approached the old homestead he saw numerous carriages in the yard and lane, and a hearse before the door. His father was dead! and this was the hour fixed for his burial. He drove up, alighted amid the gazing crowd, rushed into the house, and just as the undertaker was about to lay on the coffin-lid, burst into tears over the remains of his parent. After a half-hour's delay, occasioned by the sudden and unlooked-for arrival of the son, the funeral proceeded. When the body was lowered to the grave, and after the minister had pronounced a funeral discourse, Jonathan, to the surprise of all present, poured forth the grateful tribute of a filial heart in a most touching eulogy of his deceased father. He returned to the home of his childhood, but found it desolate. Reader, has it ever been your lot to come from the burial of a parent to the home in which you were born and the house in which he died? If it has, I care not what may be the singularities of your mental constitution—I care not how strangely you may think and feel on other occasions, you have certainly felt there a loneliness of heart that gives to all around you the aspect of an indescribable gloom—a gloom which falls nowhere else. You are affected by the noise of your own footsteps, the wind sighs deeper through the casements than you ever heard it before, the doors creak mournfully as they swing to and fro, and even the old

familiar voices are subdued to a melancholy funeral tone.

It was not until the next day that he thought of his father's will, and full three days elapsed before he opened it. It was short, and read as follows:—

"IN THE NAME OF GOD. AMEN.

"I, ZACHARIAH HONESTUS, deeming that my life is fast drawing to a close, and being now of sound mind and memory, do make and publish this my last will and testament. As I owe no man anything, having been accustomed through life to cash payments, and having prepaid my funeral expenses,—

"I give and bequeath to my son, Jonathan Honestus, the farm of five hundred acres, on which I have lived a peaceable life these sixty years last past, which said farm I inherited from my father, who inherited it from his father, who was a sea captain, and purchased it for eight thousand dollars, which he made in the slave-trade between the Western Coast of Africa and Virginia.

"And furthermore, I give and bequeath to my said son, Jonathan Honestus, all my other property, real, personal, and mixed. And I do hereby appoint and constitute my said son sole executor of this my last will and testament. In testimony whereof, I herewith set my hand and seal this thirty-first day of December, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ———.

"ZACHARIAH HONESTUS."

Here was a difficulty. He read it over the second time. "Slave-trade between the Western Coast of Africa and Virginia!" And is it possible that from my birth I have been living on the proceeds of a farm which has come down to me from such an iniquitous source? And I have been educated by money made on this farm! All my Latin, Greek, mathematics, and even divinity, connected, and so closely connected, too, with the inhuman slave-trade! Here is the trial of thine ethics, Jonathan Honestus! If thou canst make thy practice go as far as thy principles now, thou art safe. Society will deem thee mad, but no tongue shall say thou art not a consistent madman.

The next day he advertised the farm for sale, and in two weeks it was sold for twenty thousand dollars. Two thousand of this sum he reserved for a special purpose, and the remainder he hastily placed at the disposal of the Anti-slavery Society of ———.

The consequences of this act he did not pause to consider. Old Aunt Betty, who had nursed him in his infancy, and who was absolutely dependent on him, was obliged to find a home in the poor-house;

and when the new owner came to take possession of the farm, old black Jim, affectionately called Uncle Jim, who had been his father's companion from boyhood, said, in a surly tone, "I guess de young man must be troubled wid de fool, for sellin' off de farm in dat way, and turnin' old folks out a home."

Jonathan Honestus was missed for weeks and months. Various conjectures were offered as to what had become of him. But the general opinion was that he had gone crazy and made away with himself, until one day, in company with a stout negro, both on horseback, he rode into the village where he was well known. He had been all the way to Texas in pursuit of black Sam, who had been sold by his master as the consequence of Jonathan's attempt to get him away—had paid his owner twelve hundred dollars for him, and brought him on to enjoy the liberty which he promised him on the day of the elopement. The expenses of this journey, including the sum that purchased Sam's freedom, left but little of the two thousand dollars that Jonathan took with him, and that little he made over to the Anti-Slavery Society before named. "There," said he, as he placed the money in the hands of the treasurer, "as it came by the slave-trade, it shall go to destroy the iniquity from whence it sprung."

After this disposition of his patrimonial estate, he was obliged to seek some employment as a means of answering that most earthly question: "What shall I eat?" By this time he had reasoned himself into a conviction that it was a gross sin to receive a salary for preaching. But let not the reader suppose that his scruples on that point arose from the same reasoning that creates an unpaid ministry among the Quakers. Far from it. His scruples were altogether of another sort. He believed that a minister might lawfully claim a decent subsistence from his flock, provided they had acquired their money in an honest way, otherwise he did not see how he could conscientiously take from them what did not rightfully belong to them, or in shorter phrase, in his judgment, the receiver was as bad as the thief. Now, as he happened to know that unscrupulousness in dealing was the vice of the age, he determined to keep his hands forever clear of all ill-gotten wealth. But what should he do for a living? To open

a school and live by teaching would put him again in connection with the African slave-trade, for his own qualifications to teach had been paid for by money made on a farm bought for eight thousand dollars, which had been gained by his great grandfather in that most odious business. A school, then, was clearly out of the question. On the morality of store-keeping, his opinion had been fixed ever since he quit with a glad heart the store of his uncle; besides, he had so effectually impoverished himself by giving away his estate, that he had no capital with which to begin. A store, therefore, was not to be thought of. What, then, should he do? What mode of living should he adopt that would bring no uneasiness to his morbidly sensitive conscience? This was a question which his philosophical mind was not long in answering. "Man," said he, reasoning on the subject, "man is a creature whose real wants are limited to a narrow circle, while his imaginary ones are as boundless as the horizon. The traveler who seeks to place himself on the line of the horizon, may travel round the globe and never find it. So he who seeks to gratify the endless succession of human fancies will find that nature's resources are unequal to the demand, and the wide world too narrow for his artificial desires. The Almighty Provider first gave the vegetable productions of the earth for the sustenance of human life, and after the flood added by special grant the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fishes of the sea. Ample provision for clothing is found in the skins and fleece of animals, and the cotton and flax of the fields. But man would have more than these. Ungratefully discontented with the munificent gifts of his Creator, he has created to himself a thousand desires unknown to simple nature, and to gratify these desires he has had recourse to fraud with its legions of lies, war with its desolating evils, and oppression making the earth to groan with misery. I will go back to nature's primeval plan. I will cease, as far as possible, all connection with a world grown so unnatural, and thus escape all participation in its wrongs, its follies, and its guilt."

Now it so happened, that about five miles from the place where he was born there was an unclaimed piece of land of about two acres, extending to the edge of

a river. That river abounded with wild game in winter, and fish throughout the year. "Here then," said he, "on this unappropriated spot, to which I have as good a right as any man living, I will erect my cabin; I will get me a set of fishing-tackle and a gun. With moderate labor I will cultivate this little spot, so that it shall yield me vegetables, and my gun and line shall bring me animal food. Wild ducks, partridges, pheasants, and robins, with the several kinds of fish and oysters from the stream, and the products of my garden, will be an abundant variety of food. Sugar and coffee I shall not need; and if I needed them to preserve my life I would not taste of either, seeing that slave hands have toiled to produce them. "But what shall I wear? Alas!" said he, as this question stood before him, "there is scarcely a garment not red with oppression. The cotton fabrics of the mills are stained with slaves' blood in the raw material. The woolen cloths of Europe are guilty of the half-paid labor of hard-toiling men, and children that never smile. I will have none of them. To procure the simple clothing necessary to protect me from the summer's sun and the winter's wind, I will give wild-fowl for the fleece of my poor neighbor's sheep; I will spin it myself; I will carry it to the honest weaver who made my father's blankets, and he will weave it into cloth in exchange for the fish and oysters of the river, and the products of my garden; I will work it into garments with my own hands; and thus I shall feed without guilt, and be clothed without sin. I shall spend my days in rural innocence, preaching without reward whenever invited; an example of simplicity and primitive integrity to a degenerate race."

In the course of a few days the rude cabin was erected, the garden was inclosed, dug, and planted, and Jonathan, the son of Zachariah Honestus, might be seen by the passing traveler angling under the shade of an oak, or gunning among the reeds, the loneliest and most ultra of mankind.

THINGS WORTH REMEMBERING.—Whatever a man lays out for God, he lays out for himself. Speak of people's virtues; conceal their infirmities; if you can, say no ill of them. It is our main business in this world to secure a happy eternity in the next.

PLANETARY OBSERVATIONS IN THE EAST.

IN a letter recently written by Mr. Stoddart, an American missionary, to Sir John Herschel, bart., from Oroomiah, in Persia, we have some striking facts related in reference to the appearances presented by some of the principal planets of our solar system. He says:—

"No one has ever traveled in this country without being surprised at the distinctness with which distant objects are seen. Mountains fifty, sixty, and even a hundred miles off are projected with great sharpness of outline on the blue sky; and the snowy peak of Ararat, the venerable father of mountains, is just as bright and beautiful when two hundred miles distant as when we stand near its base. This wonderful transparency of the atmosphere frequently deceives the inexperienced traveler; and the clump of trees indicating a village, which seems to rise only two or three miles before him, he will be often as many hours in reaching. In this connection you will be interested to know that the apparent convergence of the sun's rays, at a point diametrically opposite its disk, which, if I mistake not, Sir David Brewster speaks of as a very rare phenomenon, is here so common, that not a week passes in summer when the whole sky at sunset is not striped with ribbons, very much like the meridians on an artificial globe. But it is after nightfall that our sky appears in its highest brilliancy and beauty. Though accustomed to watch the heavens in different parts of the world, I have never seen anything like the splendor of a Persian summer evening. It is not too much to say, that, were it not for the interference of the moon we should have seventy-five nights in the three summer months, superior for purposes of observation to the very finest nights which favor the astronomer in the New World.

"When I first came here I brought with me a six-foot Newtonian telescope of five inches aperture, of my own manufacture, and though the mirrors have since been much tarnished, and the instrument otherwise injured, its performance is incomparably superior to what it was in America. Venus sometimes shines with a light so dazzling that at a distance of thirteen feet from the window I have distinguished the hands of a watch, and even the letters of a book. Some few months since, having met with the statement that the satellites of Jupiter had been seen without a glass on Mount Etna, it occurred to me that I was in the most favorable circumstances possible for testing the power of the unassisted eye, and I determined at once to make some experiments on the subject. My attention was, of course, first turned to Jupiter, but for a considerable time with no success. It was always so bright, and shot out so many rays that it seemed quite impossible to detect any of its moons even at their greatest elongation from the planet. I varied the experiment in several ways by looking through the tube of a small telescope, from which the

lenses had been taken, and also by placing my eye near the corner of a building, so as to cut off the most brilliant rays of the planet and yet leave the view unobstructed to the right hand or the left; but in neither case could I find any satellite. Some time after I was sitting on the terrace as daylight was fading into darkness, and thought I would watch Jupiter from its first distinct appearance till it shone out in its full splendor. This time I was exceedingly gratified, just as stars of the first and second magnitude were beginning to appear, to see two extremely faint points of light near the planet, which I felt sure were satellites. On pointing my telescope toward them my first impressions were confirmed, and I almost leaped for joy.

"Since that night I have many times, at the same hour of the evening, had a similar view of these telescopic objects, and think I cannot be mistaken as to the fact of their visibility. I must, however, add that none of my associates, who at my request have attended to the subject, are *sure* that they detect them, though the most short-sighted individual feels some confidence that he can do so. As these friends, however, are not practical observers, their failure to see the satellites does not at all shake my belief that I have seen them myself. The time during which these satellites are visible is hardly more than ten minutes. The planet itself soon becomes so bright that they are lost in its rays. I will not stop to discuss the question, in itself a most interesting one, why they are visible at all, when stars of the third and fourth magnitudes are not distinguishable, but merely give the facts in the case, knowing that you will reason on them far better than I can. Both the fixed stars and the planets shine here with a beautifully steady light, and there is little twinkling when they are forty degrees above the horizon.

"Having come to a satisfactory conclusion about the satellites of Jupiter, I turned next to Saturn. This planet rose so late in the night that I had not seen it while watching Jupiter, and I was very curious to know whether any traces of a ring could be detected by the naked eye. To my surprise and delight the moment I fixed my eyes steadily upon it the elongation was very apparent, not like the satellites of Jupiter, at first suspected, *guessed* at, and then pretty clearly discernible, but such a view as was most convincing, and raised my wonder that I had never made the discovery before. I can only account for it from the fact that, though I have looked at the planet here with the telescope many times, I have never scrutinized it carefully with the naked eye. Several of my associates, whose attention I have since called to the planet, at once told me in which direction the longer axis of the ring lay, and that too without any previous knowledge of its position, or acquaintance with each other's opinion. This independent collateral testimony is very satisfactory to me. I have somewhere seen it stated that in ancient works on astronomy, written long before the discovery of the telescope, Saturn is represented as of an *oblong* shape, and that it has puzzled astronomers much to account for it. Am I not correct in this impression? and if so,

is it not possible that here on these elevated and ancient plains, where shepherds thousands of years ago watched their flocks by night and studied the wonders of the glorious canopy over their heads, I have found a solution of the question?

"After examining Saturn I turned to Venus. The most I could determine with my naked eye was, that it shot out rays unequally and appeared not to be round; but, on taking a dark glass of just the right opacity, I saw the planet as a very minute but beautifully defined crescent. To guard against deception I turned the glass different ways and used different glasses, and always with the same pleasing result. It may be that Venus can be seen thus in England and elsewhere; but I have never heard of the experiment being tried. Let me say here that I find the naked eye superior for these purposes to a telescope formed of spectacle glasses of six or eight magnifying power."

THE UNCONSCIOUS PRECEPTOR.

FROM THE FRENCH.

AT the entrance of the small town of Thaun, by the side of the road which leads to Mulhausen, stands a building which partakes of the character of a farm-house and of the habitation of a tradesman. In the yard, where chickens are picking and scratching at random, and in a rick of corn still entire, near which is a cart recently detached from the horse, one recognizes the farm; while the white curtains to each window, the garden with its arbor of painted trellis-work, and the six stone steps with the iron balustrade which lead to the entrance, as decidedly mark the abode of a citizen.

On the stone steps was seated Jacques Ferron, the master of the house, whose appearance partook of the same double character as his dwelling. He wore the blouse of the artisan, with the velvet cap and slippers of the proprietor. Jacques was expecting his son Stephen, who had gone to Mulhausen with his betrothed to buy wedding presents; and as the father kept his eye on the road, his mind dwelt upon this marriage, which settled his son near him, and assured him of pleasant society in his old age.

The noise of a *char-à-banc* disturbed at last the reverie into which he had fallen, and he recognized the travelers in the midst of the clouds of dust which surrounded the horse and carriage. When they arrived at the gate of the yard in front of the house, Ferron advanced to meet them, and was saluted by the joyful exclamations of the travelers. These were

Madame Lorin and her daughter, and a young man, who was almost entirely concealed behind the handboxes and packets.

"Good night, father," said Louise, who, by an act of affectionate courtesy, anticipated in her salutation to the old builder the appellation to which he would not be entitled for some days.

"Good evening, my child," replied Ferron, extending his hands to the young girl, and embracing her. "Your servant, Madame Lorin," he added to her elder companion. "Why, you are laden like a market cart."

"O, this is comparatively nothing," said the mother of Louise; "if we had attended to your son, we should have almost emptied the shops."

Ferron smiled and held out his hand to Stephen, who had just descended to open the yard-gate and admit the *char-à-banc*. "I understand," said he; "we like to make those we love comfortable; if we could do as we please, they should walk on velvet; you must not contradict his humor."

"Exactly so; but we must not let his humor be his ruin," replied the mother.

The builder shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed: "Bah! will not Stephen have all my savings, to say nothing of what he earns by his own building speculations? for, now he is a master, I have no doubt but he will get on; and as to industry, that's in the blood."

"And kindness and generosity also, I hope," continued Madame Lorin; "for I have not forgotten, M. Ferron, that my daughter and I owe everything to you; and if it had not been for the credit that you formerly gave me——"

"Don't speak of that, I entreat," abruptly interrupted Jacques, visibly embarrassed; "you must require refreshment. Come, Louise, you must do the honors of your new home, my child; I know nothing about receiving guests."

The young girl, who had rejoined Stephen, and who, under pretense of assisting him to unharness his horse, had stuck a flower in his button-hole, immediately left them, and preceded them into the sitting-room. She laid the cloth, and brought all that was required with a rapidity which showed that she was familiar with the house. The repast was soon ready. Stephen, meanwhile, in his eagerness to welcome his betrothed, quickly put the *char-à-banc* in the coach-house and the horse in

the stable, and rejoined his father, who rallied him on his promptitude. The band-boxes were opened to show the new purchases for the bride, while arrangements were made for the present, and plans laid for the future. At last, the meal being concluded, the happy young couple retired to the window, where they conversed in low tones; and while they were apparently engaged in watering a box of mignonette, their parents arranged their future settlements.

Besides the customers and the leases, to which he was indebted for his comfortable condition in life, the builder gave up to his son all his outstanding debts. Madame Lorin, on her part, gave to Louise her household furniture, wedding-clothes, and twenty thousand francs, payable on the wedding-day. This was much more than Monsieur Ferron expected, and he said as much.

"You may easily suppose," said he, "how happy it makes me to see these young people so comfortably off; to expose a young couple to poverty is like throwing wheat into the sewer. One must not, as they say, let the honeymoon rise over a barrel of rue; neither must we suffer the happiness of the young people to be the misery of the old ones. While bestowing a portion on my son, I have kept enough to furnish me with three meals a day, and I should be very sorry if the fortune you give your daughter compels you to make but two."

"Don't be afraid," said Madame Lorin, smiling; "I have kept a proper part for myself. Besides another sum of twenty thousand francs, there is my business, which is worth much more."

"Well done!" exclaimed Jacques, surprised; "I did not reckon upon marrying my son to such a fortune. Do you know, Madame Lorin, that the advantage is all on our side?"

"Say ratner," replied the old lady, "that it comes from your side." Jacques would have interrupted her. "O! you must not deny it," she continued eagerly. "Do I not owe all I possess to my business in timber and iron? and do I not owe my success in business to the house that you built for me?"

"It is our business, as builders, to erect houses," rejoined Ferron.

"But it is also your business to make people pay for them at the proper time,"

replied the old lady; "and when my husband died without having paid what he owed you, you would have been justified in taking possession of it."

"I intended to have done so," said Jacques, sullenly.

"And your kindness prevented you," added Madame Lorin.

Ferron, who appeared ill at ease, tried in vain to turn the conversation; for the old lady appeared determined to let him know that she had not forgotten the benefit, and dilated upon the generous conduct of the builder. If he had not consented to postpone a payment which would have compromised her credit, the unhappy widow would have been obliged to give up everything to her creditors, and must have fallen into a state of poverty. It was to his humane consideration that she owed the easy circumstances that she then enjoyed, as well as the happiness of the two young people. Stephen and Louise, whose attention was attracted by the old lady's voice, which she had unconsciously raised, joined with her in expressions of gratitude; but the embarrassment of Ferron appeared to increase, and he desired them to be silent.

"Come, don't be vexed, papa," said Louise, placing her hand on his shoulder and coaxing him. "Nobody shall thank you, nobody shall be obliged to you, nobody shall say you have a kind disposition."

"And they will be right," cried Jacques. "I am tired of hearing praise which I do not deserve."

"What?"

"Yes! I repeat it. I did not do the thing intentionally; it was in consequence of an accidental occurrence; and for this reason your praises annoy me. I have stolen a reputation too long; you must now know the truth, especially as it may serve for a lesson to the young ones. Come, you shall listen to my story, or, rather, to my confession."

The two young people looked at one another with surprise, and sat down on each side of the builder. Madame Lorin, who had suffered some expressions of incredulity to escape her, fixed her eyes upon him interrogatively. At length, after a short pause to collect his thoughts, he began as follows:—

"Well, then, as our neighbour told you, M. Lorin died just at the time we were taking down the scaffolding from his new

house, and his affairs were in such disorder that everybody said, after the general windrag-up, the widow's whole fortune would consist of her night-cap. As to myself, I was not much alarmed, for the building was sufficient security for my debt; but it was necessary to adopt legal precautions, and to take possession, for fear of accidents. Madame Lorin did not oppose my claim; she only explained to me by what means she hoped to pay me everything. But, in order to accomplish this, it was necessary that I should leave her in possession of the house, and wait for a return of the prongs, I knew not how long, and perhaps at the risk of my own credit, for in business we can only be sure of what we actually hold in our hands. This was running too much risk without any fair prospect of advantage. In vain did the widow show me her baby asleep in its cradle, entreating me with tears in her eyes not to make her a beggar. I left her fully resolved to take advantage of my legal rights. If by this means the widow and orphan were ruined, I could not help it; they had, I felt, no right to complain of me, but of circumstances, to use that common but not very true saying, over which neither of us had any control. I had taken as my motto the words, 'It is justice;' and having once satisfied myself on this point, I went forward without troubling myself as to who or what I crushed under my feet.

"Besides, if the widow Lorin had a daughter, I had a son to bring up, and to whom I was the more attached, inasmuch as for six years I had been always expecting his death. His constitution is strong enough now; but at that time it trembled like a slight building with every puff of wind. Every one who looked at him seemed to say, 'Poor little thing!' and this commiserating attention went to my heart. The doctor who had attended him in his illness, said his lungs were delicate; he recommended that cold and damp should be avoided, and said that another attack of pleurisy would infallibly carry him off. So I took the same care of him as I should of a bird in a cage; he never went out but with me, and in fine weather I almost measured the sun and wind before I exposed him to their influence.

"Having made up my mind then, as I told you, to take possession of the widow's house in satisfaction of my debt, I was just

going to set out for Mulhausen with my papers, when the child ran after me and begged me to take him with me. There was not a single cloud in the sky, the birds were singing in the hedges, and the old monk, who served me for a barometer, had let fall his hood; there was every prospect of a fine day. I put the saddle on the donkey and seated on it the child, who was as pleased as a cuirassier. Everything went well till we reached the town. The lawyer took my papers, promised to make arrangements for putting me in possession, and said the house should be mine before six months were over. I went away overjoyed at this promise, and set out to return home with the little boy and the donkey.

"During the time we were with the lawyer, the weather had changed for the worse; the wind began to raise the dust in eddies along the road, and large clouds rose from behind the mountains. I hesitated a moment as to whether I should return on account of the child; but he was beginning to get tired, and asked to go home. I thought we should have time to get there before the storm came on, and walked faster accordingly. Unhappily, the donkey had settled her own pace, and she would not be diverted from it. In vain did I call her by her name and urge her on, she would not hasten her steps. Stephen offered her a cake by way of encouragement, which she ate to the last crumb, but went on nevertheless in the old jog-trot. I was the more provoked at the obstinacy of the animal because the clouds had now overspread the sky, and from them there descended a small cold rain, which the wind, that was still rising higher, blew in our faces. We were too far advanced, however, to return, and as the clouds broke now and then, showing the blue sky, I hoped it would soon clear up.

"Meanwhile, Stephen, overcome by the cold, began to shiver from head to foot; and the rain having penetrated his summer clothes, his cough returned—that cough which the doctor so much dreaded. I was now in despair. I cut a stick from the hedge, and struck the donkey furiously; she appeared indignant, and drew back; I repeated the blows, when she immediately lay down. At that moment the clouds seemed to burst all at once, and the rain came down in torrents. The shivering child could no longer speak; his teeth chattered, his cough increased, and he

moaned plaintively. I was quite bewildered. Not knowing what to do in this extremity, I raised the boy in my arms, pressed him to my breast, and ran forward almost blinded by the rain. I sought for shelter without knowing where to look for it, without indeed knowing where I was, when the sound of a horse's feet and of some one calling to me made me turn my head. I then noticed a carriage which had just stopped. A gentleman with white hair put his head out of the window.

"What has happened? where are you carrying that child?" asked he.

"Into the first house where he can receive assistance," answered I.

"Is he wounded?"

"No; but the cold has seized him; he is just recovered from illness, and this weather is enough to kill him."

"Let us see," quickly rejoined the stranger; "I am a doctor; bring the child here."

"He opened the door of the carriage, and received the child, streaming with wet, on his knees. On seeing the child's face, and hearing him cough, he could not forbear an exclamation of emotion. 'Quick, quick,' said he, turning to some ladies who were seated at his side; 'help me to take off these wet clothes; we will cover him with your pelisses. There is danger, and the warmth must be at once recalled to the extremities. Alfred, pass me the vial, which you will find in the pocket of the carriage close by you.'

"While he was thus speaking, he undressed Stephen, with the assistance of the ladies, and began to rub his body with the contents of the vial. When the child appeared warm, he wrapped him up in several garments which his companions took off, made a sign to the young man whom he called Alfred to descend quickly, and laid the sick child upon the cushions. He then turned to me, inquired whether we were far from my house, and after receiving my reply, he ordered the coachman to proceed gently.

"I thanked him, and followed close by the door of the carriage. In my anxiety I had quite forgotten my donkey, but the young man who had left the carriage now brought her to me. We continued thus until we arrived at Thaur. The rain continued to fall in torrents, but I thought no more of it. I could not take my eyes from the interior of the carriage in which the

child was lying. The gentleman with white hair, leaning over him, observed him with attention, and watched his slightest movements. After a time he made a sign to me that all was going on well. The respiration of the child became more free, and drops of perspiration appeared on his face. At last we reached home, when the stranger himself carried the little patient to the bed, which he had caused to be warmed, and in a few minutes he fell asleep. I endeavored to thank him, but he interrupted me.

"Don't think about it," said he; "but go and change your own clothes; perhaps also you will permit my son to do the same; here he is coming up-stairs."

"The young man immediately afterwards entered, carrying his portmanteau. I then recollected that he had come on foot with me, but in my anxiety I had not noticed it.

"O if the gentleman should be ill!" I exclaimed.

"How can that be?" said the old gentleman; "he is young and strong; with dry clothes and a little fire he will do very well."

"But why did he expose himself to the rain?"

"Was he not right in giving up his place?" replied the old man, with a smile of mingled archness and benignity; "would you have the man in good health let the sick child remain out in the rain?"

"The carriage belonged to you," I replied, much affected, "and if you had kept your son in it instead of mine, I could not have complained; it was but just."

"The doctor looked at me, and taking my hand, said with friendly gravity: 'You must not think so, sir. Be satisfied that there can be no justice where there is no humanity.'

"He did not permit me to reply, but sent me to change my clothes. I persuaded him to remain with his family an hour longer, and forced him to accept some refreshment; he then left, after having completely reassured me as to the child's safety. In fact, the sleep of the latter continued tranquil. It was evident that the attention so seasonably bestowed had arrested the disease in the beginning, and had saved his life.

"I do not know whether you have ever known a great anxiety followed by great

happiness. The one softens you, while the other makes you reflect: you seem pressed down by a sense of deep obligation to God, and long to do something whereby you may testify your gratitude for his great favors. Thus it was with me. I stood there, then, by the side of the child's bed, my heart full of agitation, thinking of this kind family, and of the beautiful maxim that *there is no justice where there is no humanity*, when all at once I recollected my premeditated treatment of the widow Lorin and her little girl. They also, in their affliction, required assistance, and instead of giving it to them I remained shut up in my rights, as the unknown physician might have remained in his carriage. The comparison touched my heart. It was an instant when emotion renders one impressible by holy thoughts and principles. I remembered the declarations of the great Teacher on this point, and felt a conviction that if I was without pity for the widow, God would not have compassion on my boy, and I should not be allowed to retain him. This idea took such powerful possession of my mind, that although the rain still continued to fall, I ran to the stable, mounted my horse, galloped to Mulhausen, and reached the house of the lawyer just as he was going to bed. When I told him that I was come to take back the papers, he thought me mad; but this did not deter me from my purpose. As soon as I had them under my arm, I felt pleased and tranquil. I returned to Thaum as fast as my horse could carry me, and found my darling boy still enjoying a calm and blessed slumber.

"You know the rest. Instead of being paid all at once, I allowed Madame Lorin ten years to pay me in; and now her business has so increased, and her daughter is so grown, that the old lawsuit is going to be turned into a wedding. Henceforth you will understand why, whenever you remind me of what I have done for you, I blush like a school-girl. Praise that is not deserved weighs heavily on the heart. But now that I have confessed, I shall no longer be ashamed; for you know that my good action does not belong to me. I owe it primarily to Him who is the author of every good thought and holy purpose, and instrumentally to that excellent man whom I never saw again, but whose disinterested kindness taught me to understand what true justice is, and who was thus my *unconscious preceptor*."

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A MOOSE-CHASE IN MAINE.

WHERE moose are plentiful, the Indians hunt them by pounding. This is done simply by inclosing a large tract of woods, with a funnel-shaped entrance leading into the inclosure. The wide mouth of the entrance embraces a path which the deer habitually take; upon this they are driven by the Indians deployed in a wide curve, when they enter the funnel, and after it the pound itself. Here there are nooses set, in which many are snared, while others are shot down by the hunters who follow. They are easily captured in summer, when they resort to the lakes and rivers to wade and swim. The biting of gnats and mosquitoes renders them less fearful of the approach of man. The Indians then attack them in their canoes, and either shoot or spear them while paddling alongside. They are much less dangerous to assail in this way than the elk or even the common deer, as the latter, when brought in contact with the frail birch-canoe, often kick up in such a manner as to upset it, or break a hole through its side. On the contrary, the moose is frequently caught by the antlers while swimming, and in this way carried alongside without either difficulty or danger.

Although in such situations these huge creatures are easily captured, it is far otherwise as a general rule. Indeed, few animals are more shy than the moose. Its sight is acute; so, too, with its sense of smell; but that organ in which it chiefly confides is the ear. It can hear the slightest noise to a great distance; and the hunter's foot among the dead leaves, or upon the frozen snow-crust, often betrays him long before he can creep within range. They are, however, frequently killed by the solitary hunter stealing upon them. To do this, it is absolutely necessary to keep to leeward of them, else the wind would carry to their quick ears even the cautious tread of the Indian hunter. There is one other method of hunting the moose often practiced by the Indians—that is, trailing them with *raquets*, or snow-shoes, and running them down. I have partaken of this sport—if sport it may be called—and will attempt a brief account of my first hunting-adventure of this kind.

In the winter of 18—, I had occasion to visit a friend who lived in the northern

part of the State of Maine. My friend was a backwood settler; dwelt in a comfortable log-house; raised corn, cattle, and hogs; and for the rest, amused himself occasionally with a hunt in the neighboring woods. This he could do without going far from home, as the great forests of pine, birch, and maple-trees on all sides surrounded his solitary clearing, and his nearest neighbor was about twenty miles off. Literally, my friend lived in the woods, and the sports of the chase were with him almost a necessity; at all events, they were an everyday occupation.

Up to the time of my visit, I had never seen a moose, except in museums. I had never been so far north upon the American continent; and it must be remembered, that the geographical range of the moose is confined altogether to the cold countries. It is only in the extreme northern parts of the United States that he appears at all. Canada, with the vast territories of the Hudson's Bay Company, even to the shores of the Arctic Sea, is the proper *habitat* of this animal. I was familiar with bears, both black and grizzly; cougars I had killed; buffalo I had thrown; elk, fallow-deer, and black-tails I had driven; 'coons and 'possums I had treed; in short, I had been on hunting terms with almost every "varmint" in America, except the moose. I was most eager, therefore, to have a shot at one of these creatures, and I well remember the delight I experienced when my friend informed me there were moose in the woods.

On the day after my arrival we set forth in search of them, each armed with a hunting-knife and a heavy deer-gun. We went afoot; we could not go otherwise, as the snow lay to the depth of a yard, and a horse would have plunged through it with difficulty. It was an old snow, moreover, thickly crusted, and would have maimed our horses in a few minutes. We, with our broad rackets, could easily skim along without sinking below the surface. I know not whether you have ever seen a pair of rackets, or Indian snow-shoes, but their description is easy. You have seen the rackets used in ball-play. Well, now fancy a hoop, not of circular form, but forced into an elongated pointed ellipse, very much after the shape of the impression that a capsized boat would make in snow; fancy this about three feet long, and a foot across at its widest, closely

netted over with gut or deer-thong, with bars in the middle to rest the foot upon, and a small hole to allow play to the toes, and you will have some idea of a snow-shoe. Two of these, right and left, make a pair. They are simply strapped on to your boots, and then their broad surface sustains you, even when the snow is comparatively soft, but perfectly when it is frozen.

Thus equipped, my friend and I set out *à pied*, followed by a couple of stout deer-hounds. We made directly for a part of the woods where it was known to my friend that the striped maple grew in great plenty, as the moose are particularly fond of these trees, and there we would be most likely to fall in with them.

After we had shuffled about two miles over the snow, my friend and I entered a tract of heavy timber, where the striped maple formed the underwood. It did not grow regularly, but in copses or small thickets. We had already started some small game, but declined following, as we were bent only on a moose-chase. We soon fell in with signs that indicated the propinquity of the animals we were in search of. In several of the thickets, the maples were stripped of their twigs and bark, but this had been done previous to the falling of the snow. As yet, there were no tracks; we were not long, however, before this welcome indication was met with. On crossing a glade where there was but little snow, the prints of a great split hoof were seen, which my friend at once pronounced to be those of the moose.

We followed this trail for some distance, until it led into deeper snow and a more retired part of the forest. Half a mile further on, they were joined by others; and the trail became a broken path through the deep snow, as if it had been made by farm-cattle following each other in single file. Four moose had passed, as my friend—skilled in woodcraft—confidently asserted, although I could not have told that from the appearance of the trail. He went still further, and stated that they were a bull, a cow, and two nine-months' calves. "You shall soon see," he said, perceiving that I was somewhat incredulous. "Look here!" he continued, bending down and pressing the broken snow with his fingers; "they are quite fresh—made within the hour. Speak low—the

cattle can't be far off. Yonder, as I live! yonder they are—hush!" My friend, as he spoke, pointed to a thicket about three hundred yards distant; I looked in that direction, but at first could perceive nothing more than the thickly-growing branches of the maples. After a moment, however, I could trace among the twigs the long dark outlines of a strange animal's back, with a huge pair of palmated horns rising above the underwood. It was the bull-moose—there was no mistaking him for any other creature; near him other forms—three of them—were visible: these were of smaller stature, and I could see that they were hornless. They were the cow and calves; and the herd was made up, as my friend had foretold, of these four individuals.

We had halted on the moment, each of us holding one of the dogs, and endeavoring to quiet them, as they already scented the game. We soon saw that it was of no use remaining where we were, as the herd was fully three hundred yards from us, far beyond the reach of even our heavy deer-guns. It would be of no use either to attempt stealing forward. There was no cover that would effectually conceal us, for the timber around was not large, and we could not, therefore, make shift with the tree-trunks. There was no other mode, then, but to let the dogs free of their leashes, and dash right forward. We knew we would not get a shot until after a run; but this would not be long, thought we, as the snow was in perfect order for our purpose. Our dogs were therefore unleashed, and went off with a simultaneous "howl," while my friend and I followed as fast as we could. The first note of the deer-hounds was a signal for the herd, and we could see their huge bodies crashing through the underwood, as they started away. They ran across some open ground, evidently with the intention of gaining the heavy timber beyond. On this ground there was but little snow; and as we came out through the thicket we had a full view of the noble game. The old bull was in the lead, followed by the others in a string. I observed that none of them galloped—a gait they rarely practice—but all went in a shambling trot, which, however, was a very fast one, equal to the speed of a horse. They carried their heads horizontally, with their muzzles directed forward, while the huge antlers of the bull leaned back upon

his shoulders as he ran. Another peculiarity that struck me—the divisions of their great split hoofs, as they lifted them from the ground, met with a cracking sound, like the bursting of percussion-caps; and the four together rattled as they ran, as though a string of crackers had been touched off. I have often heard a similar cracking with the hoofs of farm-cattle; but with so many hoofs together, keeping up the fire incessantly, it produced a very odd impression upon me. In a short time they were out of sight, but we could hear the baying of the dogs as the latter closed upon them, and we followed, guided by the trail they had made. We had skated along for nearly a mile, when the howl of the hounds began to sound through the woods with more abrupt and fiercer echoes. We knew by this that the moose had been brought to bay, and we hurried forward, eager to have a shot. On arriving at the place, we found that only the old bull had made a stand, and he was successfully engaged in keeping off the dogs, both with feet and horns. The others had gone forward, and were out of view. The bull, on seeing us approach, once more took the trot, and, followed by the dogs, was soon out of sight. On reaching the spot where he had made his temporary halt, we found that his trail there parted from that of the other three, as he had taken almost an opposite direction. Whether he had done so considerably, in order to lead the dogs away from his weaker companions, I know not; perhaps our sudden appearance had terrified him to a degree of confusion, and he had struck out without looking before him. We did not reflect on these points at the time. My friend, who probably was thinking more about the meat than the sport, without halting a moment, followed the trail of the cow and calves; while I, guided by different motives, took after the bull. I was in too great a hurry to heed some admonitions which were given by my friend as we parted company. As our trails separated, I heard him shouting to me to mind what I was about; but the courses we followed soon carried us beyond earshot or view of each other.

I followed the chase about half a mile further, guided by the tracks, as well as by the baying of the hounds. Again this assumed the fierce angry tone that denoted a battle going on between the dogs and the deer. As I neared the spot, the voices

of the former seemed to grow feebler; then there was a continued howling, as if the hounds were being roughly handled, and one of them I noticed was altogether silent. On arriving on the spot, which I did soon after, I learned the cause of this change of tune. One of the dogs met me running back on the trail on three legs only, and wofully mangled. The moose was standing in a snow-pit, which had been trodden out by the animals while battling, and near his feet lay the other dog, mutilated in a most fearful manner, and evidently quite dead. The bull, in his rage, still continued to assail the dead body of the hound, rising and pouncing down upon it with his fore-hoofs until the ribs cracked under the concussion. On seeing me, he again struck into the snow, and made off; I saw, however, that his limbs were much lacerated by the frozen crust, and that he ran slowly, leaving red tracks behind him. I did not stop by the dogs, one being dead, and the survivor but little better, but kept on after the game. We had now got into a tract where the snow lay of a more than usual depth, and my snow-shoes enabled me to skim along faster than the moose himself, who I could easily perceive was growing feebler at every plunge. I saw that I was gaining upon him, and would soon be alongside. The woods through which we were passing were pretty open, and I could note every movement of the chase. I had got within one hundred yards of him, and was thinking of firing at him as he ran, when all at once he came to a stop, and wheeling suddenly round, stood facing me. His huge antlers were thrown back until they touched his withers; his mane stood erect; all the hair upon his body seemed to bristle forward; and his whole attitude was one of rage and defiance: he was altogether as formidable-looking an enemy as it had ever been my lot to encounter.

My first thought, on getting near enough, was to raise my rifle and fire, which I did. I aimed for his chest, that was fair before me; but I shot wide, partly because my fingers were numbed with cold, and partly because the sun at the moment flashed in my eyes as I glanced along the barrel. I hit the moose, however, but in a part that was not mortal—in the shoulder. The shot enraged him, and without waiting for me to reload, he dashed madly forward, and toward me; a few plunges

brought him up, and I had no resource but to get behind a tree. Fortunately, there were some large pines in the neighborhood, and behind one of these I took shelter—not, however, before the enraged animal had almost impaled me upon his antlers. As I slipped behind the trunk, he was following me so close that his horns came in contact with the tree, causing it to vibrate by the terrific shock. He himself drew back a pace or two, and then stopped and stood fast, eyeing the tree with sullen rage; his eyes glared, and his long stiff hair seemed to quiver as he threatened. In the hope that he would allow me time, I again bethought me of reloading my gun. What was my chagrin to find that I had not a grain of powder about me! My friend and I had started with but one powder-flask, and that he had carried with him. My gun was as useless as a bar of iron. What was to be done? I dared not approach the bull with my knife: my life would not have been worth five minutes' purchase. His horns and great sharp hoofs were weapons superior to mine. He might throw me down at the first onset, gore me to death, or trample me in the snow. I dared not risk such an encounter. After reflecting for some time, I concluded that it would be wisest for me to leave the moose where he was, and take the back track without him. But how was I to get away from the spot? I was still behind the tree, and the enraged bull was within three feet of it on the other side, without showing any symptoms of retiring. Should I step either to one side or the other, he would launch himself upon me, and the result would be my certain destruction. I now began to perceive that I was in a fix—regularly treed, in fact; and the knowledge was anything but cheering. I did not know how long I might be kept so; perhaps the moose might not leave me at all, or until hunger had done its work. The wound I had given him had certainly rendered him desperate and vengeful, and he appeared as if determined to protract the siege indefinitely.

After remaining nearly an hour in this situation, I began to grow angry and impatient. I had shouted to frighten the bull, but to no purpose; I had shouted, and at the top of my voice, in hopes I might be heard by my friend; but there was no response except the echoes of my

own voice, borne hoarsely through the aisles of the winter forest. I grew impatient of my odd captivity, and determined to stand it no longer.

On stealing a glance behind me, I perceived a tree as large as the one which sheltered me. I resolved to make for that one, as it would at least not render my situation worse should I reach it in safety. This I effected, but not without having my speed put to the test, for the moose followed so close as almost to touch me with his brow-antlers. Once behind this new tree, I was no better off than before, except that it brought me some twenty paces nearer home. The moose still stood in front of me only a few feet distant, and threatening as fiercely as ever.

After waiting some minutes for my breath, I selected a third tree in the right direction, and made for it in a similar manner, the moose following as before. Another rest and another run brought me behind a fresh tree, and another and another, until I must have made a full mile through the woods, still followed by my implacable and untiring enemy. I knew, however, that I was going homeward, for I guided myself by the trail which we had made in the chase. I was in hopes that I might make the whole back-journey in this way, when all at once I perceived that the heavy timber came to an end, and a wide, almost open tract intersected the country: over this the trees were small stunted pines, far apart, and offering no hope of shelter from my relentless persecutor. I had no alternative now but to remain where I was, and await the arrival of my friend, who, I presumed, would come after me as soon as he had finished his own hunt. With this dubious hope, I kept my stand, although I was ready to drop with fatigue. To add to my misery, it commenced snowing. I saw this with feelings akin to terror, for I knew that the snow would soon blind the trail; and how, then, was my friend to follow it, and find me? The bull still stood before me in the same threatening attitude, occasionally snorting, striking the ground with his hoofs, and ready to spring after me whenever I should move. Ever as I changed the attitude of my body, he would start forward again, until I could almost touch him with the muzzle of my gun. These maneuvers on his part suggested to me an experiment, and I wondered that I had

not thought of it before. I was not long in resolving to carry it out. I was armed with a stout hunting-knife, of that sort known as a bowie; it was pointed as sharp as a needle; and could I only have ventured near enough to the bull, I would soon have settled the dispute with him. The idea now occurred to me of converting my bowie into a lance by splicing it upon the barrel of my gun. With this I had hopes of being able to reach my powerful assailant without coming within the range either of his hoofs or horns. The lance was soon made, a pair of buckskin garters which I wore furnishing me with thongs. My gun happened to be a long rifle; and the knife, spliced firmly to the muzzle, rendered it a formidable weapon, so that in a few minutes I stood in a better attitude than I had assumed for hours before. The affair soon came to an issue. As I had anticipated, by showing myself a little to one side of the tree, the bull sprang forward, and I was enabled, by a dexterous thrust, to plant the knife between his ribs. It entered his heart, and the next moment I saw him rolling over in the struggles of death.

I had scarcely completed my victory, when a loud whoop sounded in my ears, and looking up, I saw my friend making toward me across the open ground; he had completed his chase, having killed all three, cut them up, and hung their meat upon the trees, to be sent for on our return to the house. By his aid the bull was disposed of in a similar manner; and being now satisfied with our day's sport—though my friend very much regretted the loss of his fine dog—we commenced shuffling homeward.

THE SCULPTOR AND THE CLERGYMAN.—At the time when Bacon, the celebrated sculptor, was putting up the monument of Lord Chatham, a minister, to whom he was an utter stranger, was walking through the Abbey, and, coming up unseen, tapped Mr. B. on the shoulder, saying, "Take care what you are about—you work for eternity," (alluding to the story of Zeuxis.) It happened the next morning that Mr. B. heard this gentleman deliver a discourse from the pulpit, and, watching him in his passage to the vestry, he came behind him, and tapping him in a similar manner, said, "Take care what *you* are about—you work for eternity."

THE PARTNER; OR, RECOLLECTIONS OF A POLICE-OFFICER.

I HAD virtually, though not formally left the force, when a young man, of gentlemanly but somewhat dissipated aspect, and looking very pale and agitated, called upon me with a note from one of the commissioners, enjoining me to assist the bearer, Mr. Edmund Webster, to the utmost of my ability, if, upon examination, I saw reason to place reliance upon his statement relative to the painful circumstances in which he was involved.

"Mr. Edmund Webster," I exclaimed, after glancing at the note. "You are the person, then, accused of robbing Mr. Hutton, the corn-merchant, (the reader will, of course, understand that I make use of fictitious names,) and whom that gentleman refuses to prosecute?"

"The same, Mr. Waters. But although the disgraceful charge, so far as regards legal pursuit, appears to be withdrawn, or rather is not pressed, I and my family shall not be the less shamed and ruined thereby, unless my perfect innocence can be made manifest before the world. It is with that view we have been advised to seek your assistance; and my father desires me to say, that he will hesitate at no expense necessary for the thorough prosecution of the inquiry."

"Very well, Mr. Webster. The intimation of the commissioner is, however, of itself all-potent with me, although I hoped to be concerned in no more such investigations. Have the goodness, therefore, to sit down, and favor me minutely and distinctly with your version of the affair, omitting, if you please, no circumstance, however apparently trivial, in connection with it. I may tell you," I added, opening the note-book from which I am now transcribing, and placing it before me in readiness to begin—"I may tell you, by way of some slight encouragement, that the defense you volunteered at the police-office was, in my opinion, too improbable to be an invention; and I, as you know, have had large experience in such matters. That also, I suspect, is Mr. Hutton's opinion; and hence not only his refusal to prosecute, but the expense and trouble he has been at, to my knowledge, in preventing either his own or your name from appearing in the papers. Now, sir, if you please."

"I shall relate every circumstance, Mr. Waters, as clearly and truthfully as possible, for my own sake, in order that you may not be working in the dark; and first, I must beg your attention to one or two family matters, essential to a thorough appreciation of the position in which I am placed."

"Go on, sir; it is my duty to hear all you have to say."

"My father," proceeded Mr. Edmund Webster, "who, as you are aware, resides in the Regent's Park, retired about five years ago from the business in Mark Lane, which has since been carried on by the former junior partner, Mr. Hutton. Till within the last six months, I believed myself destined for the army, the purchase-money of a cornetcy having been lodged at the Horse Guards a few days after I came of age. Suddenly, however, my father changed his mind, insisted that I should become a partner of Hutton's in the corn-trade, and forthwith withdrew the money lodged for the commission. I am not even yet cognizant of all his motives for this seeming caprice; but those he alleged were, first, my spendthrift, idle habits—an imputation for which, I confess, there was too much foundation; though as to whether the discipline of the counting-house would, as he believed, effect a beneficial change, there might be two opinions. Another, and, I have no doubt, much more powerfully inducing motive with him was, that I had formed an attachment for Miss Ellen Bramston, the second daughter of Captain Bramston, of the East India Company's service, residing at Hampstead upon his half-pay. My father strongly disapproved of the proposed alliance: like most of the successful city men I have known or heard of, he more heartily despises poverty with a laced coat on its back than in rags; and he knew no more effectual plan could be hit upon for frustrating my wishes, than by transforming my expected cornetcy into a partnership in the corn-trade, my imaginary sword into an actual goose-quill; Captain Bramston, who is distantly related to an earl, being even prouder than he is poor, and a man that would rather see his daughter in her coffin than married to a trader. 'It was condescension enough,' he angrily remarked, 'that he had permitted Ellen Bramston to encourage the addresses of the son of a city parvenu, but it was utterly prepos-

terous to suppose she could wed an actual corn-chandler."

"Corn-chandler!"

"That was Captain Bramston's pleasant phrase, when I informed him of my father's sudden change of purpose. The proposed partnership was as distasteful to myself as to Captain Bramston; but my father proved inexorable—fiercely so. I may say—to my entreaties, and those of my sisters; and I was placed in the dilemma, either of immediate banishment from home, and probable forfeiture of my inheritance, or the loss of Ellen Bramston, to whom, with all my follies, I was and am devotedly attached. After much anxious cogitation, I hit upon a scheme, requiring for a time the exercise of a considerable amount of deceit and dissimulation, which would, I flattered myself, ultimately reconcile interest with inclination: give me Ellen, and not lose my father."

"To which deceit and dissimulation you are doubtless indebted for your present unfortunate position."

"You have rightly anticipated. But to proceed. Mr. Hutton himself, I must tell you, was strongly adverse to receiving me as a partner, though for some reason or other he durst not openly oppose the project; his son, John Hutton, also bitterly objected to it—"

"His son, John Hutton! I know the character of Hutton senior pretty well; pray what is that of his son?"

"Well, like myself, he is rather fast perhaps, but not the less a good sort of young fellow enough. He sailed the week before last for Riga, on business."

"Before you were apprehended?"

"On the morning of the same day. Let me see, where was I? O—Mr. Hutton's aversion to the partnership, the knowledge of which suggested my plan of operation. I induced him to represent to my father that I should pass at least two or three months in the counting-house, before the matter was irreversibly concluded, for his, Mr. Hutton's sake, in order that it might be ascertained if there was any possibility of taming me into habits of method and application; and I hypocritically enforced his argument—you see I am perfectly candid—by promising ultimate dutiful submission to my father's wishes, provided the final decision were thus respited. The main object I thought to obtain by this

apparent compliance was the effectual loosening, before many weeks had passed, of the old gentleman's purse-strings, which had of late been overtightly drawn. I had several pressing debts of honor, as they are called—debts of dishonor would, according to my experience, be the apter phrase—which it was absolutely necessary to discharge; and the success, moreover, of my matrimonial project entirely depended upon my ability to secure a very considerable sum of money."

"Your matrimonial project?"

"Yes: it was at last arranged, not without much reluctance on the part of Ellen, but I have good reason for believing with the covert approbation of Captain Bramston, that we should effect a stolen marriage, immediately set off for the continent, and remain there till the parental storm, which on my father's part would I knew be tremendous, had blown over. I did not feel much disquieted as to the final result. I was an only son; my sisters would be indefatigable intercessors; and we all, consequently, were pretty confident that a general reconciliation, such as usually accompanies the ringing down of the green curtain at the wind-up of a stage-comedy, would, after no great interval of time, take place. Money, however, was indispensable—money for the wedding expenses, the flight to France, and living there for a considerable time perhaps; and no likelier mode of obtaining it occurred to me than that of cajoling my father into good-humor, by affecting to acquiesce in his wishes. And here I may remark, in passing, that had I been capable of the infamous deed I am accused of, abundant opportunities of plundering Mr. Hutton presented themselves from the first hour I entered his counting-house. Over and over again has he left me alone in his private room, with the keys in the lock of his iron safe, where large sums were frequently deposited, not in bank-notes only, but untraceable gold."

"That looks like a singular want of caution in so precise a man as Mr. Hutton," I remarked, half under my breath.

"Nothing of the sort," rejoined Mr. Edmund Webster, with some heat, and his pallid face brightly flushing. "It only shows that, with all my faults and follies, it was impossible for any one that knew me to imagine I could be capable of perpetrating a felony."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Webster; I meant nothing offensive to you: the remark was merely the partly involuntary expression of a thought which suddenly glanced across my mind."

"I have little more of preliminary detail to relate," he went on to say. "Contrary to our hope and expectation, my father became not a whit more liberal with his purse than before—the reverse rather; and I soon found that he intended to keep the screw on till the accomplishment of the hated partnership placed an insuperable bar between me and Ellen Bramston. I used to converse frequently upon these matters with Mr. Hutton, as unreservedly as I do now with you; and I must say that, although extremely anxious to avoid any appearance of opposition to my father, he always expressed the warmest sympathy with my aims and wishes; so much so, in fact, that I at last ventured to ask him for the loan of about five hundred pounds, that being the least sum which would enable me to pay off the most pressing of the claims by which I was harassed, and carry out my wedding project. That favor, however, he flatly refused, under the plea that his having done so would sooner or later come to my father's knowledge."

"And did Mr. Hutton, after that refusal, continue to afford you opportunities of helping yourself, had you been so minded?"

"Yes; unquestionably he did: but what of that?" sharply replied the young man, his pale face again suffused with an angry flush.

"Nothing, sir; nothing. Go on: I am all attention."

"Well, I made application to several money-lenders with the like ill success, till last Monday fortnight, when I was accosted at Mr. Hutton's place of business in the Corn-market, where I happened to be for a few minutes alone, by a respectable-looking middle-aged man, who asked me if I was the Mr. Edmund Webster who had left a note at Mr. Curtis's, of Bishops-gate-street, on the previous Saturday, requesting the loan of five hundred pounds, upon my own acceptance at six months' date. I eagerly replied in the affirmative; upon which Mr. Brown, as the man called himself, asked if I had the promissory-note for five hundred and fifty pounds, as I had proposed, ready drawn; as, if so,

he would give me the cash at once. I answered, in a flurry of joyous excitement, that I had not the note drawn nor a stamp with me, but if he would wait a few minutes till Mr. Hutton or a clerk came in, I would get one and write the acceptance immediately. He hesitated for a moment, and then said: 'I am in a hurry this morning, but I will wait for you in the coffee-room of the Bay-tree Tavern: have the kindness to be as quick as you can, and draw the note in favor of Mr. Brown.' He had not been gone above three or four minutes when a clerk came in. I instantly hurried to a stationer's, wrote the note in his shop, and speeded on with it to the Bay-tree Tavern. The coffee-room was full, except the box where sat Mr. Brown, who, after glancing at the acceptance, and putting it quickly up, placed a roll of notes in my hand. 'Do not display your money,' he said, 'before all these people. You can count the notes under the table.' I did so: they were quite correct—ten fifties; and I forthwith ordered a bottle of wine. Mr. Brown, however, alleging business as an excuse, did not wait till it was brought—bade me good-day, and disappeared, taking, in his hurry, my hat instead of his own.

"I was, you will readily believe, exceedingly jubilant at this lucky turn of affairs; and, strange as it must appear to you, and does now to myself, it did not strike me at the time as at all extraordinary or unbusiness-like, that I should have five hundred pounds suddenly placed in my hands by a man to whom I was personally unknown, and who could not, therefore, be certain that I was the Edmund Webster he professed to be in search of. What with the effect of the wine I drank, and natural exultation, I was, I well remember, in a state of great excitement when I left the tavern, and hardly seemed to feel my feet as I hurried away to Mark Lane, to inform Mr. Hutton of my good-luck, and bid his counting-house and the corn-trade a final farewell. He was not at home, and I went in and seated myself in his private room to await his return. I have no doubt that, as the clerk has since deposed, I *did* look flustered, agitated; and it is quite true also, that after vainly waiting for upward of an hour, I suddenly left the place, and, as it happened, unnoticed by anybody. Immediately upon leaving Mark Lane, I hasten-

ed to Hampstead, saw Miss Bramston ; and as everything, with the exception of the money, had been for some time in readiness, it was soon decided that we should take wing at dawn, on the following morning, for Scotland, and thence pass over to France. I next betook myself to Regent's Park, where I dined, and confided everything to my sisters except as to *how* I had obtained the necessary funds. At about eight o'clock in the evening I took a cab as far as the Haymarket for the purpose of hiring a post-chaise-and-four, and of paying a few debts of honor in that neighborhood. I was personally unknown to the postmaster ; it was therefore necessary to prepay the chaise as far as St. Alban's, and I presented him with one of the fifty-pound notes for that purpose. He did not appear surprised at the largeness of the sum, but requested me to place my name and address at the back of the note before he changed it. In my absurd anxiety to prevent the possibility of our flight being traced, I indorsed the note as 'Charles Hart, Great Wimpole-street,' and the man left the yard.

"He was gone a considerable time, and I was getting exceedingly impatient, when, to my surprise and consternation, he re-entered the yard accompanied by a police-officer. 'You are the gentleman from whom Mr. Evans received this fifty-pound note a few minutes ago—are you not ?' 'Yes, to be sure,' I answered, stammering and coloring, why I scarcely knew. 'Then step this way, if you please,' said the man. 'That note, with nine others of the same value, is advertised in the evening papers as having been stolen from a gentleman's counting-house in Mark-lane.' I thought I should have fainted ; and when a paragraph in the *Globe* was pointed out to me, offering a reward, on the part of Mr. Hutton, for the apprehension of the person or persons who had that day stolen ten fifty-pound Bank-of-England notes—the dates and numbers of which were given—from his office, I was so completely stunned, that but for the police-officer I should have dropped upon the floor. 'This perhaps may be cleared up,' said the officer, 'so far as you, Mr. Hart, are concerned ; and I will, if you like, go with you at once to your address in Great Wimpole-street.' It was of course necessary to acknowledge that my name was not Hart, and that I had given a false address. This was

enough. I was at once secured and taken off to the station-house, searched, and the other nine notes being found upon me, no doubt was entertained of my guilt. I obstinately declined giving my real name—very foolishly so, as I now perceive, since Mr. Hutton's clerk, the moment he saw me the next day at the police-court, disclosed it as a matter of course. The result you know. Mr. Hutton, when he heard *who* it was that had been taken into custody, kept resolutely out of the way ; and, after several remands, I was set at liberty, the magistrate remarking that he knew of no case which showed, in a more striking light, the need of a public prosecutor in this country. My account of the way in which I became possessed of the notes was, as you know, scouted, and quite naturally ; Mr. Curtis, of Bishopsgate street, having denied all knowledge of Mr. Brown, or that he had commissioned any one to present me with five hundred pounds in exchange for my acceptance. Thus stigmatized and disgraced, I returned home to find my father struck down, in what was at first thought would prove mortal illness, by the blow—Captain Bramston's door shut against me—and the settled marriage of my eldest sister, Jane, with an amiable young man, peremptorily broken off by his relatives on account of the assumed criminality of her brother."

"This is indeed a sad, mysterious business, Mr. Webster," I remarked, when the young man had ceased speaking ; "but pray tell me, Did either Mr. Hutton or his son know of your application to Mr. Curtis ?"

"I cannot say that either of them did, though it is more than probable that I mentioned it to both of them."

"Well, Mr. Webster, I have confidence in your veracity ; but it is essential that I should see your father before engaging in this business."

"He is anxious you should do so, and as early as possible."

It was then arranged that I should call on Webster senior at three o'clock the same afternoon, and announce myself to the servants as Mr. Thompson. I was punctual to the time appointed, and was forthwith ushered by one of the daughters into their father's presence. He was not yet sufficiently recovered to leave his bed ; and I had hardly exchanged half-a-dozen sentences with him, when the same young

lady by whom I had been introduced hastily returned to say Mr. Hutton was below, and requested an immediate interview. Mr. Webster bade his daughter tell Mr. Hutton he was engaged, and could not be interrupted; and she was turning away to do so, when I said hastily: "Excuse me, Mr. Webster, but I should exceedingly like to hear, with my own ears, what Mr. Hutton has to say, unobserved by him."

"You may do so with all my heart," he replied; "but how shall we manage to conceal you?"

"Easily enough under the bed;" and suiting the action to the word, I was in a moment out of sight. Miss Webster was then told to ask Mr. Hutton to walk up, and in a few minutes that worthy gentleman entered the room. After a few hypocritical condolences upon the invalid's state of health, Mr. Hutton came to the point at once, and with a vengeance.

"I am come, Mr. Webster," he began, in a determined tone, "to say that I will endure this shilly-shallying no longer. Either you give up the bonds you hold of mine, for borrowed moneys——"

"Eleven thousand pounds and upward!" groaned the sick man.

"About that sum, I am aware, including interest; in discharge of which load of debt I was, you know, to have given a third share of my business to your admirable son. Well, agree at once to cancel those bonds, or I forthwith prosecute your son, who will as certainly be convicted, and transported for life."

"I tell you again," retorted the excited invalid, "that I will not purchase mere forbearance to prosecute at the cost of a single shilling. The accusation would always be hanging over his head, and we should remain forever disgraced, as we are now, in the eyes of the world."

"I have turned that over in my mind," replied Hutton, "and I think I can meet your wishes. Undertake to cancel the debt I owe you, and I will wait publicly to-morrow upon the magistrate with a letter in my hand purporting to be from my son, and stating that it was he who took the notes from my desk, and employed a man of the name of Brown to exchange them for your son's acceptance, he being anxious that Mr. Edmund Webster should not become his father's partner; a purpose that would necessarily be frustrated if he,

Edmund Webster, was enabled to marry and leave this country."

There was no answer to this audacious proposal for a minute or two, and then Mr. Webster said slowly: "That my son is innocent, I am thoroughly convinced——"

"Innocent!" exclaimed Mr. Hutton with savage derision. "Have you taken leave of your senses?"

"Still," continued the invalid, unmindful of the interruption, "it might be impossible to prove him so, and your proposition has a certain plausibility about it. I must, however, have time to consider of it."

"Certainly; let us say till this day week. You cannot choose but comply; for if you do not, as certainly as I stand here a living man, your son shall, immediately after the expiration of that time, be on the high-road to the hulks." Having said this, Mr. Hutton went away, and I emerged from my very undignified lurking-place.

"I begin to see a little clearer through this black affair," I said in reply to the old gentleman's questioning look; "and I trust we may yet be able to turn the tables upon the very confident gentleman who has just left us. Now, if you please," I added, addressing Miss Webster, who had again returned, "I shall be glad of a few moments' conversation with your brother." She led the way down stairs, and I found Mr. Edmund Webster in the dining-room. "Have the kindness," I said, "to let me see the hat Mr. Brown left behind at the tavern in exchange for yours." The young man seemed surprised at the apparent oddness of the request, but immediately complied with it. "And pray, what maker or seller's name was pasted inside the crown of your hat, Mr. Webster?"

"Lewis, of Bond-street" he replied: "I always purchase my hats there."

"Very good. And now as to Mr. Brown's personal appearance. What is he at all like?"

"A stoutish middle-aged man, with very light hair, prominent nose, and a pale face, considerably pock-marked."

"That will do for the present, Mr. Webster; and let me beg, that till you see me again, not a soul receives a hint that we are moving in this business."

I then left the house. The hat had furnished an important piece of informa-

tion, the printed label inside being, "Perkins, Guildford, Surrey;" and at the Rose and Crown Inn, Guildford, Surrey, I alighted the very next day at about two o'clock, in the strong hope of meeting in its steep streets or adjacent lanes with a stoutish gentleman, distinguished by very light hair, a long nose, and a white, pock-marked face. The chance was, at all events, worth a trial; and I very diligently set to work to realize it, by walking about from dawn till dark, peering at every head I passed, and spending the evenings in the most frequented parlors of the town. Many a bootless chase I was led by a distant glimpse of light or red hair; and one fellow with a sandy poll, and a pair of the longest legs I ever saw, kept me almost at a run for two mortal hours one sultry hot morning, on the road to Chertsey, before I headed him, and confronted a pair of fat cheeks, as round and red as an apple, between which lay, scarcely visible, a short snub-nose. Patience and perseverance at length, however, met with their reward. I recognized my man as he was cheapening a joint of meat in the marketplace. He answered precisely to the description given me, and wore, moreover, a fashionable hat, strongly suggestive of Bond-street. After a while he parted from his wife, and made toward a public-house, into the parlor of which I entered close after him. I had now leisure to observe him more closely. He appeared to be a respectable sort of man, but a care-worn expression flitted at times over his face, which to me, an adept in such signs, indicated with sufficient plainness much anxiety of mind, arising, probably, from pecuniary embarrassment, not, I judged, from a burdened conscience. I presently obtained further and decisive proof, though that was scarcely needed, that Mr. Skinner, as the waiter called him, was my Mr. Brown: in rising to leave the room, I took his hat, which he had hung up, in apparent mistake for my own, and in the half-minute that elapsed before I replaced it, saw, plainly enough, "Lewis, Bond-street, London," on the inside label. The only question now was, how to best avail myself of the lucky turning up of Mr. Brown; and while I was meditating several modes of action, the sight of a board, upon which was painted, "This Ground to be let in Building Leases: Apply to Mr. Skinner, Builder," at once decided me. I called

upon Mr. Skinner, who lived about half a mile out of Guildford, the next morning, inquired as to the conditions of the said leases, walked with him over the ground in question, calculated together how much a handsome country-house would cost, and finally adjourned to the Rose and Crown to discuss the matter further over a bottle of wine. Skinner was as free a soul, I found, as ever liquor betrayed into indiscretion; and I soon heard that he had lately been to London, and had a rich brother-in-law there of the name of Hutton, with other less interesting particulars. This charming confidence, he seemed to think, required a return in kind, and after he had essayed half-a-dozen indirect questions, I came frankly out with: "There's no occasion to beat about the bush, Mr. Skinner: you wish to know who I am, and especially if I am able to pay for the fine house we have been talking of. Well, then, I am a money-dealer; I lend cash, sometimes, on security."

"A pawnbroker?" queried Mr. Skinner, doubtfully.

"Not exactly that: I oftener take persons in pledge, than goods. What I mean by money-dealer, is a man who discounts the signatures of fast men with good expectations, who don't mind paying handsomely in the end for present accommodation."

"I understand: a bill-discounter?"

"Precisely. But come, drink, and pass the decanter."

A gleam that shot out of the man's gray eyes strengthened a hope I had hardly dared entertain, that I was on the eve of a great success; but the trout, it was clear, required to be cautiously played. Mr. Skinner presently fell into a brown study which I did not interrupt, contenting myself with refilling his glass as fast as he mechanically emptied it. "A bill-discounter," said he at last, putting down his pipe, and turning toward me with a settled purpose in his look. "Is amount and length of time to run of any consequence?"

"None whatever, if the parties are safe."

"Cash down on the nail?"

"Cash down on the nail, *minus*, of course, the interest."

"Of course. Well, then, Mr. Thompson, I have a promissory-note signed by a Mr. Edmund Webster, of London, for five

hundred and fifty pounds, at six months' date, which I should like to discount."

"Webster, of the Minorities?"

"No; his father is a retired corn-merchant, residing in the Regent's Park. The bill's as safe as a Bank-of-England note."

"I know the party. But why does n't the rich brother-in-law you spoke of cash it for you?"

"Well," replied Skinner, "no doubt he would; but the fact is, there is a dispute between us about this very note. I owe him a goodish bit of money; and if he got it into his hands, he'd of course be for deducting the amount; and I've been obliged to put him off by pretending it was accidentally burned soon after I obtained it."

"A queer story, my friend; but if the signature's genuine, I don't mind that, and you shall have the cash at once."

"Here it is, then," said Skinner, unclasping a stout leather pocket-book. "I don't mind throwing back the odd fifty pounds."

I eagerly grasped the precious document, glanced at it, saw it was all right, placed it in my pocket, and then suddenly changing my tone, and rising from the table, said: "Now then, Skinner, *alias* Brown, I have to inform you that I am a detective police-officer, and that you are my prisoner."

"Police! prisoner!" shouted the astounded man, as he leaped to his feet; "what are you talking of?"

"I will tell you. Your brother-in-law employed you to discount the note now in my possession. You did so, pretending to be a Mr. Brown, the agent of a Mr. Curtis; but the villainous sequel of the transaction—the charging young Mr. Webster with having stolen the very fifty-pound notes you gave him in the coffee-room of the Bay-tree Tavern—I do not believe, thanks to Master Hutton's success in suppressing the names in the police reports, you can be aware of."

The bewildered man shook as with ague in every limb, and when I ceased speaking, protested earnestly that he had had no evil design in complying with his brother-in-law's wishes.

"I am willing to think so," I replied; "but, at all events, you must go with me to London—quietly were best."

To this he at last, though very reluct-

antly, consented; and half an hour afterward we were in the train, and on our road to London.

The next morning, Mr. Webster's solicitors applied to Mr. Hutton for the immediate liquidation of the bonds held by their client. This, as we had calculated, rendered him furious; and Edmund Webster was again arrested on the former charge, and taken to the Marlborough street Police-office, where his father, Captain Bramston, and other friends, impatiently awaited his appearance. Mr. Hutton this time appeared as prosecutor, and deposed to the safe custody of the notes on the morning of the robbery.

"And you swear," said Mr. Webster's solicitor, "that you did not with your own hands give the pretendedly stolen notes to Brown, and request him to take them in Mr. Curtis's name to young Mr. Webster?"

Hutton, greatly startled, glanced keenly in the questioner's face, and did not immediately answer. "No, I did not," he at last replied in a low, shaking voice.

"Let me refresh your memory. Did you not say to Brown, or rather Skinner, your brother-in-law——"

A slight scream escaped the quivering lips of the detected conspirator, and a blaze of frenzied anguish and alarm swept over his countenance, leaving it as white as marble. No further answer could be obtained from him; and as soon as possible he left the office, followed by the groans and hisses of the excited auditory. Skinner was then brought forward; he made a full and ample confession, and Edmund Webster was at once discharged, amid the warm felicitations of the magistrate and the uproarious gratulations of his friends. It was intended to indict Mr. Hutton for perjury; but the unhappy man chose to appear before a higher tribunal than that of the Old Bailey. He was found dead in his bedroom early the next morning. His affairs were found to be in a state of insolvency, though the deficit was not large; fifteen shillings in the pound having been, I understood, ultimately paid to the creditors. Miss Ellen Bramston, I must not in conclusion omit to state, became Mrs. Edmund Webster shortly after the triumphant vindication of her lover's character; and, I believe, Miss Webster was made a wife on the same day.

JOHN HOWARD.

JOHN HOWARD, the father of our hero, kept a shop in London for the sale of upholsterer's goods; and when, by diligently following that line of business, he had obtained enough to enjoy his "*otium cum dignitate*," he first retired to Enfield, and then removed to Clapton. About 1790, the Clapton residence was described as a venerable mansion, but much decayed, and lately disfigured. Very soon after it was pulled down. There, in 1739, Mr. Howard must have been living in good circumstances, as in that year he paid the fine for not serving as sheriff of London. He had then a son, about thirteen years old, who was probably born in the Clapton house; though considerable obscurity rests on the scene as well as the exact date of his birth. This son was *the* John Howard on whose name, by universal acclamation, the title of philanthropist has been bestowed—a title far surpassing any which heralds can record or sovereigns confer. We fancy we see him in his father's garden—a lad not tall of his age, yet thin and spare, and rather fragile in his make and appearance, with large nose, and eyes sparkling with benevolence, and compressed lips, which show that he carries with him a will too strong to be easily broken. Hair cut short in front and curled behind, and costume somewhat like a full court-dress in miniature, complete the portrait. Young Howard went to school for seven years with Mr. Worsley, a good Greek scholar at Hertford; and was then removed to the care of Mr. Eames, who was tutor in a seminary conducted in Tenter-Alley, Moorfields, for the education of both dissenting ministers and laymen. Mr. Eames was of rare attainments, a friend of Sir Isaac Newton, and pronounced by Dr. Watts to be the most learned man he ever knew. But Howard, with these advantages, never turned out a scholar. Strange to say, he not only knew very little of Latin, and less Greek, but he could never write his own language with propriety and correctness. But among his school associations there occurs one of those instances of generosity with which his history abounds. Mr. Densham was assistant to Mr. Eames, and won the respect and gratitude of Howard. The latter, just before setting out on his last and

fatal journey, gave his old tutor an unlimited order to draw on his banker for whatever sum he might stand in need of; but the delicate conscientiousness of the poor scholar was as great as the benevolence of his rich friend, for though at the time having only twelve or thirteen pounds a-year, he diminished his little capital rather than accept the discretionary privilege.

Howard's father did what few men in his circumstances are wont to do. Though he could leave his son a fortune, he determined to bring him up to trade, and therefore bound him apprentice to Messrs. Newham & Shipley, wholesale grocers in Watling-street. For that old thoroughfare with a Roman name, we must confess some considerable *penchant*. Memories of the time when the great masters of the world had their provinces in Britain, and Roman manners and Roman hearts covered the banks of the Thames, all about that neighborhood, come thick and fast before the mind's eye, as we sometimes thread that alley-like avenue to London Bridge, in preference to the broader and more crowded highway of Cheapside. Milton's shade, of course, meets us at the corner of Milk-street, and we like to think also of the grocer's apprentice, grown somewhat since we described him at Clapton; who amid hogsheads of sugar and chests of tea, was acquiring habits of application to business of no little use to him in after life. Meditating on this early portion of Howard's history, our thoughts take the shape so well defined by his last biographer:—

"No man can foresee even for an hour the turns of fortune. It is the part of wisdom to be armed and prepared for whatever may befall. Knowledge of a profession is no burden. A gentleman is not the less a gentleman because he is conversant with law, with trade, with medicine; nay, he is then more a gentleman than he otherwise could be, for he is more completely independent. He alone is perfect master of his actions who has a personal means of living—some art or craft, knowledge or skill, of which chance and change cannot divest him; wanting this, his present interest or his fears for the future must often modify his hopes and warp his conscience."

It would seem, however, as if Howard, who had been well schooled in filial obedience, only *submitted* to the drudgery of the grocer's warehouse, without any liking for scales and ledgers, inasmuch as we find that almost immediately upon his

father's death he procured the surrender of his indentures. His apprenticeship obligations were early canceled upon the payment of a sum of money; but the youth, freed from the yoke of servitude, was by no means disposed to riot in his new-found liberty, but with a steadiness and care such as belong to the ripest years of human life, he attended to the preservation, improvement, and proper use of the patrimony he inherited. He personally superintended the repairs of the Clapton House; and as we walk through the main street of that now populous suburb, we think of Howard's visit to the paternal abode, and his recollections amid the scenes of his boyhood, and call to mind how daily he might be seen by a buttress of the garden wall, at the hour when the baker was passing with his cart, buying a loaf of the man, and flinging it over the wall, and then, with a laugh, saying to his father's gardener, the playmate probably of his own earlier days, "Harry, see if there is not something for you there among the cabbages." The frolicsomeness of Howard in his youth bore the stamp of true kindness of disposition, and that punctuality in engagements which marked the entire history of Howard in his manhood.

But he did not live in the Clapton House—that was let. His own place of abode was Stoke Newington. He had lodgings there, where he studied and improved his mind. The delicate state of his health required more attentive nursing than he found in the house where he first lodged, so he removed to apartments under the roof of Mrs. Sarah Lowne, a widow of a little property, residing in Church-street, who devoted her time to the care and comfort of the young invalid. He had some rather strange notions, and when they shaped themselves into the form of duty, they always rested upon a very firm substratum of conscientiousness. Though he was only twenty-five, he considered that he could justly repay the lady for her kindness, though she was fifty-two, by nothing less than the offer of his hand in marriage, with the resolution of promoting the happiness of her life who had saved his. The eccentric proposal was at first refused; but being strongly urged, was at length accepted, and Howard amply redeemed his vow. He always expressed himself as having been happy in his choice,

though his domestic enjoyment was of a different character from that which he afterward so richly reaped during the ten years of wedded companionship he spent with his second wife—his beloved Henrietta. The first Mrs. Howard died in 1755, between two and three years after her marriage, and lies buried in St. Mary's, Whitechapel. Howard felt lonely when this tie was dissolved, and broke up house-keeping, giving away his furniture to the poor of the village. The old gardener we have mentioned received for his share a bedstead and bedding, a table and half a dozen chairs, together with a new scythe—a dividend of the philanthropist's relics which, at a subsequent period, when the donor's fame had spread far and wide, became mightily enhanced in value. We have no means of ascertaining the house where Howard lived at Stoke Newington, but we know where he worshiped. We have a vivid recollection of the old Independent Chapel there, as it appeared about twenty years ago, then much in the same state it had been in from the beginning. The small pulpit, surmounted with a huge sounding-board, and the tall-backed pews and heavy galleries, spoke of other days, constituting an appropriate background for the figure of young Mr. Howard in earnest prayer, or reverently listening to his pastor, the Rev. Micajah Townsend. The man of whom we write, it should be remembered, was eminent for his spiritual piety, no less than his active benevolence. He breathed through his letters and journals a devotional fervor which, while they rebuke the languid religious sentiments of frigid professors of Christianity, are calculated to excite a sympathetic ardor in the hearts of all who have any spiritual sensibility. The motto on his monument in Cardington Church, written by himself, was expressive of his evangelical creed, and his tone of humble confidence from first to last: "My hope is in Christ."

Howard removed to lodgings in St. Paul's church-yard, whence he proceeded to the continent, and where, we presume, he afterward returned. That visit to the continent was a very eventful one. He was taken prisoner, and barbarously treated, and detained for some months a captive in France. There he saw and felt what entered into his soul, and afterward helped to impel him onward in his astonishing career of prison visitation and reform.

He was permitted to return to England, so strong was the confidence he inspired, to negotiate himself with the government for his liberation. He had pledged his honor to go back to prison if he did not succeed; and when his friends congratulated him on his escape, he desired them to defer their expressions of joy, till he had obtained an honorable discharge of his obligations. So the shadow of Howard passes us in St. Paul's church-yard, out on parole, like another Regulus, prepared to reënter the land of captivity if he cannot obtain liberty upon terms fair and just. A right noble study is that for the men of commerce, and for all sorts of men who pass by St. Paul's every day: *My word is my bond*. This sentiment, embodied in the conduct even of a heathen, ought surely to guide all believers in that book which commends him who "sweareth to his own hurt and changeth not."

In tracing the other London haunts of Howard, we must plunge into the prison-world of the last century. Elsewhere in the metropolis, what we know of him for the rest of his life is next to nothing. It is a wonderful progress we have to make, as we follow this illustrious individual in his circumnavigation of charity, "not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples, not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art, not to collect medals or collate manuscripts; but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and to compare and collate the distresses of all men." The Augean stable which Hercules undertook to cleanse is no inapt symbol of the dens of corruption, tyranny, cruelty, and vice, which Howard resolved to purify and transform when he entered on his great work of prison reformation. In his book on prisons, he gives the result of his earlier visits to those in London; and from that source, aided by kindred documents, we derive the materials of what for the most part will form the rest of this paper. The following passages have a graphic character about them, and enable us to catch a glimpse of the philanthropist while engaged in his

errands of mercy:—"At each visit I entered every room, cell, and dungeon with a memorandum-book in my hand, in which I noted particulars on the spot." "I have been frequently asked what precautions I use to preserve myself from infection in the prisons and hospitals which I visit. I here answer, next to the free goodness and mercy of the Author of my being, temperance and cleanliness are my preservatives. Trusting in Divine Providence, and believing myself in the way of my duty, I visit the most noxious cells; and while thus employed, I fear no evil. I never enter an hospital or prison before breakfast, and in an offensive room I seldom draw my breath deeply."

A general description of the London prisons by Howard, gives a fearful idea of the neglect of discipline which prevailed when he began his researches. The statistics which Howard supplies relative to the prison-world of London, afford terrible insight into the miseries experienced by the captives.

Newgate was rebuilt between 1778 and 1780. As then erected, and as it still remains, it presents a great improvement upon its predecessor; but, as Howard observed, it is far from being a model, and at the commencement of the present century, the jail-fever broke out there, which he predicted would be the result of its defective and faulty arrangements. One shudders on entering the condemned cells which Howard opens for our inspection. There are upon each of the three floors five, all vaulted. The strong stone wall is lined all round with planks studded with broad-headed nails; and such is the aspect of these darksome, solitary abodes, that criminals, before unmoved, have been struck with horror, and have shed tears on entering them. Fifteen condemned cells happily appear to us, now that the criminal law has been reformed, a most unnecessary provision; but alas! when Howard wrote, they seemed not more than to suffice for the demand which was created by the Draconic severity of the judicial code. In twelve years four hundred and sixty-seven executions took place in London, including two by burning, the two culprits being women, one condemned for murder, the other for coining.

The hardened criminal and the juvenile offender were closely associated; and if the latter resisted his initiation into the

mystery of the prison-house, he underwent a mock trial by some impudent offender, who assumed the office of judge, and tied a knotted towel on his head to imitate a wig. Prisoners were requested to pay "garnish," as contributions to riotous entertainments were called, and he who had no money was stripped of his clothes, in discharge of the villainous demand.

A singular relic of the ancient administration of torture is mentioned by Howard as continuing in a form which was observed in his time. When prisoners capitally convicted at the Old Bailey were brought up to receive sentence, and the judge asked, "What have you to say why judgment of death and execution should not be awarded against you?" the executioner slipped a whip-cord noose about the thumbs.

The Fleet Prison stood not far off Newgate, and there the philanthropist discloses some startling scenes of disorder:—

"They play in the courtyard at skittles, mississippi, fives, tennis, &c.; and not only the prisoners, for I saw among them several butchers and others from the market, who are admitted here as at another public-house. The same may be seen in many other prisons where the jailer keeps or lets the tap. Besides the inconvenience of this to prisoners, the frequenting a prison lessens the dread of being confined in one. On Monday night there was a wine-club, on Thursday night a beer-club, each lasting usually till one or two in the morning. I need not say how much riot they occasion; how the sober prisoners and those that are sick are annoyed by them."

We are next conducted to New-Ludgate, in Bishopsgate-street, a prison for debtors, free of the city, and for clergymen, proctors, and attorneys. The common side debtors are in two large garrets, the *forest* and *dock*, which have no fire-places. The prison is out of repair, the walls and ceilings very black, being never white-washed. There is no infirmary, no bath. It was in reference to this debtors' prison that the Spectator says:—

"Passing under Ludgate the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the gate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box."

Happily it is all now swept away, and so is the Poultry Counter, with regard to which Howard remarks:—

"At the roof of the prison are spacious leads, on which the master's-side debtors are sometimes allowed to walk; but then the keeper is

with them, for the leads communicate with the adjoining houses, one of which affords a ready escape from so close a prison in case of fire."

From this specimen of heedlessness about the security of the prisoners, Howard next takes us to the Wood-street Counter, where all are kept secure enough there we are shown a room about thirty five feet by eighteen, with twenty-three beds ranged round the walls, on three tiers of shelves. At one of his visits, he informs us, there were in this room thirty-nine debtors, seven of them with their wives and children. The room was swarming with bugs. There was a chapel in the court, and under it a tap-room. Within the unwholesome precincts of this place, eleven prisoners died in 1773.

We pass on next to Bridewell, where there was no court, and fresh air could be obtained only by means of a hand ventilator, with a tube to each room of the women's ward. It enjoyed a privilege peculiar to itself, that of having an allowance of *rye straw once a month*. "No other prison in London," says Howard, "has any straw or bedding." In the new prison, Clerkenwell, our reformer notices some commendable arrangements, but condemned certain cabins or cupboards, five in number, only ten feet by five in measurement, each with a barrack-bed for two prisoners: miserably close and unwholesome cells, having no air but from grates over the doors into the gallery. On visiting the Clerkenwell Bridewell in 1777, he found thirty convicts, committed for a term of years. Some of these, and others besides, were sick, and complained of their feet, which were actually turned black. In 1783 five were ill, one was dying with little or no covering on, and in another room one was laid out dead. In the women's sick ward, twelve were lying in their clothes on the barrack-bedstead and on the floor without any bedding whatever. In this strange tour about London, which, in proportion as the scenes described shock our sensibilities, must have been to our philanthropist a series of tortures, we arrive next at Whitechapel prison, which presents nothing noteworthy, except the fact of the debtors hanging out a begging-box from a little closet in the front of the house, and attending to it each in turn. It brought in only a few pence daily, of which pittance none partook but those who on entrance paid the keeper

half a crown, and treated the prisoners with half a gallon of beer. We hasten by the Tower Hamlets' Jail, in Wellelose Square, and St. Catharine's, which Howard, though he had visited them repeatedly, only briefly notices; nor can we tarry at the Savoy, with its military guard-rooms, where the philanthropist had seen many sick of the jail distemper, but where he afterward found a decided improvement in health, owing to better sanitary regulations. We must, however, relate a striking incident which will ever associate, with the history of the Savoy, the remembrance of Howard's amazing personal courage and influence over prisoners. During an alarming riot there, the men confined had killed two of their keepers, and no person dared to approach them until the intrepid philanthropist undertook to do so. Jailers and friends endeavored to dissuade him; but in he went among two horrid ruffians, whose savage spirits he so completely subdued by his persuasions, that they allowed themselves to be quietly conducted back to their cells.

At Tothill Fields' Bridewell, he informs us, the prisoners washed their hands and faces every morning before they came for their allowance, a practice that must have been very grateful to him, for he ever enforced the strictest cleanliness on those over whom he had any control; and we remember hearing from an old man, who lived at Cardington, how he would notice and reward the children whose hands were clean; and that he once said to a cottager who was not over fond of self-ablution, "John Bassett, go home and wash your hands, or no dinner." Howard describes Westminster Gatehouse as empty, but the King's Bench, Southwark, as full to overflowing. It was so crowded in the summer of 1776, that a prisoner paid five shillings a-week for half a bed, and many lay in the chapel. The debtors, with their families, two-thirds



STATUE OF HOWARD, IN ST. PAUL'S.

of whom were within the prison walls, amounted to a population of one thousand.

But, perhaps, of all the London prisons, the Marshalsea was the worst, where debtors and pirates were huddled together in dark narrow rooms, four men in each, sleeping in two beds. The tap-room was let to a prisoner, and there the inmates of the place, at times, slept on the floor; and to show the habits of drinking which prevailed, it is sufficient to repeat a statement by Howard, that one Sunday six hundred pots of beer were brought in from a neighboring public-house, because the prisoners did not like the beverage supplied by the tapster within the walls. The spot where we close this melancholy ramble, amid the scenes of prison-life three-quarters of a century since, is the Borough Counter, the last place of confinement of the whole number in London which Howard describes. It was out of repair and ruinous, had no infirmary and no bedding, while

most of the inmates were poor creatures from the court of conscience, who lay there till their debts were paid.

It is dreary enough to pursue this pilgrimage from prison to prison; but it is instructive as an illustration of the fallen state of humanity. Where but in a world where things are sadly out of order, and the relations of the creature to the Creator are disturbed, could such flagrant abuses prevail under the color of political justice? Nor can we help congratulating our country, and blessing the God of nations, for the improved state of things existing in our prisons at the present day, mainly through the instrumentality of him whose shadow we have been following. It was a tremendous strong-hold of iniquity that he dared to assault, enough to make the courage quail in even a braver heart by nature than his own; but sustained by help from Heaven, he nobly carried through his mission, and crowned it with a success which, if not complete, was signal. His life was a truly earnest one, a battle with wrong, and an errand of richest mercy. 'Tis pleasant to follow poets and painters through their career of elegant literature and art; but we feel ourselves to be in a far different presence, one that gives us inspiring and solemn views of human duty, as we track the footsteps of John Howard. He has something more serious to do than to gather flowers and echo back nature's sweet music; he has to trample on serpents, to rend asunder chains, and to let rays of light and love into the cells of the

captive. Appropriate is the statue to him in St. Paul's, with huge iron manacles and fetters under-foot, and a great key in his hand. But, after all, Howard only walked at an humble distance in the footsteps of Him whom the Hebrew seer described as binding up the broken-hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison-doors to them that were bound. Howard's benevolence was but a reflected beam of His who gave himself for the redemption of our race out of a bondage worse than that of English or even Algerine jails. His beneficent course was only an outgrowth of the gospel he embraced.

The story of Howard's personal exploits almost exhausts our store of London associations in connection with his name. We remember only one more, of a very different character from the foregoing. While residing in London, in a house left him by his sister, a female of rather forbidding appearance made repeated ineffectual attempts to see the philanthropist. At last she succeeded, and gained admittance to the library. He thought, from the visitor's look, that one of the other sex was come to him disguised, with some evil intent. So he rung the bell, and intimated a wish that the servant should remain in the room. But it was needless, for the stranger turned out to be a real woman, but a rather enthusiastic worshiper; for she first poured forth a flood of extravagant compliments, and then took her leave, declaring that, after having seen the man she so much admired, she could go home and die in peace.





DISCOVERY OF SILVER BY AN AMERICAN INDIAN.

A VISIT TO THE TREASURY OF PERU.

ON the great table-land of Pasco, in the Peruvian Andes, at an elevation above the sea of nearly fourteen thousand feet, lies the mountain lake of Lauricocha, the source of the great river Amazon, though the little rivulet that trickles from the lake, and ripples slowly through the lofty plain, bears little likeness to the mighty stream that rolls its floods across the eastern forests, and, gathering power from its numerous tributaries, spreads at length into a shoreless sea vast as the ocean, across whose waves it pours its muddy billows.

More than two centuries ago there lived upon the borders of this lake a wealthy Spaniard, named Don Jose Ugarto. Like many mountain settlers in the present day, he derived his wealth chiefly from the produce of his flocks of sheep and llamas, that fed in the sheltered valleys, tended by Indian shepherds. The scarcity of pasture often led the flocks far from the shepherds' huts, and then, as now, it was common for the Indians to wander with their woolly charges among the mountains for many successive days. On one of these occa-

sions a shepherd, whose name, Huari Capcha, is still preserved in the sierra, made his little encampment in the hollow of a great rocky basin, and, having seen to the safety of his flock, lighted his fire of withered cactus and dry grass, and then lay down to sleep beside it. When he awoke in the morning the fire had burned out, and the stone beneath it, melted by the heat, was *transformed into a lump of solid silver*. Delighted with his discovery, the Indian hurried home to report it to his master. A slight examination of the locality disclosed the existence of a rich vein of silver; and the news of this valuable discovery soon spreading to the neighboring villages, attracted to the barren and secluded spot a numerous and rapidly increasing population, eager to share in the new source of wealth thus opened. Such is the story of the foundation of the city of Cerro Pasco—the Treasury of Peru—the highest city in the world, and perhaps also the most remarkable in its situation, in its general appearance, and in the extraordinary variety of its inhabitants.

The outskirts of this city, as of almost all the Peruvian towns, are a collection of miserable huts, built of mud and reeds, and inhabited only by the lowest class of Indian *cholos*; but the middle of the city contains many good houses, the property of mine-owners and shopkeepers, though in the best streets the conical Indian hut stands pertly forward among its more lofty neighbors. Within many of these huts are the mouths of silver-mines—for nearly all the mining operations are conducted within the city itself—and the mine-owner can, not unfrequently, pass at once from dining-room or chamber into the pit that leads to his hidden treasure. Even in some of the streets these pits are opened, and the foundations of the whole city are so thoroughly honey-combed, that it may easily be at any moment buried among the glittering ores that have alone caused its erection. The mines are generally shallow, rarely exceeding a hundred feet in depth, while many of them are mere openings of thirty or forty feet. The mode of working them is the simplest and most original that can well be conceived. The descent into the smaller mines is usually by steps cut in the perpendicular side of the shaft, or built up with loose stones, that occasionally give way beneath the tread, and clatter down the dark opening, to the

dismay of the unpracticed stranger. In the deeper mines a common winch is used, or sometimes a gin worked by mules; but the machine is usually of such a fragile construction, and in such a decayed condition, that every safe descent by the half-rotten rope and rusty chain seems to be one of a continually-occurring series of miracles. The scarcity of timber prevents the miners from placing the necessary supports in the galleries, and men are consequently often killed by a fall of earth; but it is a melancholy fact, that very little notice is taken of such accidents, under the feeling that Indians are tolerably plentiful, and that, when killed, they can easily be replaced. Nearly all the work is performed by Indians, who are paid generally by the day, earning from two to three shillings.

The ore obtained in the smaller mines is carried up the dangerous ladders by the miners in hide bags; and it is then conveyed to the smelting-houses, most of which are situated beyond the city. Here it is amalgamated with quicksilver in a most primitive fashion, by throwing the two metals together, and then driving mules or horses over them until the trampling has caused a thorough union to take place. The quicksilver is then separated by heat, but the whole operation is generally conducted in the rudest and most inefficient manner, though the recent improvements introduced by the enterprise of an English firm promise to effect a complete revolution in the present wasteful system.

The silver is all cast into large flat oblong bars, weighing one hundred pounds each, and in this shape it is conveyed to the coast and shipped for Europe. On its passage down the mountains the metal is intrusted to the mule-drivers, and is rarely guarded by soldiers; for the bandit *monteneros* do not choose to encumber themselves with the heavy stamped bullion, but prefer rather to wait for the remittances of coin that are returned from Lima. These are always sent under a strong escort, but are, nevertheless, often attacked by the robbers, who occasionally succeed in obtaining a valuable booty. After its arrival in the low country the silver is rarely removed without a guard, and on the road between Lima and its sea-port Callao a picturesque group frequently attracts the attention of the passing stranger. In the midst of the cloud of white dust, that always accompanies the traveler on the dry Peruvian

roads, a light cart is seen proceeding at a rapid pace from the city toward the port. One or two well-mounted civilians usually ride by its side, and it is guarded by a troop of Indian lancers—a corps which forms the chief, and by far the most soldierlike, portion of the army of the republic. The cart contains a load of *plata* on its way from the cellars of some Lima merchant to the ship which is to convey it to Europe, in return, perhaps, for a cargo of that far more valuable though less costly metal, iron, of which this land of gold and silver is almost destitute. The strange accouterments of the escort attract the notice of the foreigner in an almost equal degree with the treasure that they guard. Their patched and tar-nished uniforms, rough-coated horses, and rusty spurs and scabbards, give them, in spite of their martial bearing, far more the air of robbers than of soldiers; and, indeed, the history of the revolutionary wars of Peru, stained as it is with cruel massacres, cold-blooded murders, and wholesale plunder, conveys rather the idea of conflicts between savage banditti than between the disciplined armies of civilized nations.

The towns and villages scattered over the silver districts receive their chief supplies of food from the fertile valleys that are buried deep among the mountains. Reached by a route which passes through the most desolate country in the world—a succession of burning sands, frightful gorges, and terrible ravines; of narrow foot-paths cut in the face of steep precipices, and crossing slight, trembling bridges, suspended over chasms of unknown depths—these valleys offer a strange contrast to the savage scenery around them. Clothed with rich vegetation, they abound in tropical productions, and in many of them fruits of a more temperate climate are successfully cultivated; for perhaps no other country possesses so many climates within so limited a range of latitude. Commencing with the vineyards and olive-gardens that skirt the rivers on the desert coasts, the traveler passes in a few days through every degree of vegetation, until he reaches the barren table-lands that rest upon the summits of the great Cordillera. It is hardly possible to imagine a more dreary and desolate scene than that presented by this inhospitable region. The broom and stunted herbage growing in scattered patches on the banks of the mountain-lakes seem unable to extract sufficient nour-

ishment from the ungenial soil. Stretching away into the sierra are the bleak mountain plains, broken only by vast masses of rock, and surrounded by the rugged peaks of the Andes crowned with eternal snow. The usually pure blue sky of the tropics assumes, in this portion of them, a dark leaden hue, and the vertical sun vainly pours upon the green, unyielding glaciers the same fierce rays that scorch the dwellers in the plains. The stranger, unaccustomed to the rarefied atmosphere, breathes with difficulty, and generally suffers from the Puna malady—the *soroche*. The sight becomes dim and misty; the hearing fails; a heavy weight oppresses the chest; the lips swell and crack; blood flows from the mouth, nose, and eyes; and, occasionally, the traveler sinks under the attack.

More than a thousand mines are opened in and around Cerro Pasco. Two great veins of silver traverse it, intersecting each other, it is said, beneath the market-place. One of these lies nearly due north and south, extending to an ascertained length of about two English miles, and having an average breadth of upward of a hundred and thirty yards. The other crosses it at an angle of seventy degrees, running about west-north-west to a distance of more than two thousand yards. Besides these principal arteries, numberless small veins traverse the earth in every direction; and as upon all these lines small shafts are sunk, and horizontal tunnels driven at various levels, the condition of the foundations of the city may be imagined.

I have often remarked with astonishment the small quantity of food consumed by those Indians who work in the mines throughout the year, and who consequently lead a life of unrelenting and most arduous toil, far different from the monotonous existence of their indolent countrymen, the inhabitants of the sierra valleys and the coast towns. In Cerro Pasco the miners never take more than two slight meals a day, and not unfrequently make one suffice them. These are nearly always procured at the *fondas* or eating-houses, as the Indians seldom possess the most commonplace conveniences for cooking. The first meal is usually taken about eleven o'clock, and consists of a roasted banana with a few grains of boiled maize, or a handful of quinoa—a small seed resembling millet, which is extensively cultivated in the *montaña*, and forms the chief subsistence of

thousands of its inhabitants. To this scanty repast is added a cup of chocolate or a draught of chicha. At three or four o'clock dinner appears, commonly in the shape of a puchero, a dish peculiar to Spanish America. It is a mixture of *charqui* (dried beef, or llama flesh chopped small) with crushed maize, camotes or sweet potatoes, a species of bean called frijoles, bananas and various other fruits and roots, the whole being highly seasoned with tomatos and capsicums, and sometimes served up swimming in olive oil. A huge glass of chicha, and perhaps a smaller one of pisco or guarapo, (a fiery sort of rum,) serves to wash down the mess. Chicha is a pleasant slightly acid beverage, of a dark yellow color, made from fermented maize or frijoles. It is in universal demand throughout the west coast of South America, and is consumed in vast quantities by the Indians, scarcely a single hut in the interior being without a jar of the favorite liquid. In the valleys of the sierra, the most highly-prized chicha is prepared in a manner that would hardly be appreciated by European epicures. It is called *chicha mascada*, or chewed chicha, and is brewed in the following nauseous style. All the members of the family, including such strangers as choose to assist in the operation, seat themselves on the floor in a circle, in the center of which is a large calabash surrounded by a heap of dried maize. Each person then takes up a handful of the grain and thoroughly masticates it. This is deposited in the calabash, and another handful is immediately subjected to the same process; the jaws of the company being kept continually busy until, by their agency, the whole heap of corn is reduced to a mass of pulp. This is boiled with some minor ingredients in water, and the liquid is then poured into earthen jars, where it is left to ferment. In a short time it is ready for use, though, occasionally, the jars are buried in the ground, and allowed to remain there until the liquor acquires from age considerable strength and potent intoxicating qualities. Chewed chicha is considered far superior to that prepared from maize crushed in the usual manner, and the serrano believes that he cannot offer to his guest a greater luxury than a draught of old "*chicha mascada*," the ingredients of which have been ground between his own teeth.

The majority of the mine-owners are

scarcely one degree above the Indians, either in intellect or morality. With a few great exceptions, they are rarely wealthy; and they are usually so deeply indebted to the Lima merchants, for advances given to work the mines when the vein is not yielding sufficient to pay expenses, that when they are so fortunate as to discover a rich boya, its produce is often already mortgaged to its full value. As deeply imbued with the love of gambling as the miners themselves, and with more time at their disposal, these men spend their days between the card-table and the cock-pit, varying these amusements occasionally with a game at billiards or dominoes. The latter is a favorite pastime with the priests; but the good fathers are equally at home at the monté table, and apparently relish the Sunday afternoon cock-fight far better than the morning mass.

Such is the condition of "The Treasury of Peru"—a city situated in the center of a country which has been inhabited and governed by Europeans during a period of three hundred years, and which was already half civilized when discovered and invaded by the great Spanish conqueror Pizarro. Possessing, perhaps, more sources of wealth than any other country on the face of the earth, and containing within herself every physical essential fitted to render her a great nation, yet, in all that is really good and great, Peru is immeasurably behind far younger and less favored countries. Her commerce and her manufactures are almost exclusively in the hands of foreigners, and her people are sunk in that apathetic indolence and ignorance which seem to be the unfailling fruits of a long reign of Papist superstition. Arts, science, literature—the mighty giants that are ever lifting other nations higher and yet higher in the great social scale, and urging them still onward in the glorious race of progress—here creep in puny infancy, or number as their followers only those whom they have known in other lands.

It is a singular anomaly. A country rich in the most valuable products, yet with an empty treasury, and possessed by people powerless to defend her: a people, too, destitute of that knowledge which itself is power, and, above all, of that better wisdom which "cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof."

THE PREACHING REQUIRED BY THE TIMES.

BY THE EDITOR.

WE do not like serial articles, or our essays on the "Christianity required by the Times" would have been continued longer. The subjects of those essays were really distinct, their arrangement and title being most that was serial about them; but, even with this qualification, the serial form becomes, at a certain point, disadvantageous. There are many important topics which, otherwise, might have been presented under that general title, but which have been reserved for separate discussion at our leisure—topics that we deem not a little relevant to the times. That which we now present is one of them.

We must further premise that while we cannot, of course, pretend to anything very original on the subject, we should not deem it proper to waste our pages with its conceded commonplaces; we expect to say many things that will not be conceded, and to say them outrightly. We bespeak, therefore, the indulgence of our readers, especially of our clerical readers, of whom we have many hundreds, and who, we trust, would rather read our honest dissent from the current views of the subject, than the hackneyed arguments for them.

What is the character of our actual preaching? Why is it such? And what should it be? Allow us to answer these questions as frankly as we can; the first two at least, as the answer of these will imply their converse—the answer of the third.

And let not the reader suppose, from this methodical "division of the subject," that we are about to inflict on him a homily on "Homiletics." Far from it. We shall say some very hard things against that sham-art, as we deem it—one that might properly be defined the art of making preaching artificial. Preaching an art! As well might we have an art of rejoicing with those who rejoice, and of weeping with those who weep; of exercising the holiest charities; of communing with God himself. Even prayer has been defined into an art by "Homiletics." There are some shams yet in science, and more in art; but we know of no science fuller of them than "Dogmatic Theology,"

(if we except the kindred one of Speculative Philosophy,) and no art more disfigured by them than "Homiletics."

We use this term, of course, in its modern technicalized sense. It is marvelous how it has become thus technicalized. Its etymology and its first use are directly against its modern application. Homily, in old sensible Greek, meant a sociable discourse—a discourse in company. It had a very humble meaning down to the day of the Reformation even; and the "Book of Homilies," that sterling old standard of the Anglican Church, was a collection of simple, easy discourses, got out at the period of the Reformation, to be read in the county parishes, by such of the clergy of the times (of whom there were not a few) as were incapable of preparing sermons themselves. Now we have "*Homiletics*"—the art of making a homily! We endow even departments in learned institutions for the express purpose of teaching this art.

These remarks will, doubtless, be pronounced inconsiderate, if not quite "radical." Are there not, it will be asked, certain proprieties of pulpit discourse? and if so, why not put them into scientific form, and *teach* them? There are, undeniably, such proprieties; but they are the proprieties which are intuitive, instinctive, we were about to say, to sincere common-sense. There are proprieties about the conversation of your hearth, your intercourse with your children, or your sorrow over their coffins; but would you study them as an art?

We believe, in fine, that the overweening and fastidious elaborateness with which theology and its ministration in the pulpit have been wrought—the one into a science, the other into an art—are illegitimate to their original purity and popular character, and are detractions—the chief detractions, we are inclined to think—from their popular acceptance and power. And this we say at any risk of imputations of "radicalism."

We believe, further, that a change, not much short of a revolution, is to occur in these respects before the world is much older; that dogmatic standards are to give way generally before the supremacy of the one only infallible standard—"the oracles of God"—and that the ministration of these oracles from the pulpit is to be reformed from many of its factitious pe-

culiarities, and made again what it was among the apostles and their immediate successors—earnest, simple, powerful address—hortative talk, if we may so call it—modeled after no school, and without technical forms. There has been a slow, but sure progress toward these reforms ever since the Reformation. For a thousand years before that epoch, the higher mind of Christendom was absorbed in metaphysical theology—the “Schoolmen” were about the only thinkers of the “Dark Ages;” and what thinking was theirs! Whether most profound or most absurd, who will say? But how has the good common-sense of the emancipated mind of the Protestant world leaped out of this maelstrom! How has time swept away the “Scholastic” speculations as with a besom, and what theologian could now, without exciting a smile, quote the authority of Lanfranc or Anselm, Duns Scotus or Abelard, Thomas Aquinas or William of Ockham! What has theology now to do, or will it ever again have to do, with the doctrines of Plato, or the dialectics of Aristotle!* This reform in scientific Divinity is still slowly advancing, and will go on, we believe and pray. Dogmatic speculation and bigotry in theology will decline, but not real learning. There is vastly more genuine learning now among theologians than there ever was before; but it is showing the superior good sense which accompanies it by avoiding the old dialectics, and, to a good degree, the old metaphysics; and by confining itself mostly to Biblical criticism—the *exposition of revealed truth* by learned *research*, rather than by original *speculation*.

The improvement we speak of is characteristic of our age, and one of those characteristics which belong not merely to its actual state, but to its *tendency*. It is, we repeat, to be further developed. So be it. Christianity will gain in purity and in power by it. If nine-tenths of all the dogmatic writings in theology, now extant, were to be at once burned up, it would be

an *auto da fe* around which the Church might well sing a doxology. The pure, simple truth of the Bible could be read better in the light of that conflagration (and conflagration it would assuredly be) than in the “light which is darkness” that comes from their pages.

This improvement in the subject-matter of preaching has not been without effect on preaching itself. Technical or “Homiletic” as the latter still is in its mannerisms, and dogmatic as it still is in its matter, who does not perceive its rapid improvement? Why, the sermonic forms and style common among even the Puritans, would not be tolerated in this day. Testy as the reader may suppose our present criticism to be, we nevertheless write more in hope than in despondence. We believe that, divested of the factitious peculiarities which still trammel it, the pulpit will yet become what the common sense of all men see, abstractly, that it ought to be, the very throne of moral power in our world; and that its voice, like the trumpet which Moses describes so sublimely as echoing above the thunderings of Sinai, shall “wax louder and louder” through the world.

The reform of preaching, like that of theology, consists in a return (whether designed or not) to the earnest simplicity and directness of the early Church.

What was the primitive preaching? The ecclesiastical historians all agree in describing it as in the language of Mosheim: “Exhortation to the people, neither eloquent [oratorical] nor long, but full of warmth and love,”—that is, full of genuine eloquence. This was the first form of the “Homily” as it was delivered, after the reading of the Scriptures, in the Christian assemblies, and was doubtless copied from the example of the synagogue, where our Lord, after reading, closed the book, sat down, and *talked* to the people. Mosheim notices the declension of preaching in the third century, and lays the blame partly at the door of Origen, that unfortunate metaphysical father, who was not only “the first, so far as we know, that made long discourses,” but whose originalities, in other respects, seem destined ever to be recurring to vex the theological world.* The “Homily,” in

* We do not forget the influence of Plato on Schleiermacher, Neander, and a few similar German minds; but such cases are rare and anomalous. It need not be said to the classic student that we do not deny the permanent literary rank of his noble writings; we affirm only that the special relation which they sustained to Christian theology for ages has ceased, and ceased forever.

* See Rev. Mr. Beecher's new work, “The Conflict of Ages.”

its more regular form, followed; but it was, in the preaching of the best of the fathers, a simple home-directed address to the people, generally in exposition of the lesson of the day. During the middle ages there was little real preaching. Ritualism took the place of most else in religion, not excepting morals themselves. After the Reformation preaching revived, and the Anglican "Homilies" were provided, as we have said, for the unlearned clergy and the rustic congregations. The Puritan outbreak was the great era of preaching, so called; the stout-hearted iconoclasts of that movement left scarcely anything else in the public service of religion: almost all ritual services being thrown away, the preachers had to supply their places by long prayers and long lectures. Splendid thinkers were those old Puritan Divines, but what preachers! They abound in riches of thought, but their sermons are mosaics of gems in slate, or rather in burned clay, dry as the old burned bricks of Nineveh. How ludicrous, almost, are the descriptions which remain of their tireless pulpit strains! We are lost in admiration at their determined persistence, and the equally determined patience of their hearers: both seemed resolute to weary out Satan if they could not otherwise make him fly. Burnet refers to a fast-day service, "in which there were six sermons preached without intermission." Philip Henry "used to begin at nine in the morning, and never leave the pulpit until about four in the afternoon; spending all that time in praying and expounding, and singing and preaching, to the admiration of all that heard him." John Howe "usually began at nine in the morning with a prayer of a quarter of an hour, read and expounded Scripture for about three-quarters of an hour, then prayed half an hour. The people then sung a quarter of an hour, during which he retired and took some refreshment; he then went into the pulpit again, preached another hour, prayed an hour, the people then sung a quarter of an hour, and a prayer of a quarter of an hour concluded the service."

Herculean, heroic was that in its way '—working indeed—if it was not even after the apostolic prescription in 2 Tim. ii, 15.

Sturtevant (who, as we shall show directly, should have been the last man to throw stones at these sturdy old sermon-

izers) can hardly restrain a smile at them, even in the midst of his own amazing labyrinth of Homiletic "divisions" and "subdivisions." He says, rather *naively*, "in application they were very extensive;" and then adds, "they often appropriate an entire sermon to this purpose; they give what they called uses of *information, examination, exhortation, reproof, encouragement*, and many other heads. Sometimes, previously to the exposition, they would invite their audience to follow them into certain prior considerations, to clear the way to the text. One of them favored the people with sixty or seventy previous considerations, and then said he was about to open the text! Thus, with all their excellences, they had great faults; they were too much addicted to the silly logic of their times; they shredded their text into the greatest possible number of parts, and sometimes ran out into great lengths of reasoning. It will be your task to avail yourself of their excellencies without copying their faults." And yet he acknowledges their unquestionable intellectual richness, and, in dismissing them, drops a significant hint: "Many who are extolled as original preachers and men of genius, have obtained much of their reputation by modernizing our old authors." Yes; and in so doing they have, as usual, stolen not only the gems, but also the faults of these old divines. We owe what straight-jacket trammels still mar the naturalness and power of the pulpit mostly to the mannerisms of these strong-headed but saintly old "sermonizers."

In spite of the freer tendencies of the times, our text-books on Homiletics still contend as lustily for the technicalities of the Sermon as the old French critics used to for the "unities" of the Drama. Sturtevant himself is one of the latest authorities; his huge volume* lies before us now, an appalling octavo of between six and seven hundred mortal pages, much of it small type, "*solid*." Now, though it is hard to keep a sober countenance over this sight, we do soberly declare that had we a young mind—of any strong common-sense on the one hand, or fineness of faculty and sensibility on the other—to train for the pulpit, we should

* "Preacher's Manual," an extraordinary misnomer.

be expecting dayly, as we conducted him through this monstrous text-book—this perverse abuse of a simple and sublime subject—to see him retreat from his purpose with irremediable disgust.

These more than six hundred pages are devoted exclusively to the technicalities of sermonizing. We almost perspire as we trace down the tables of contents. Our eye is arrested by the "Divisions" of a subject—and here we have no less than "nine kinds of divisions:" the "Exegetical Division," the "Accommodational Division," the "Regular Division," the "Interrogative Division," (pshaw!) the "Observational Division," the "Propositional Division," &c.; and then come the "Rise from Species to Genus," the "Descent from Genus to Species." And then again we have exordiums: "Narrative Exordiums," "Expository Exordiums," "Argumentative Exordiums," "Observational Exordiums," "Applicative Exordiums," "Topical Exordiums," and, alas for us! even "Extra-Topical Exordiums." One's thoughts turn away from a scene like this spontaneously to the Litany, and query if there should not be a new prayer there.

But this is not all. Here are about thirty stubborn pages to tell you how to make a *comment* on your text, and we have the "Eulogistic Comment" and the "Dislogistic Comment," (turn to your dictionary, reader; we cannot stop in the race to define,) the "Argumentative Comment" and the "Contemplative Comment," the "Hyperbolical Comment," the "Interrogative Comment," and the list tapers off at last with what it ought to have begun and ended with, the "Expository Comment."

And even this is not all. Here is a section on the "Different kinds of Address," and behold the astute analysis:—"The Appellatory, The Entreating, The Expostulatory, The Remedial, The Directive, The Encouraging, The Consoling, The Elevating, The Alarming, The Tender, The Indignant, and The Abrupt." This is the way that the art "Homiletic" would teach us when and how to be "Tender," "Indignant," "Consoling," and even "Abrupt!" Nonsense!

Yes, "nonsense!" says any man of good sense in looking at this folly—a folly which would be less lamentable if it could only be kept to the homiletic professor's

chair, but which has still an almost characteristic effect on pulpit eloquence—not only on the *form* of the sermon, but as a natural consequence on its very animus. This tireless author gives all these outlines as *practical* prescriptions. He even presents them in a precise formula. We must yield to the temptation to quote it. "There are," he says, "certain technical signs employed to distinguish the several parts of a discourse. The first class consists of the *principal divisions*, marked in Roman letters, thus:—I., II., III., IV., &c. Next, the *subdivisions of the first class*, in figures, 1, 2, 3, &c. Under these, *subdivisions of the second class*, marked with a curve on the right, as 1.) 2.) 3.) &c. Then, *subdivisions of the third class*, marked with two curves, as (1.) (2.) (3.) &c.; and under these, *subdivisions of the fourth class*, in crotchets, thus:—[1.] [2.] [3.] As—

I. Principal division.

- | | |
|------|-----------------------------|
| 1. | Subdivision of first class. |
| 1.) | " " second class. |
| (1.) | " " third class. |
| [1.] | " " fourth class." |

Mathematical this, certainly; some of Euclid's problems are plainer. As a "demonstration" is obviously necessary, the author proceeds to give the outline of a sermon on "*The Diversity of Ministerial Gifts*," from the text "*Now there are Diversities of Gifts*," &c. He has but two "General Divisions," but makes up for their paucity by a generous allowance of "Subdivisions." His "General Divisions" are, 1. *Exemplify the Truth of the Text.* 2. *Derive some Lessons of Instruction, &c.* Under the first he has two "subdivisions," the first of which is reduced to *thirteen* sub-subdivisions, and one of these thirteen again to *seven* sub-sub-subdivisions! The second of his subdivisions is again divided into *eight* sub-subdivisions, while the "homily" (save the name!) is completed by a merciless slashing of the second "general division" into no less than *eight* subdivisions. The honest author, when he takes breath at the end, seems to have some compunctious misgivings about this infinitesimal mincing of a noble theme, and reminds the amazed student that though the plan should be followed "in the composition of a sermon," the "minor divisions" can be concealed from view in preaching; and he concludes the medley of nonsense

with one sensible and very timely admonition:—"If a discourse contain a considerable number of divisions and subdivisions, care should be taken to fill up the respective parts with suitable matter, or it will be, indeed, a mere *skeleton*—bones strung together, 'very many and very dry.'"

We acknowledge that we ought to ask the pardon of the reader for obtruding upon him these minute follies; but we have wished to treat the subject in its matter-of-fact details, and to contribute, in the most practical way we could, to the progress of what we hope is a permanent reform, now going on, in our pulpits. We have quoted for the purpose, from one of the most common works on Homiletics,* an author who, amid this egregious mass of nonsense, says, and with some truth, that he "passes over a great many" things discussed by one of his most noted predecessors, because the omitted matters, "treating of the manner of discussing different kinds of texts, are strictly learned and critical, and such nice points may be waived for the present!"

We cannot drop the allusion to these "Homiletic" books without admonishing the young theological student to obstinately eschew them. Try not to masticate their dry husks. Turn to the rich mines of the great theological writers for intellectual resources; turn to the standard works on common oratory for the few simple principles of the art; for these alone are what you need, besides your common sense. If you have not common sense enough to guide you, with such simple aids, to a manly, befitting address,—if your natural faculties are not good enough to enable you to make a rational "comment" on your text without this drilling in the "eulogistic" and "dislogistic comments,"—then turn away from the altar—you have no right there.

* And it is, we believe, considered one of the best also. Bridge's Christian Ministry is another favorite, but formidable work—an octavo of about five hundred pages—somewhat less technical, but stuffed with useless commonplaces, which have the advantage, however, of being relieved by incessant and very choice quotations from the best writers—passages that sparkle like gems in a heap of dry scoriae. This pious writer reminds us, by his talent at quotation, of old Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." There would be some danger of that malady in reading the book, were it not for its refreshing extracts.

But, at all events, turn away from these "Homiletic" text-books; turn to your own heart if you have nothing else, and evoke its common sympathies and common sense—these will be better infinitely than the Homiletic manuals; turn to ordinary books of taste and style—they are even better. You had better, like Chrysostom, "the golden-mouthed," go to sleep with old Aristophanes under your pillow than with these huge Homiletic phantoms haunting your dreams. Aristophanes gave the Byzantine bishop the purest example of the Attic dialect at least; these Homiletic authors will give you neither rhetoric nor logic.

We have thus indicated our view, in part, of the actual character of the sermon; its *critical form*, as a mode of discourse, as well as much of its *subject-matter*, needs, we think, no little reform. That reform is in progress, as we have said. It has advanced greatly in our day—so much, indeed, that the extreme use of the critical peculiarities, which were deemed by the Puritan divines almost essential to the sermon, would not now be tolerated by our congregations. Even the technical peculiarities which have been tolerated in the modern sermon are beginning gradually to disappear from the discourses of the first class of pulpit intellects, and it is to be hoped that before many years the "firstly," "secondly," and "thirdly"—the whole technical herd of "divisions" and "subdivisions"—will, like the swine before the simple, powerful word of Christ, "run violently down a steep place into the sea" of oblivion, and "perish in its waters."

The usual plea that minute dissections help the popular mind to remember the discourse, is unfounded in fact. The clerical hearers—if any such be present—will remember them, so admirable a thing is "sermonizing" clerically considered; but these technical niceties are irksome to the people. Ask your common hearers what they remember of any given sermon; you will scarcely find a recollection of "firstly," "secondly," or "thirdly;" and as for the subtechnics, they have escaped into the air. The people remember the main subject—the most natural and vivid illustrations of it, and the most powerful hortative points in the enforcement of it—but seldom or never its technical method.

Equally fallacious is the supposition that, by affording the preacher something definite to stand upon—a structure of thought—they secure to him that self-possession, that “liberty,” so dear to the public speaker. If these technicalities constituted the real *preparation* of the discourse, there would be some truth in the supposition; but are they not usually only trammels upon it, curbing the freedom of the mind? “Liberty,” as it is called, in speaking, depends upon other and many conditions; no preparation can always secure it. He that is forever anxious for it will be likely the less to possess it; the sensibility that oftenest secures powerful eloquence is often, also, the cause of agitation and failure; and he that would be powerful in the pulpit must be resigned to occasional defeats. But let him not care for that: one untrammelled, thrilling, sweeping discourse, is worth half-a-dozen dry, respectable Homilies, and a man of genuine eloquence will soon come to be recognized as such, notwithstanding his failures; nay, the latter will come to be considered by his hearers—whether by their favoritism or their criticism—as the enhancing contrasts of his successful efforts—the shades of the picture.

There are, unquestionably, as we have said, proprieties of pulpit discourse as of any other discourse; but there are none, that we can conceive of, peculiar to it except the peculiarly religious spirit, and the warmer, higher eloquence which that should insure. The few general principles of eloquence applicable to all oratory are all that need be sought for the pulpit. The sermon should be relieved of useless technical peculiarities—of everything peculiar to it, in fine, except its higher moral tone, and, placed upon the same platform with all other sound popular eloquence, be allowed there untrammelled play. When thus emancipated it will have its legitimate power.

What would be the fate of any popular, or forensic, or senatorial orator, who should adopt the stringent artificialities of the sermonizer?

Clergymen, elevated though they truly are, as a class, cling closely to class opinions, and it is perhaps inevitable under their circumstances. Their own estimate of pulpit ability tends to perpetuate the defects of the pulpit. The man

that stirs the soul, that moves the multitude, that speaks in the desk as he would in the vestry or on the platform—naturally and powerfully—he is not usually considered by his clerical brethren the really *great preacher*; he is the “poet,” the “elocutionist,” the “revivalist,” &c. He is “the great preacher” nevertheless; let him be content; for God, and the good common-sense which God has put into the common mind, will always recognize him as such. There are two classes which we apprehend usually pass clerical criticism as “great preachers,” viz.: the great “sermonizers,”—men who most effectually *mechanize* a discourse, shackling it with strict distinctions; and, on the other hand, those who can most elaborately speculate out a dogmatic subject—men of powerful thought, but who display that power more in the handling of a difficult topic than in the control of the popular mind—the sweeping, renovating sway over the conscience and life of the multitude, which is really the highest power on earth—the power which the Holy Ghost itself comes down from heaven to exert. In both these respects the pulpit will be revolutionized in less than a hundred years from to-day. “That which metaphysical preaching teaches,” says Dwight, “may be true, and the arguments used to support it may be sound; but the distinctions are so subtle, and the reasoning so abstruse and difficult, that the hearer’s attention to the truth is lost in his attention to the preacher’s ingenuity; his mind prevented from feeling what is intended by the absorption of his thoughts in the difficulties of the argument, and his heart chilled by the cold manner in which all such discussions are conducted. The metaphysician, whether aware of it or not, is employed in displaying his own ingenuity, and not in disclosing and confirming the truth of God.”

“This plain and easy way of preaching,” says Robinson in his notes on Claude, “is wonderfully adapted to the capacities, and inclinations, too, of a multitude of hearers; and such a method, purged of artificial logic, will one day or other, it is hoped, universally prevail.”

We have more remarks to make on the subject, some of which, we must remind the reader, will be an essential continuance and qualification of what we have here said.

The National Magazine.

JANUARY, 1854.

EDITORIAL NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

WE give as a sort of title-page ornament to this, the first number of our new volume, a very fine engraving from one of the old masters. Its execution is exceedingly fine, and does much credit to Felter, our artist, whose superior work, presented in our columns from month to month, is attracting general commendation. The original of this beautiful picture is a painting by Annibal Carrache, in the gallery of the Louvre, Paris.

The original article on *Coins and Medals*, which we begin in the present number, will be found interesting, especially to Biblical and historical students, for the critical illustrations it affords. Do not pass it by.

JONATHAN HONESTUS'S odd career is concluded in our present number. He is a most interesting character, and the facile English of the writer's style, as well as his shy, quiet humor, reminds us of the sterling old periodical writers of Queen Anne's times. We do not, editorially, indorse all the sentiments of the writer; but it will, we think, be generally acknowledged that he has conducted his hero through his feats and vagaries with the least possible offense to readers of whatever party. If any of his allusions are deemed too direct, they will be pardoned, in consideration of the interesting and difficult character which he has exemplified.

ELOQUENCE BOILED DOWN.—A writer in the *Christian Herald* cites the following, which he heard delivered by a slave in a religious lecture-room, Montgomery, Alabama. It is not a bad illustration in the way of an admonition:—

"My brethren, God bless your souls! 'ligion is like the Alabama ribber! In spring comes fresh, and bring in all de ole logs, sleds, an' sticks dat hab been lyin' on de bank, and carry dem down in de current. Bymeby de water go down—den a log coteh on dis island, den a slab get coteh on de shore, and de sticks on de bushes, and dare dey lie, witherin' an' divin' till come 'nother fresh. Jus' so dar come 'vival of 'ligion—dis ole sinner bro't in, dat ole backslider bro't back, an' all de folks seem comin', an' mighty good times. But brethren, God bless your souls! bymehy 'vivals gone—den dis ole sinner is stuck on his own sin afore on jus' such a rock; den one arter 'noder, dat had got 'ligion, lie all along de shore, and dey lie till 'noder 'vival. Deluded brethren, God bless your souls! keep in de current."

SPIRIT-RAPPING. — The spirit-rapping mania prevails in England. Faraday's explanation of the table-turning was apparently decisive of that one mystery, but not of the "table-talking," and other phenomena of the new "spiritualism." Faraday's demonstration, therefore, seems to have little, if any, effect on the popular interest for the subject in England. The higher literary periodicals of the country have taken it in hand with no little elaborateness. The last issues of both the *Quarterly Review* and the *London Quarterly Review* contain articles upon it, the former a profoundly scientific essay, in which the writer, while he does not admit the hypothesis of the *odic force*,

as contended for in our own pages, solves the problem by a very similar hypothesis—the physical influence of "*Dominant Ideas*," The mysteries of "Mesmerism," "Biology," "Clairvoyance," and kindred marvels, are explained, by the same theory, through nearly sixty pages of very learned and able discussion.

The subject is producing in England, as here, an abundant popular literature of its own. We notice, among several other works, no less than three publications, from clergymen, maintaining the "demoniacal" theory, first expounded, we believe, by our countryman, Rev. Mr. Beecher. One of these books is entitled "*Table-Turning Tested, and proved to be the Result of Satanic Agency*;" another is entitled "*Table-Turning the Devil's Modern Masterpiece: being the result of a Course of Experiments*;" the title of the third is "*Table-Talking: Disclosures of Satanic Wonders and Prophetic Signs: a Word for the Wise*." So far as we can ascertain, these works are from the pens of two clergymen of the "Establishment." They contain some surprising marvels, which, we think, cannot be rationally explained on any other theory than that heretofore advanced in our columns—the theory so largely elaborated in Dr. Rogers's book, and assumed in the able article which we recently copied from the *Christian Review*.

The Rev. Mr. Godfrey, one of these English writers, made his experiments with the table in company with only his wife and his curate, and therefore admits no suspicion of deception. The motions soon owned and obeyed his commands—the table standing on one leg, moving on three legs, inclining to and fro, &c., precisely as he ordered it. Of course the little company were taken by surprise.

"I spoke," says Mr. Godfrey, "to the table, and said, 'If you move by electricity, stop.' It stopped instantly! I commanded it to go on again, and said, while it was moving, 'If an evil spirit cause you to move, stop.' It moved round without stopping! I again said, 'If there be any evil agency in this, stop.' It went on as before."

Believing that the devil was present, Mr. Godfrey was pugnaciously determined to test his power:—

"I was now prepared for an experiment of a far more solemn character. I whispered to the schoolmaster to bring a small Bible, and to lay it on the table when I should tell him. I then caused the table to revolve rapidly, and gave the signal. *The Bible was gently laid on the table, and it instantly stopped!* We were horror-struck. However, I determined to persevere. I had other books in succession laid on the table, to see whether the fact of a book lying on it altered any of the conditions under which it revolved—it went round with them without making any difference! I then tried with the Bible four different times, and each time with the same result; it would not move so long as that precious volume lay upon it. I now said, 'If there be a hell, I command you to knock on the floor with this leg twice;' it was motionless. 'If there be no hell, knock twice;' no answer. 'If there be a devil, knock twice;' no motion. 'If there be not a devil, knock twice;' *to our horror, the leg slowly rose and knocked twice!* I then said, 'In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, if there be no devil, knock twice;' it was motionless. This I tried four several times, and each time with the same result. I then asked other questions: 'If there be a heaven, knock twice.' 'If there be not a heaven.' 'If there be not an eternity.' 'If the soul live after death.' To not one of these questions could I get an answer."

The reverend gentleman being a sound theologian, of course, on our theory, the answers of the "spirits" must all be orthodox, at least

as orthodox as his own opinions. He evokes one spirit whom, it seems, he had known "in the flesh," or in "the form," as the rappers have it, and proceeded to catechise him as follows:—

"Are you sorry now for the sins you committed when alive?—Yes, (very emphatically.)"

"Are you suffering now from those immoral desires, without the power of satisfying them?—Yes, (very decidedly.)"

"Do we increase your suffering by keeping you here?—No answer."

"Do you want to be released?—No answer."

"Had you rather stay?—Yes."

"Does the devil send you here?—Yes, (very emphatically.)"

"Does he send you here for the purpose of deceiving us?—Yes, (very decidedly.)"

"Does God compel you to answer questions?—Yes."

"Do you like to answer me?—Yes, (very emphatically.)"

"Shall you be sorry when you leave here?—Yes."

"Are you happier in the presence of God's people?—Yes, (decidedly.)"

"Must you come again if told by Satan?—Yes."

"Are you compelled by God to come to tell us that table-turning is of the devil?—Yes."

"Could you answer with the Bible on you?—No."

Another of these English writers, Rev. Mr. Gillson, gives equally orthodox reports from the "spirit-world." He says:—

"I placed my hand upon the table, and put a variety of questions, all of which were instantly and correctly answered. Various ages were asked, and all correctly told. In reply to trifling questions, possessing no particular interest, the table answered by quietly lifting up the leg, and rapping. But, in answer to questions of a more exciting character, it would become violently agitated, and sometimes to such a degree that I can only describe the motion by the word *frantic*."

"I inquired, Are you a departed spirit?—The answer was, Yes, indicated by a rap."

"Are you unhappy?—The table answered by a sort of writhing motion, which no natural power over it could imitate."

"It was then asked, Shall you be forever unhappy?—The same kind of writhing motion was returned."

"Do you know Satan?—Yes."

"Is he the prince of devils?—Yes."

"Will he be bound?—Yes."

"Will he be cast into the abyss?—Yes."

"Will you be cast in with him?—Yes."

"How long will it be before he is cast out?—He rapped ten."

"Will wars and commotions intervene?—The table rocked and reeled backward and forward for a length of time, as if it intended a pantomimic acting of the prophet's predictions.—The earth shall reel to and fro like a drunkard, and shall be removed like a cottage; and the transgression thereof shall be heavy upon it; and it shall fall, and not rise again. Isa. xxiv, 20."

"I then asked, Where are Satan's headquarters?—Are they in England?—There was a slight movement."

"Are they in France?—A violent movement."

"Are they in Spain?—Similar agitation."

"Are they at Rome?—The table literally seemed frantic."

"At the close of these experiments, which occupied about two hours, the invisible agent, in answer to some questions about himself, did not agree with what had been said before. I therefore asked, Are you the same spirit that was in the table when we began?—No."

"How many spirits have been in the table this evening?—Four."

"This spirit informed us that he had been an infidel, and that he embraced Popery about five years before his death. Among other questions he was asked, Do you know the Pope?—The table was violently agitated."

"I asked, How long will Popery continue?—He rapped ten: exactly coinciding with the other spirit's account of the binding of Satan."

"Many questions were asked, and experiments tried, in order to ascertain whether the results would agree with Mr. Godfrey's, and on every occasion they did, especially that of stopping the movement of the table with the Bible. The table was engaged in rapping out a number, but the instant the divine volume was laid upon it the movement ceased. When the Bible was removed it went on. This was repeatedly tried, and invariably with the same result. Other books were

laid upon the table, similar in size and shape to the Bible, but without any effect."

"As we proceeded with our questions, we found an indescribable facility in the conversation, from the extraordinary intelligence and ingenuity displayed in the table; e. g., I inquired if many devils were posted in Bath."

"He replied by the most extraordinary and rapid knocking of the three feet in succession, round and round for some time, as if to intimate that they were innumerable."

"I asked, Can you give me your name?—Yes."

"Give me the first letter by rapping the number from the beginning of the alphabet. It was instantly done."

"The second letter. It was given."

"I would not allow him to proceed, because he had told us that his relations lived in Bath, and I thought it might lead to very painful feelings if the name were given."

This downright orthodoxy will hardly be acceptable to the rappers of this country; it looks Judge Edmonds's book out of all countenance. In that book a case is related by Governor Talmadge, in which the "spirit" actually asked for the Bible. It was put in contact with the table without interfering with the "communications," and was made to confirm them. The Parisian priests affirm that the Rosary, laid on the table, stops the motion, a striking instance of which has been recently reported to the Archbishop of Paris, and announced in the papers. The fact is obvious, that as "a man thinketh, so" are his "raps" in these cases—that, in other words, the action of some one mind, present, gives character to the responses, on the principles of some yet obscure, though partially indicated law. And this automatic mental action is the explanation of all the physical demonstrations which attend this new wonder—demonstrations which we admit to be astonishing, but not more so than were once many of the phenomena of electricity and magnetism.

THE MAINE LAW.—We "go in" for the Maine Law, of course; what other disposition could a Magazine like this take on the subject?

We "go for it" because we believe it *practicable*. This we should never have supposed *a priori*, for we are very strongly inclined to the old orthodox doctrine of total depravity, and find ourselves every year more and more disposed to believe the existence not only of a devil, but of many legions of them, and that they have pretty much their "own way of it" in this world, for the time being at least. Such a statute as the Maine Law is a miracle of legislation, a downright defiance of the devil and all his angels, and with such odds against it we feared for its fate; but we are convinced at last that it is practicable.

We have been twice in Maine during the past year, and have kept our eyes open to see the working of the law. Any man who travels over that State, and does not see the practical demonstration of the statute, ought to suspect himself of amaurosis, and go quickly to an ophthalmic hospital. Our first visit afforded us some observations in the rural districts of the State. We saw not one drunkard in our travels; we had not, on our return, been in Massachusetts three hours before we saw a battalion of them. Mayor Seaver's administration is amply enough demonstrated in Boston. On our second visit to Maine, we arrived in Portland the very day that an indignant

remonstrance, signed by hundreds of leading citizens against John Neal's misrepresentations of the effects of the law, appeared in the city papers. It bore the signatures of the very first men of Portland, including magistrates, the clergy, &c., &c. John Neal is well known for his eccentricities. How far these have anything to do with his gyrations about the Maine Law we cannot pretend to say. He was once a supporter of the law, and a member, it is said, of a "Watchman's Club" for its enforcement. One of the papers attributes his late rancorous opposition to a personal quarrel with Neal Dow, the author of the law. The *Portland Advertiser* says:—

"The statement of Mr. Neal is a very erroneous one, and one which will not be sustained by the judgment of one out of every hundred of the intelligent citizens of the State, aside from those immediately engaged in selling or strongly attached to the habit of drinking rum."

The *Gardiner Journal* says:—

"No reply was needed where John Neal is personally known, but his name might have had some weight abroad. He is notoriously a man of ungovernable passions, and vacillating as the winds."

The principal passage in Mr. Neal's statement is as follows:—

"At this moment (and it has been growing worse and worse every day, since the first three months were over, when people were blinded by its presumption or frightened by its rashness) there is more intemperance and more drinking in this city and neighborhood, and probably throughout the whole State of Maine, with here and there a doubtful exception, than there has been at any other time for twenty years. Young men have banded together to evade the law. Travelers have brought liquors with them to our public houses. Children carry liquor-basks about with them; and bottles of rum in the shape of Bibles, so bound as to deceive the eye."

There are two things very noticeable about this statement. One is that, according to Mr. Neal's own showing, the law has really suppressed grog-shops, and secret means of obtaining liquors have to be used by the poor thirsty sufferers. The other point to be observed is that Mr. Neal must necessarily assume what he says, for, according to his own showing, the violations of the law are private. How, then, does he know them? His statement asserts that intemperance is rife in the State, more so than for the preceding twenty years, and yet all is in secret. The very statement bears on the face of it the evidence of its uncertainty and presumption. Has Mr. Neal been into all the retired scenes of these orgies? how else can he know they exist? But, further, matter-of-fact is against him on all hands. Could such demoralization exist without becoming open vice? But precisely the contrary is the fact. Drunkenness is rarely, if ever, seen in Maine any more. A public man in Portland, indignant at John Neal's statement, told us that he never sees, now-a-days, an intoxicated person in the streets of the city. Of what other city in Christendom can this be affirmed?

Mr. Neal Dow, (on whom be God's blessing!) the founder of this great reform, has come out with a counter-statement against John Neal. He denies the whole purport of Mr. Neal's statement. He says:—

"The facts in relation to the working of the Maine Liquor Law in Portland, and through Maine, have been published often for the last two years in most of the papers of the State, and never has any attempt been

made by any responsible person to disprove them. At the time of the enactment of the law, rum-selling was carried on openly in all parts of the State. In Portland there were between three and four hundred open rum-shops, and immediately after the enactment of the law not one. The wholesale trade in liquors was at once annihilated throughout the State, and the retail trade, so far as it existed at all, was carried on with great secrecy and caution. In Portland, intemperance almost entirely disappeared, and a large number of men were reformed. So thoroughly did the law accomplish its object, that temptations to intemperance were in a great measure removed out of the path of the young and inexperienced. In proof of this I cite a fact:—A Mr. Carleton came to Portland to attend a law-suit, and brought a witness who was a very intemperate man. Mr. C. feared his witness would become intoxicated, and be of no use to him. They arrived in town at seven o'clock P. M., and from that time until twelve at night, Mr. C. saw nothing of him. At that hour the witness came to the hotel, perfectly sober, and said to Mr. C. that he had "traveled more than five miles and *couldn't find a drop*." And the reformation of more or less intemperate men of Portland is within the knowledge of almost every citizen. It was the unanimous declaration of all the watchmen and police that the city was like an entirely new place, so quiet and free from all indications of intemperance were the streets, both by day and night. Many shops, which before were rum-shops, were converted to other branches of trade, and almost every indication of intemperance was banished from the city."

He quotes largely from the city-government returns of crime, pauperism, &c., showing a marvelous reduction of vice, suffering, and expense, and maintaining fully his own testimony. He had recently been over the State, and says:—

"Such were the actual effects of the 'Liquor Law' in Portland, and generally throughout the State, where it was enforced. In many parts of the State, rum-selling is entirely unknown at the present time, so thorough has been the effect of the law. During my late tour through the eastern and northern parts of the State, I could not learn that there was an open grog-shop. Rum-selling, where it exists at all, is carried on secretly, and in large districts of country it is extinguished; and everywhere a marked improvement is seen in the condition of the people, as acknowledged by all unprejudiced persons whom I met."

The public statement recently made by hundreds of citizens of Portland need not be quoted by us; it has been published largely in the newspapers, and must effectually upset John Neal's whimsical proclamation on the subject.

We go for the Maine Law then, for we believe it is practicable. And is it not desirable? What would it do for this State? We have recently noticed some facts respecting intemperance among us. The annual cost of pauperism in this State is more than \$700,000. Of this sum upward of \$600,000 are set down to the account of intemperance. Our average number of paupers is over ninety thousand. More than three-fourths of all the crime committed in the State can be traced directly to intemperance. More than nine-tenths of all the murders in the State are committed under the influence of intoxication. Fifteen thousand persons die every year in the State by intemperance. Most of the business of grand juries, sheriffs, constables, and the police system in all the cities, is chargeable to intemperance. Of one hundred and eighty thousand six hundred and forty-six persons committed in six and a half years in the city of New-York, one hundred and forty thousand seven hundred and eighty-three were for offenses resulting almost entirely from the use of liquor in dram-shops.

Give us the Maine Law, and it will give us the blessings which it is conferring on Maine.

It is authentically stated that there were in the city of Portland, during the nine months before the passage of the law, committed to the alms-house two hundred and fifty-two; to the house of correction for intemperance, forty-six; to the jail for drunkenness, larceny, &c., two hundred and seventy-nine; to the watch-house, four hundred and thirty-one. In nine months subsequent to the passage of the law, the number of commitments to the alms-house were one hundred and forty-six; to the house of correction thirteen; to the jail one hundred and thirty-five; to the watch-house one hundred and eighty. Many persons, formerly drunkards, have been saved by the passage of the law in the State. In many parts of the State the houses of correction, which teemed with depraved persons before the passage of the law, are now almost without an occupant. In the city of Lowell, Mass., the late mayor reports a diminution of drunkenness, since the passage of the Maine Law, of two-thirds. The city marshal also reports a diminution in the criminal business of the police court of thirty-eight per cent. In the city of Springfield, the judge of the police court reports a diminution of seventy-one per cent. both in intemperance and crime.

We are shouting in this city for reform in the city finances. It is ascertained that the Controller's Reports, if analyzed, will show that intemperance adds to our taxes more than \$3,000 every day, or \$125 each hour! Shut up the dram-shops, the great cause of intemperance, and a million of dollars, at least, would be stricken from each future tax-bill at one blow!

Let every good citizen contend, then, for the Maine Law! The battle for it may be a hard one, but it is worth fighting for through a century. Never was any reform sustained by more overwhelming facts and appeals to the personal interests of citizens. The victory cannot be long deferred if the friends of the reform persevere manfully. Let them give no quarter; when overthrown, let them rise again with renewed determination; and when once it is seen that they cannot be driven from the field, the field will be yielded them.

THE POET MOORE'S Memoirs abound in anecdote and fine sayings. He was an industrious gatherer of such treasures. Here are a few:—

Kisses are like grains of gold or silver found upon the ground, of no value themselves, but precious, as showing that a mine is near.

One can no more judge of the true value of a man by the impression he makes on the public, than we can tell whether the seal was gold or brass by which the stamp was made.

Men's fame is like their hair, which grows after they are dead, and with just as little use to them.

Lord Holland told of a man remarkable for absence of mind, who, dining once at the same sort of shabby repast, fancied himself in his own house, and began to apologize for the wretchedness of the dinner.

A poor author, on receiving from his publisher an account of the proceeds (as he expected it to be) of a work he had published, saw among the items, "Cellarage, £3 19s. 6d." He thought it was a charge for the trouble of selling the seven hundred copies, which he did not consider unreasonable; but, on inquiry, found it was for the cellar-room occupied by his work, not a copy of which had stirred from thence.

Talleyrand.—Bobus Smith, one day, in conversation with Talleyrand, having brought in somehow the beauty of his mother, Talleyrand said: "*C'était donc*

voire pere qui n'était pas bien." (It was your father, then, that was not good-looking.)

An Old Acquaintance.—"Is your master at home?" "No, sir; he's out." "Your mistress?" "No, sir; she's out." "Well, I'll just go in and take an air of the fire till they come." "Faith, sir, that's out too."

Madame de Coigny has a very bad voice. She said once, "*Je n'ai qu'une voix contre moi; c'est la mienne.*" (I have but one voice against me, and that is my own.)

Talleyrand.—One day, when Davoust excused himself for being too late, because he had met with a "Pekin," who delayed him, Talleyrand begged to know what he meant by that word. "*Nous appelons Pekin,*" says Davoust, "*tout ce qui n'est pas militaire.*" (We call Pekin everything not military.) "O oui, c'est comme chez nous," replied Talleyrand, "*nous appelons militaire tout ce qui n'est pas civil.*" (O yes, as we call everything military which is not civil.)

Lord John Russell told of a good trick of Sheridan's upon Richardson. Sheridan had been driving out three or four hours in a hackney-coach, when, seeing Richardson pass, he hailed him, and made him get in. He instantly contrived to introduce a topic upon which Richardson (who was the very soul of disputatiousness) always differed with him, and at last, affecting to be mortified at Richardson's arguments, said, "You really are too bad. I cannot bear to listen to such things. I will not stay in the same coach with you," and accordingly got down and left him, Richardson hallooing out triumphantly after him, "Ah! you're beat, you're beat." Nor was it till the heat of his victory had a little cooled that he found out he was left in the lurch, to pay for Sheridan's three hours' coaching.

THE POET BURNS.—Chambers, in his life of this poet, says:—

"It is a remarkable fact, that the mass of the poetry which has given this extraordinary man his principal fame, burst from him in a comparatively small space of time—certainly not exceeding fifteen months. It began to flow of a sudden, and it ran in one impetuous, brilliant stream, till it seemed to have become, comparatively speaking, exhausted."

Some right-minded play plays off the following "spiritual" *bon-mots*:—

"That whisky is the key by which many gain an entrance into our prisons and alms-houses.

"That brandy brands the noses of all those who cannot govern their appetites.

"That wine causes many to take a winding way home.

"That punch is the cause of many unfriendly punches.

"That ale causes many aillings, while beer brings many to the bier.

"That champagne is the source of many a real side pain.

"That gin-slugs have 'slew'd' more than the slings of old.

"That the reputation of being fond of cocktails is not a feather in any man's cap.

"That money spent for port that is supplied by portly gents would support a poor family.

"That porter is a weak supporter for those who are weak in body."

THE FIVE POINTS.—We lately referred to the unfavorable, though indirect, reflections made upon each other by the parties now conducting the moral reforms at the Five Points, and said that the public have a right to more explicit information on the matters in controversy. A committee of four very respectable citizens have published, in behalf of the Ladies' Home Missionary Society, a "Review of the Report of the Directors of the Five Points' House of Industry, under the charge of Rev. L. M. Pease." This report, as we said, made some statements disparaging to the management of the Mission by the ladies. The "Review" presents counter-statements, verified by facts. We give a single paragraph:—

"Again, the report says:—'The separation between Mr. Pease and the society under whose patronage he had thus far carried on his work was altogether friendly. The seventh annual report of that society, rendered in April, 1851, and the eighth *a year later*, each contain testimonials of the self-denying labors, great usefulness, and eminent fitness of Mr. Pease.' Now, it is well known that the ladies had so withdrawn their confidence from Mr. Pease that before the publication of the above-mentioned 'eighth' report, they had asked for his removal, and that the Rev. Mr. Luckey had been appointed. They would, therefore, have stultified themselves had they bestowed those high commendations upon him so long after he had ceased to be their missionary at their own request. But the fact is his name is not mentioned in the eighth report of the mission at all, notwithstanding the assertion of the directors of the House of Industry, except that he is charged in the treasurer's account with money paid him on account of salary. Thus have the directors suffered themselves to be imposed upon by those from whom they have gathered their information."

CALIFORNIA is certainly the greatest marvel in the civil history of our race. It is fast consolidating into a prosperous, thoroughly provided State. It has already its Universities. The "commencement exercises" of one of them—the Pacific University of Santa Clara—are reported in the *California Christian Advocate*. It is under the care of Professor Bannister, and includes eighty-seven students, (in a preparatory department.) A writer, in referring to the exhibition, says:—

"Really this reminded us of the commencement exercises and periodic exhibitions of other days, when we were an honored performer in the scene. The exercises consisted of the declamation of pieces original and selected, the audience being left to judge which was which. Many of the pieces, as well as the manner in which they were declaimed, were highly satisfactory, calling forth great applause from the audience—which was larger than the house could contain. Upon the whole, we were agreeably disappointed in our educational prospects, at so early a period in our advancement as a State. When I remembered that we were but on the commencement of things, how cheering seemed the prospect of the future. The new college edifice is just being completed, and will be ready for service at the reassembling of the school. The present building, which is large and commodious, will be occupied as a seminary for young ladies. The new building is of brick, and is sufficiently commodious to accommodate two hundred pupils. It will be the object to train those who may attend this school for a regular college course, should it be desired. And now, though we come away enthusiastic on the subject of education, which such occasions never fail to inspire, we have given you, reader, a truthful and sober *expose* of what we saw at the examination of this infant University. It is not yet a great University, such as we find in the East, which have been years and centuries in acquiring their character, and which, by their endowments, have secured the most learned teachers found in the great REPUBLIC OF LETTERS. Yet, under Providence, it is to be most surely and speedily what others are. Not a quarter of a century will pass until it shall have taken its rank, become a mighty agent of civilization, an ornament and honor to the State, and a magnificent lighthouse on the shores of the greatest oceans, and most important country of the world."

Success to you, men of California; take good care of your schools, and you will find them worth more to you in due time than your gold mines.

The *Daily Times* (Eng.) thus sketches Lord Aberdeen, the English Premier:—

"His lordship is an honest, well-meaning man, who has from his youth upward been fond of a quiet life, and rather timid when responsibility is to be incurred. The classic Tiane, Athenian Aberdeen, has all along been better fitted for the pursuits of lettered ease, than the rude bustle of politics in a stormy age like ours. He is, moreover, by nature and habit, an aristocrat—a kind and liberal, but still a somewhat ultra aristocrat.

He disapproves, doubtless, of much that has been done by the aristocratic party in Europe; but with all its faults he loves it still; and he has a sneaking kindness for Russia as the 'sheet-anchor' of that party. All these peculiarities of temperament, and all these idiosyncrasies of opinion, have been strengthened in him by years. He has outlived the limited 'three-score and ten' that make up the statutory life of man, and is not disposed in his old age to buckle on his armor against old friends, or, indeed, to encounter the responsibility of wars and broils on any consideration. In the event of a serious crisis between this country and Russia, the resignation of Lord Aberdeen seems certain."

Punch thus irreverently salutes "The Noble Airl:"—

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye wakin' yet,
And are our drums a beatin' yet?
The journals lee,
Or fra' all we see,
The Russians are no retreatin' yet.

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye writin' yet,
In hollow phrases delighin' yet,
While on Danube's banks
Those hostile ranks
Are makin' ready for fightin' yet?

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye prosin' yet,
On your council sofas a dozin' yet,
To the old world's sneers,
And the new world's jeers,
Your country's honor exposin' yet?

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye twaddlin' yet,
An ower yer red tape dawdlin' yet
About Nick's good faith,
And his power, and baith,
To your weary colleagues a mauldin' yet?

"Hey, Aberdeen, are ye Premier yet?
We must have some cleverer schemer yet,
Or the Russian cat,
Whom ye love to pat,
Will be ower to lick up her cream here yet."

A PEN-AND-INK GALLOPADE.—We seize the pen editorial, howbeit not with the editor's hand, to recount for our personal satisfaction (we are much of a dweller in the past) a petit trip in chase of the setting sun, in which chase, we may as well confess at once, we were distanced, although his sunship fell at least once in the rear during the twenty-four hours of our journey. But, as story-teller's "remark," this is anticipatory.

Who does not enjoy a sail up the Hudson? Two, and to be pitied too: he who takes none, and he who never saw a trace of beauty in earth, sea, or sky in all his life. They only. But to describe it, this Hudson,—the Rhine of America,—to panoramatize it with black ink on blue paper, let no rational soul essay, unless ambitious to follow America's Irving, *non passibus equis*—decidedly *non*. We think we shall not be guilty of that folly during the term of our natural life. Aboard of the handsome steamer A—, (and commend us to a steamer, if we chance to have an hour's leisure on our hands,) we are already a score miles from the metropolis, when on-rushing, loud-roaring, past-flying, the "express" salutes the eye and ear, demonstrating almost painfully to the gazer the power of its two engines, and seeming to exult and triumph a land "fox" over our water "tortoise." We thought there was pride somewhere, and afterward remembered that "pride goeth before a fall." The headlong, dread-naught train was doomed to the fate of those fleet coursers which fall dead at the goals they have won. The thunder of its passage still played in echoes among the hills and along the

water, when we discovered that it had been arrested, and that a dense crowd was collecting in the neighborhood of the engines. A few provident ones hastened to a convenient dock, and by violent gestulations, and by converting white handkerchiefs into signals of distress, and, for the nonce, flags of truce withal, brought us alongside the landing. The extent of the catastrophe was presently apparent. The wreck was appalling to behold, but happily no lives had been sacrificed. The seemingly small act of misplacing a switch had launched one train upon another, and wrought what narrowly failed of being a fatal as well as frightful disaster. The joy of the multitude at their escape was very manifest in their smiles and *bon mots*. But how far they deemed their deliverance providential did not appear. Doubtless many silent prayers were offered up to the Father of Mercies; but we heard no expression of thanksgiving, no ascriptions of praise. We cannot but think it would have been altogether appropriate, and profitable to many, had some Christian citizen mounted one of those overthrown vehicles, and briefly but earnestly, in the name of all present, given thanks to their common Father for a deliverance so signal.

It is due to the company which operates this road to say, that it is in the main well managed, and has won a high reputation as well for safety as for speed.

Our arrival at the landing was timely, and hundreds chose to continue their journey on board the steamer. As they poured in upon our deck, we confess our fancy began to let out its sounding line, and explore the bed of the river, notwithstanding all that we had read of the specific gravity of water. Baths are excellent, but there is a choice of time and modes.

On the cars, and "Westward, ho," we had measured off the weary leagues as a draper tells his yards of tape, and were upon the borders of Western New-York, "the garden of the Empire State." But the "garden" was dismantled, the year was in the sear and yellow leaf, and what with cold winds and close windows we had but a dull day of it, poor in materials for our editorial hodge-podge. A dull day, we said, but with a sharp feature or two nevertheless. There is a certain keenness in the first approaches of autumnal cold, more penetrating than the settled rigor of mid-winter. The latter we expect, and are prepared for by suitable apparel, and the process of a few months' toughening. The other is an unbidden intruder, who, though we may shrug our shoulders and turn our back upon him, insinuates himself into our acquaintance with the greatest ease. Nor is his familiarity at all of the conciliatory kind. Our blindest suavity is met with a chilling rebuff at every turn, until our poor bronchials hoarsely declare that they have taken sore offense. We are in excellent voice for exercises in German, Hebrew, and Arabic gutturals. Coughing, hemming, and sneezing, (which latter the ancients strangely held to be an auspicious omen,) proclaim, in doleful dissonance, that war has been made upon our American constitution. Our friend, abstemious M——, thin and wiry as an anchorite, bears about at the tip of his nasal protuberance an

amount of blue and violet which could hardly be thought a reputable "sign," if "hung out" on a warmer day. His neighbor, of aldermanic proportions, and habits to suit, displays a sudden sprightly nimbleness of step, and bustles about with a galvanic vehemence of muscle, which, under the dog-star, would astonish himself and alarm his friends; while humanity at large, aping its apers, chatters lustily. The poor woman, who ekes out a scanty livelihood by selling apples, has moved her stand around a corner less exposed to the piercing north wind, and *tries* to feel warm and contented in her patched cloak. The children play "cold frosty morning" more to keep up their spirits and sanguineous circulation than for the "fun of it," or seek the shelter of the fire-side to vex the newly-lighted coals with the poker and their mammas with wise questions. Flocks of wild geese, admonished by the slant sunbeams, wedge their way from polar skies to warmer zones, clamoring as they go. The squirrel busily replenishes his store-house, in the hollow of an ancient oak, with acorns and beech-nuts. Flora has long since deserted her faded gardens, and Ceres has securely garnered her grains and fruits. Bacchus, considerably modernized, may still be seen upon a bleak hill-side, gathering cider apples with numb fingers, and a visage more long than rubicund. Troops of withered leaves play "hide and seek" along the fields of stubble; and Nature dons again her russet gown, more ancient and durable than John Fox's perennial goat-skin suit,—a queer old dame she, pleased for a life-time with one Fall-fashion. And Hymen—but what should he have to do with the changeful Seasons and the circling Hours? Nothing, perhaps, though he now seems wantonly to extend the record of his exploits in the columns of the weekly paper.

But here we are, at the G—— station, (*deput* we utterly eschew, and spew out of our mouth *recheunter*;) and must exchange our rail-a-way reflections on Notus and Jack Frost for a serious land-carriage encounter with them. A bracing of the nerves, a drawing on of overcoats, a shrill cracking of the lash, and our Eucephali display their fine points as well as the darkness will allow. Without believing in ghosts, we take great comfort under such circumstances in closing our eyes; we so easily dream of a genial fireside and pleasant faces, and fancy ourselves in the midst of them. If told that this is acting very like the silly ostrich, which, hotly pursued by the hunter, hides its head in the sand, and imagines its whole body is concealed, we stoutly insist that this ostrich is a very wise biped for making the best of a disagreeable business, and considering it discreet to be blind where fate is inevitable.

"Where ignorance is bliss 't is folly to be wise,"

was truly said or sung.

A light glimmers in the distance. On yonder hill the old ancestral mansion faintly displays its outlines against the western sky. The well-remembered threshold is gained—is crossed—and, as our *voyageur* stands in the presence of a father's silvered locks, and beholds once more the smile of his benignant eye, he bows down his face, and his heart becomes as the heart of a little child.

And his mother? All radiant and holy, through "the mellow light of long ago," shone down her sweet and saintly face upon her son's full heart and faithful memory, a star that never sets; and, as he knelt where years ago she conquered death with the calm strength of Christian faith, he thought of her as among the angels, and thanked God for a hope which could encircle the dark cloud of orphanage with a silver-lining of light from above. The old Family Bible, time-soiled, thumb-worn, with "our family tree," he opened it once more, and, lo, its truths and promises beamed forth the same, undimmed, still new; speaking, O evermore speaking to the thirsty heart with primal freshness and beauty.

O life! if thou art a book, as the solemn poets so often call thee, thou art a very strange one, with many leaves and a very changeful story. . . .

It was cloudy above and dark around, but very pleasant at the Colonel's that evening. How many "eyes looked love to eyes" we know not, but many "hearts beat happily," and "all went merry as a marriage—" ("bell" we omit, though, as many eyes saw, and many tongues could testify, there *was* a belle in the affair—the center of fond eyes and loving hearts, and, peradventure, the idol of one devoted one.) And thou, Sir Benedict, according to all accounts a fortunate and happy man, we give thee joy now. Then our heart was too full for utterance. For wast thou not our bosom friend? Wast thou not, in younger days, our fellow-truant from school-tasks and the penance-bench, when we wandered the live-long day through field, wood, and stream, chasing bees, butterflies, and our own shadows; or rolling together, with infinite toil and glee, the bounding boulder down the headlong steep? Heaven bless thee and thine, my brother! One hath come between us, nearer to thy generous breast. So be it. It is well—and evermore may good be with you both. . . .

At our post again, gentle reader, and at our pen, too, as you may sorrow to see. But, pray, repine not at this editorial duality. Where there is a vigorous, wide-sweeping right hand, tireless and full, may there not lawfully be a *left*, even though more willing than skillful to strike, do, and dare? —

RURAL CEMETERIES.—We see, by the *Poughkeepsie Telegraph*, that the enterprising inhabitants of that large and thriving village have added to its attractions a new "*Rural Cemetery*." The grounds were dedicated in November last with impressive ceremonies, and the attendance of a vast concourse of citizens and townsmen. This is a movement worthy of notice, and of imitation also, in very many places, and we rejoice to chronicle it. Some travel and observation in rural districts has convinced us that too little attention has been devoted to the establishment and suitable decoration of burying-grounds. In many parts of the country the last generation was one of pioneers and backwoodsmen. Not foreseeing, amid their struggles and privations, the course of subsequent events, the location of our towns and churches, and the rapid march of civilization, they have left their descendants and successors a sacred duty in the

selection and consecration of proper sites for cemeteries. And this duty has become not less urgent than sacred. Who has not seen hundreds of grave-yards in city and country which were pictures of desolation, or acres of almost undistinguishable heaps? And how seldom is the eye of the traveler greeted with the sight of rural cemeteries laid out with taste and judgment, and divided into numerous distinct plots, sacred to single family circles? There is manifestly room and reason for reform here—room, too, for the exhibition of more faith, more affection, and all the best instincts and sentiments of the human heart. These, it seems to us, should prompt everywhere to the establishment of Rural or Union Cemeteries, to be divided, like the one we have noticed, into family plots, which might descend, as inalienable possessions, from generation to generation. The simple mention of such inclosures doubtless strikes a responsive chord in the reader's heart. The family! How comprehensive is that one word! It embraces the conjugal, the parental, the filial, and the fraternal ties and duties. The family is the most ancient of all forms of society, and ought also to be the most lasting. Its ties are the most tender and sacred. Its beautiful charities and gentle offices are the most obligatory. All others are comparatively loose and incidental. These are fixed and abiding, founded in the constitution of things, independent of all contingencies, and lasting as eternity. How becoming, then, that they should erect, even within the domain of death and over the ashes of mortality, memorials of their former sacredness and symbols of their perpetuity. How fit that those who have hung upon one maternal breast, and grown up together like olive-plants around the same board and beneath the same roof, should at length rest beneath one family stone.

There is something beautiful in the thought, and soothing in the hope, that we may at last sleep side by side with those who are bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. An identity of interest and of happiness has bound us together in life, and we feel that in death we ought not to be divided, or buried asunder in seeming estrangement. We have slept in the same cradle, have bowed at the same altar, and we feel that our ashes should mingle in one urn.

Now this is no manufactured feeling or factitious taste, but one of the strongest instincts and most elevating sentiments of our common humanity; and we hope the time is fast approaching when it shall be more potent, more influential, more manifest—when even the smallest country grave-yards shall abound in distinct family inclosures, hedged about with shrubberies and dressed in verdure and bloom, where the birds shall love to nestle, and the live-long summer sing their early matins, and chant their evening requiem. We long to see a general triumph of friendship and consanguinity over death. We would behold in families such attachments and affiliation as shall survive the stroke of dissolution, and bear the loved and loving to one and the same spot of dreamless repose, fall where they may.

Should these few thoughts possess no other value, they may at least remind the reader of

what, haply, he remembers daily—the universal sentence, “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” This fair handiwork of God, the human frame, though so fearfully and wonderfully made, must at length cease to perform its wonted functions. There is nowhere, in all the vast laboratory of nature, an *elixir vite* that can sustain it in untiring play. There is no clime so genial as to nurse the vital spark forever, no sky so benignant that it will not distill the dew of death, no shore so inhospitable that it will refuse a grave. But seeing we are endowed with reason, and capable of reflection, it behooves us to exercise a prudent forecast and anticipation, not only in securing a spiritual preparation for the event of death, but also in providing for ourselves places where our friends may bestow our ashes with respectful obsequies, there to rest until the morning of the resurrection. If we shall have discharged these duties to ourselves, it will be a source of satisfaction to us when the hour of our exit shall approach, and, straightening ourselves for the last deep sleep, we

“May bid earth roll, nor heed its idle whirl.”

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—We hope this class of our friends will not think us neglectful or discourteous should their communications fail to receive a prompt reply or immediate insertion, or, indeed, any reply or insertion at all. The examination of MSS. sent us is not the least laborious, nor selection from them the least delicate, of our duties. To publish all is impossible, and to return them to their respective authors would involve very considerable inconvenience. We tender to all our correspondents our sincere thanks, and assure them that we gratefully appreciate their interest in the Magazine; and, while they shall accord us full discretionary power in disposing of their favors, we hope to unite all possible *suaviter in modo* with the necessary *fortiter in re*.

By some means or other an error crept into our Boston correspondence published in November. The mainmast of the “Great Republic” was said to be forty-six feet in circumference. It should have read forty-eight inches in diameter.

Literary Record.

We give the following from our Boston correspondent:—

LITERARY LETTER.

“The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation”—Its Author—Harris’s Works—Wayland’s Judaism—The “Conflict of the Ages”—Dr. Adams—Dr. Payson—Boston City Library—The Lecture Campaign—College—Popular Education.

It is a grateful fact to the Christian patriot and moralist, that while an immense circulation is secured, in our country, for indifferent and even corrupting literature, no really valuable religious work fails of obtaining a large and intelligent audience. It is, at once, a sublime and solemn position, which is held by a thoughtful writer, whose suggestions are stirring so many thousand hearts, and giving direction and character to so many lives. The influence of an error once current cannot be limited, and the results of a truth will be gathering volume long after its author “rests from his labors.” You will recollect the lively impression produced upon the publication of that original and vigorous little volume, entitled “The Philosophy of the Plan of Salvation,” although it came from the press rechristened with an author’s name. Up to the present time, about twenty thousand copies have been sold, and the demand for the book has in no degree abated. It has taken its place among the “permanent documents” of Christianity, and will preach down the generations the logic of the Cross. It is understood to have been written by Rev. James B. Walker, of Cincinnati, who, previously to his entrance upon the sacred profession, had been a lawyer, and skeptical in his religious views. His volume develops the line of argument by which he was led into the faith and peace of the gospel.

The works of Dr. Harris have also enjoyed a well-deserved success in this country. Twenty thousand of his “Great Teacher” have been circulated, and nearly an equal popularity has welcomed his successive volumes. It is impossible to divine how extensive will be the sale of the interesting memoir of Dr. Judson; twenty-five thousand copies having already left the press of the publishers, and the “market still remaining lively.” How wholesome and effectual must its subliming records be in the thousand Christian homes where it will be read! upon how many young hearts will the mantle of the *Barmen apostle* fall! Of the memoir of his second wife, Mrs. Sarah B. Judson, eighty thousand copies have been published, and undoubtedly many more than this large number of

Mrs. Ann H. Judson’s life. Opposition, as well as commendation, gives a spur to the sale of an author’s literary wares. Four or five editions of the “Conflict of the Ages” have been printed. As everybody hears it talked about, everybody must buy a copy, and many will read it. So far from settling the long controversy, and rearing a column of peace on the battle-ground of the Ages, it has become a new “*casus belli*,” and champions innumerable are galloping upon the field to have a tilt with this bold knight, who has thus daringly thrown down his glove before the eyes of all Christendom. The doctor, however, is evidently serious, and confident in his theory. He has responded to some of the notices of his philosophy in a public print, exhibiting, in the best of temper, the most profound and devout conviction of the truth of his positions, and announcing a new volume hereafter, in which the reviews of his present volume will be considered and answered.

This reference to the wide circulation of religious literature reminds me of a very happy device to enlarge the distribution of such works. A generous donor, resident in this State, has placed at the disposal of the Home Missionary Society a sufficient number of copies of Rev. Dr. Adams’s Sermon on “The Friends of Christ,” to bestow gratuitously a copy upon each missionary employed by the Board. A gentleman in New-Hampshire, also, has lately left a legacy of one hundred dollars, to distribute the writings of Dr. Payson among the same beneficiaries. It would be very easy to conceive of many less judicious applications of money, and somewhat difficult to devise a more praiseworthy or useful. While upon the subject of books, I am naturally enough reminded of our City Library, which has just reached the close of the first year of its history. About ten thousand volumes have thus early been purchased or donated. Through the liberality of Mr. Bates, the American partner in the banking firm of the Barings, in England, and of Mr. Phillips, a wealthy citizen, the library is already endowed with a fund of sixty thousand dollars, the income of which will annually be applied to its enlargement. It is intended to be a library for the people—accessible, popular, and instructive in its literature. An admirable site has been purchased at the foot of the Common for an edifice, and the preliminary measures are now in progress to secure the erection of a building worthy of its site and of its contents. The winter campaign among the lecturers and musicians has fairly commenced, but the former quite monopolize the popular ear and time. We have in our city a great

People's University, with an immense faculty, holding its sessions during the winter months. The double series of the Mercantile Library opened grandly: Judge Thomas, of Worcester, pronouncing one of the most finished and instructive discourses that we have heard, on the effect of the *met-rital* upon the *spiritual* progress of the age, on Monday evening; and Rev. Mr. Chapin, of New-York, an original and eloquent address upon "Impediments," physical, mental, and moral, on Wednesday evening. The poets on these occasions were James T. Fields and John G. Saxe, Esqrs., and we doubt not the Muses were satisfied with their representations on these occasions; evidently their patrons were.

The Lowell Institute, in its second course, provides free lectures upon Natural History, by the learned and polished Agassiz. A new series of scientific and practical lectures have been instituted by the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, to be inaugurated by an address from Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. Two series of moral and religious discourses are weekly delivered, under the auspices of the Evangelical and Union Young Men's Christian Associations. The appellation "self-made men" will soon be obsolete, for the college is coming to the doors of the people, and popular education is becoming "liberal." The allusion to the college reminds me of an item I have lately seen in print. From it, it appears that there are thirteen of these institutions in New-England; their students, however, being gathered from nearly every State in the Union. About five hundred are annually graduated, and twenty-five thousand students have received their education in these colleges since their origin. Last year, upon the education of each child in the State between the ages of five and fifteen years, Massachusetts expended the sum of four dollars fifty-four cents; Vermont, two dollars twenty-two cents; Rhode Island, one dollar forty-six cents; Connecticut, one dollar thirty-five cents; and Maine, one dollar thirty-four cents.

Association for mutual improvement is the feature of the times. In several of the city and suburban churches, an experiment has been tried with marked success. A society for social and intellectual culture has been instituted, open to all the members of the congregation, with certain moral restrictions. Its office is to secure the development of the social affections, to encourage thoughtfulness, to provide for the sick and poor, and to gather children into the Sabbath school. Lectures, discussions, conversations, and music, varied to save from monotony, and previously arranged by appointed officers, render one evening in a fortnight a means of peculiar profit and of unalloyed pleasure. A very lively, social feeling is secured throughout the society; successful enterprises for doing good are originated; valuable mental discipline is attained, while the expense and small talk that are the almost indispensable attendants upon an ordinary church benevolent society, is avoided.

You will recollect, in your rambles over our city, the unsightly appearance of the flooded marshes west of the public garden. A fine project is on foot, with a good prospect of its execution, to lay the vacant space out in wide streets, with central squares for the first class of dwelling-houses. We shall then have a *West-end* in our municipality worthy of its title. The preliminary measures are now in progress to secure the union of Roxbury, the adjoining city, with Boston; and the probabilities are, at the present moment, quite favorable for the accomplishment of the plan.

B. K. P.

We add a few general literary items. For New-York publications, see our Book Notices.

We stated in our November number that Dr. Newell, of Massachusetts, had in his possession a Bible printed in 1583. Our learned friend, Rev. R. M. Greenbank, of Philadelphia, writes us that among numerous old Bibles in his library are an English and a Vulgate, both in *black-letter*, the former printed in 1537, and the latter in 1521.

The Catalogue of the *Wesleyan University*, Middletown, Connecticut, shows a "summary" of thirty seniors, twenty-nine juniors, twenty-seven sophomores, and thirty-one freshmen: total, one hundred and seventeen. This num-

ber, we believe, is quite equal to the average attendance, but is much too small for an institution of so high a grade, with such an able corps of professors, and such a delightful location as this University possesses. We hear but one opinion of President Smith's administration. We have long and anxiously looked for the announcement that this institution had been fully endowed. When shall we see it? When shall the Methodist Church see it and be glad, knowing that one of her most sacred duties has been at length done?

Bohn, of London, is said to have committed a gross literary fraud, by publishing an edition of "Worcester's Universal and Critical Dictionary," with a mutilated and altered, and therefore false title and preface, giving the impression that the work is substantially that of the late Noah Webster, being compiled from materials collected by that lexicographer.

The celebrated dramatic writer, *Sheridan Knowles*, has delivered a course of lectures in Edinburgh against Popery, with especial reference to the welfare of Ireland, and the evangelization of the Irish living in Scotland.

The colored people of Cincinnati have succeeded in establishing a reading-room, and are about to start a paper devoted to their interests, to be edited by a young colored man.

Lamartine has sold a new work of his, "The History of the Medicis," in advance, for the round sum of 150,000 francs, (\$28,150.) It is to consist of four volumes.

In the late New-Jersey Educational State Convention, a series of resolutions was adopted, declaring it to be the duty of the State to make liberal provision for general education, and that the laws should be so far amended as to make education not only universal but free.

In Russia, one person in two hundred and twenty receives instruction at a school of some kind; while in the United States, the proportion is one in five.

The Catalogue of the *Genesee College and Genesee Wesleyan Seminary* is a fine *exposé* of educational enterprise and prosperity. These institutions are located at Lima, New-York. The college, now in the third or fourth year of its existence, numbers ninety-three undergraduates, while five hundred and eighty-three gentlemen and four hundred and seventy-five ladies have attended the seminary during the past year: total, one thousand one hundred and fifty one. We never read the like of any other institution in the land. Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., LL. D., is president of the college, and Rev. Moses Crow, D. D., is principal of the seminary. Both are assisted by able faculties.

Poets in France get splendid perquisites in the shape of presents. Beranger receives every week more sugar, more coffee, more pots of jelly, than would stock a grocer's shop; he gets the rarest fruits and the best game; casks of wine and cases of brandy arrive at his house daily; "while," says the Paris correspondent of the *Literary Gazette*, "more nightcaps and more socks are knitted for him than a regiment of soldiers could wear out in a year."

Book Notices.

MR. RICHARDS, the editor of the official catalogue of the Crystal Palace, has issued a small work for which the visitors to that grand collection owe him great obligations. It is entitled "*A Day in the New-York Crystal Palace, and how to make the most of it.*" We have tried it, and found it "experimentally" an excellent guide. It conducts you through the Palace, and shows you what is most worthy of notice in each section. The plan of the book is admirably simple and convenient. (*Putnam, New-York.*)

We mentioned in our last the receipt of the first volume of Hickie's translation of *Aristophanes*. The second volume has since come to hand. The version is literal, and after the revised text of Dindorf. Mr. Hickie's notes are numerous, but not very satisfactory; they seldom afford you the necessary criticism, but refer you to other sources for it—an intolerable vexation to an interested reader. Three of the comedies are given, for the first time, in our language. The translation is universally allowed to be admirable. (*Bangs & Co., New-York.*)

We are indebted also to Messrs. Bangs & Co. for a copy of Gautier's "*Wanderings in Spain*," a delightful volume from a spirited French writer, who in 1840 made the tour of most of the Peninsula, a section of Europe which has hardly changed since that date. There is less sacrifice of facts to fancy in this work than in most similar productions of Frenchmen. The style of the narrative is nevertheless brilliant, and its descriptions and incidents very entertaining. The interest of the volume is much enhanced by its excellent engravings. It is one of Ingram's series, for which, as also most other London illustrated works, *Bangs & Co.* are the American agents.

Our "California Literature" is abundant, and becoming rather trite; a new example of it, however, has appeared from the press of *Putnam & Co.*, and with the very best pretensions. It is entitled "*Golden Dreams and Leadens Realities*, by Ralph Raven, with an introductory chapter by Francis Fogie, sen., Esq." It is full of "life" and raciness, and will afford a new treat to even such readers as are familiar with the numerous similar works now before the public.

The prize treatise of Dr. Carpenter, of the London University, on *Alcoholic Liquors*, is among the best temperance works extant. It has been enlarged and reissued by Bohn, London, under the title of "*The Physiology of Temperance and Total Abstinence*," and can be obtained at *Bangs & Co.'s, New-York.*

The *People's Journal* is a new monthly published by Beach, No. 86 Nassau-st., at only fifty cents per volume. It is devoted chiefly to the industrial arts, is abundantly illustrated by engravings, and edited with both taste and talent—the right sort of a work for "the people."

One of the very best illustrated juvenile publications of this country, and we may in fact say of the world, is the *Sunday-School Ad-*

ocate, edited by Dr. Kidder, and published by *Carlton & Phillips, New-York*. The December number, now before us, is beautiful enough to make one's eyes sparkle. Its paper and typography are the very best, and its engravings as good as our artists can turn out from wood. One large picture in this number, giving a bird's eye view of the excavations of Pompeii, is quite superb, though from wood. This policy of presenting the very best workmanship to the eyes of children is wise; it is an essential idea in the means of their right education. The *Advocate* has an immense circulation, and deserves it all. It is a semi-monthly at only fifty cents per annum.

Finley's Autobiography is for sale at *Carlton & Phillips's, 200 Mulberry-street, New-York*. It is a volume of extraordinary interest—one of the most striking and entertaining pictures of western pioneer life that American literature presents. Get it, and see if our verdict is not correct. We could say much in detail about the book, but this broad declaration of its merits will suffice.

Homer's Odyssey, according to the text of Wolfe, with notes, for the use of Schools and Colleges, by John J. Owen, D. D. Leavitt & Allen, New-York. Dr. Owen is well known as an experienced professor of the Latin and Greek languages, and as the able editor of many of the best classics. Several of his works we have heretofore commended for their careful and skillful preparation, and for the excellent style in which they were issued. The edition of the *Odyssey* is got up in the same style, and appears to possess the same intrinsic merits.

The Yemassee, a Romance of Carolina, by W. Gilmore Simms, Esq. New and revised edition. *Redfield, New-York*. This story—"a romance and not a novel," as the author claims—was first published nearly twenty years ago, and is well known and appreciated. Indian romance we confess we cannot well relish, even prepared with Mr. Simms's fine skill. Many of our readers doubtless dissent from our taste; to such the *Yemassee* will prove a treat. The volume is got up in excellent style.

Minnesota and its Resources: to which are appended Camp-fire Sketches, or Notes of a Trip from St. Paul to Pembina and Selkirk Settlement on the Red River of the North, by J. Waseley Bond. This is a timely book, and will be eagerly read by thousands who are meditating emigration to the Great West. It contains much information respecting the soil, climate, and geography of that interesting territory, which will prove valuable to farmers, mechanics, and capitalists. The book is withal very readable, and is illustrated with a fine map of Minnesota Territory, and a view of St. Paul's and the Falls of St. Anthony.

Pure Gold; or, Truth in its Native Loveliness, by Rev. D. Holmes, A. M. Derby & Miller, Auburn. This is a concise treatise on nearly all the great moral questions which concern our fallen race. Man's history, the moral govern-

ment of the world, religion, true and false, nature, revelation, reason, moral agency, the soul, depravity, necessity of a mediator, &c., are severally taken up and summarily disposed of. A small work with so wide a range is, of necessity, compendious in form, but may, nevertheless, illustrate the old adage, *multum in parvo*. The author is one of our best writers and theologians.

God with Men; or, Foot-prints of Providential Leaders, is the imposing title of a small volume just issued from the press of Crosby, Nichols & Co., New-York—the product of the mind and pen of Rev. Samuel Osgood, a well known and popular clergyman of the Unitarian body in this city. The reverend author wields a graceful pen, clothes his fresh and original thoughts often in a very attractive and captivating diction, and evinces a thorough amiability and kindness of temper, which cannot fail to please and win upon the reader. His characters are well chosen, and in the main well drawn, evincing insight and discrimination. The book is, however, notwithstanding its many excellencies—and they are many—burdened with those disastrous blemishes which must forever result from a failure to understand the true character and mission of Jesus. Here his views essentially agree with the great Dr. Channing. He is eulogistic—reverent. Jesus is all that is great and good, and in a sense divine—his work the most sacred and august ever committed to man, or angel, or any creature—his religion regenerating and saving; but, after all, his view, in our judgment, falls infinitely below the truth. His picture is vivid—beautiful, but is not of *Jesus, the Saviour*. His religion of the life is graphically drawn—sublime; but he fails utterly to apprehend its only source, and it he values not too highly; in his glowing pages at the close of the volume it is not overwrought; but its source he does not perceive. The spirit which can produce such a book must awaken love. The book itself has some excellences, but blemishes so great that its utility on the whole must remain a question.

Meyer's Monatshefte is the title of a new monthly in the German language, issued by B. J. Meyer, New-York, at \$3 per annum, or 25 cents per number. It is not designed for Germans only, but especially for American students of the German language. Its contents are a very entertaining miscellany. Each number is to be illustrated with a steel engraving and wood-cuts. At the end of the year each subscriber is to receive a premium plate.

A very delightful little book, entitled "*A Christian Gift; or, Pastoral Letters*," by Rev. F. De W. Ward, has been laid upon our table. It is written with life and point, and is the very kind of manual for the young Christian. The spirit of the book is excellent—such as the "Great Teacher" himself would approve. (Darrow, Rochester, N. Y.)

Dr. Trall, the indefatigable Hydropathic author, has begun "*A new Illustrated Quarterly Hydropathic Review*." The first number is abundantly illustrated, and contains able articles from various pens—some of them merciless onslaughts on "Allopathy" and its legions.

We have nothing to say, at present, of the merits of the conflicting modes of treatment; but can assure the reader that there is no lack of spirit or talent in this new work. \$2 per annum. (Fowlers & Wells, New-York.)

A very interesting biographical sketch of *Pierre Toussaint* has been issued by Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. It is from the pen of the author of "*Three Experiments in Living*," a vivacious and most entertaining writer. Pierre Toussaint was an extraordinary example of nobleness of character in lowly life. He was well known in our city.

Putnam has published a series of beautiful lyrics, with music, founded upon scenes and passages in "*The Wide, Wide World*"—the words by W. H. Bellamy, the music by C. W. Glover.

The Young Minister is the title of a new volume from the press of Carlton & Phillips, New-York. It comprises memoirs and literary remains of the late Rev. Stephen B. Bangs, edited by Rev. W. H. N. Magruder, with a preface by Prof. E. O. Haven. The portrait presents an exceedingly expressive and manly countenance, and the sketch and literary fragments attest the truthfulness of its expression. While these articles must prove affecting interesting to the personal friends of the young preacher, they will also be acceptable to the general reader, and should especially be placed in the hands of the young.

Carter & Brothers, New-York, have issued, in a stout octavo, Pearson's prize essay on "*Infidelity: its Aspects, Causes, and Agencies*." It was written for the British section of the Evangelical Alliance. It is an elaborate, thorough, masterly production—such a work as every clergyman should have at hand, and every doubter carefully read. This is saying much, but not too much. We commend it as a timely publication.

Jaqueline Pascal, the sister of Blaise Pascal, is celebrated as one of the Port Royal nuns—martyrs we were about to say. Cousins, Trougen, and Vinet have written respecting her. A work, including their sketches, and entitled "*Jaqueline Pascal, or a Glimpse at Convent Life at Port Royal*," has been published (from the French) by Carter & Brothers, New-York, with an introduction by Rev. Dr. Williams. The introduction is vigorously written, and the volume presents a most interesting sketch of the most interesting example of convent life, perhaps, on record.

Biographical Sketches of Eminent Methodist Ministers is one of the finest issues of the New-York press for the season. It is really a splendid specimen of typography, binding, and engraving, and many good Methodists will be surprised to find such an unwonted commemoration of their "fathers"—agreeably surprised, we trust. We have no doubt this work will have a "run." It comprises some twelve or more characteristic sketches, and some twenty-five engraved illustrations. We could say much respecting its merits, but it has come to hand just as we are going to press.

We are compelled to defer other works till our next number.

Arts and Sciences.

A FRENCH paper gives an account of the remarkable invention by which it is proposed to use *electricity in the process of weaving*. We have not space to detail the *modus operandi*, but will briefly state the results expected to be attained. In the Jacquard loom, as is well known, the regulation of that particular order of the threads which determines the distinctive character of the fabric, and which was formerly effected by children crouched under the loom pulling cords, is at present produced by the movement which the weaver gives himself to a treadle. This invention, however admirable, is not without difficulties and certain defects, which it would be satisfactory to overcome by still simpler means. The loom, as a whole, is very complex and costly. There are other objections, of more or less importance; such as the noise which it makes in working, the space which it occupies, and its constant liability to derangements. All these inconveniences are about to disappear by the introduction of electricity, the action of which is so powerful, so easy to be directed, and so prompt in its various operations. By means of this agent, as great a simplicity will be effected in the weaving of fabrics, of the most complicated nature, as in that of common cloth. There will also be a saving in the most complicated designs of very nearly three-fourths of the expense, and in others certainly more than half.

A monument, commemorative of the peaceful triumphs of 1851, is to be erected upon the site of the Hyde Park Palace, and dedicated to Prince Albert.

The Washington Monument stands exactly in the middle of what was the "ten miles square."

A bronze statue of Webster, to be made by Powers, is to be placed in front of the State House, Boston.

The Prussians have just resolved to make glass serve for public monuments. A column consisting entirely of glass, placed on a pedestal of Carrara marble, and surmounted by a statue of Peace six feet high, by the celebrated sculptor Rauch, is about to be erected in the Garden of Peace at Potsdam. The shaft will be ornamented with spiral lines of blue and white.

The block of marble prepared by the Sultan for the Washington Monument is ready for transportation to this country. It has this inscription:—"To aid in the perpetuation of the friendship existing between the two countries, Abdul Medjid Khan's name is written on the Monument of Washington."

Mr. Greeley, of the *Tribune*, gives as his opinion that monster steamships of ten thousand tons laden will yet cross the Atlantic, and easily breast its most terrific surges. He also confidently expects the entire success of Mr. Norris's fleet steamer, with an iron back-bone reaching from keelson to deck, but thinks that we have about attained the maximum size—four thousand tons—at which it will be safe to construct clipper ships.

The swan-flower of Venezuela, when in full bloom, resembles, in one position, a swan with closed wings, and in another, with outstretched wings. The interior of the flower is exceedingly beautiful. Venezuela also produces a flower called the pigeon-flower. It is like a bird's nest in shape, while its stamens and petals resemble a pigeon at rest.

A surgeon at St. Petersburg, after a series of experiments upon dead or rather frozen corpses, has introduced a new method of amputation, by which the operation is relieved of the danger and pain usually attending it. His method is simply to congeal the blood by artificial means.

Mr. George Hughes, of London, has invented a portable running-hand apparatus, which enables a blind person to join letters together, and to write with clearness, straightness, and uniformity, without needing the aid of others.

The *London Journal* gives an interesting account of a new use of the leaf of the *pinus sylvestris*, or wild pine. M. de Pannewitz, a German, has discovered a chemical process by means of which, from the long and slim leaves of the pine, is procured a very fine filamentous substance, which has been called *wood-wool*, (*laine de bois*), because it curls, felts, and may be spun like common wool. The first use which was made of this substance, was to substitute it for cotton wadding in quilted coverlets. In the year 1842, the hospital of Vienna bought five hundred of these coverlets, and, after using them for several years, renewed its orders. It was remarked, among other things, that, under the influence of the pine-wool, no kind of parasitic insect harbored in the bed, and the aromatic odor which it emitted was considered to be agreeable and beneficial. Experience has shown that the wood-wool is well fitted for use in coverlets and for wadded goods, and is very durable. Furniture, in the construction of which this material was used, was preserved from the attacks of moths. It cost three times less than hair, and the most skillful upholsterer could not distinguish an article of furniture in which it was used from a similar one stuffed with hair. When spun, woven, and finished like cloth, it furnishes a product which may be employed for carpets, horse-furniture, &c.; when interwoven with a warp of linen, it may be used as bed coverings. The tree whence this new product is procured, is already much esteemed in Germany for the crops of resin, building material, &c., which it affords; and, in place of abandoning it to its natural growth, extensive plantations of it have been formed. The employment which M. de Pannewitz has proposed to give to its leaves will, without doubt, contribute to spread still more the culture of a tree already so useful, and will, perhaps, give it some favor in other countries where it is scarcely known.

It is calculated the use and manufacture of every thousand tons of white lead causes, on an average, one hundred and twenty-five patients and five deaths.